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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SEP 12 1980

"Add-Years-to-Your-Life" Test

David Rockefeller on the Trilateral Commission

Is Lead Poisoning Our Children?

Treasure Hunting with Metal Detectors

Ted Turner's Network

Tom Landry: Punt, Pass & Pray

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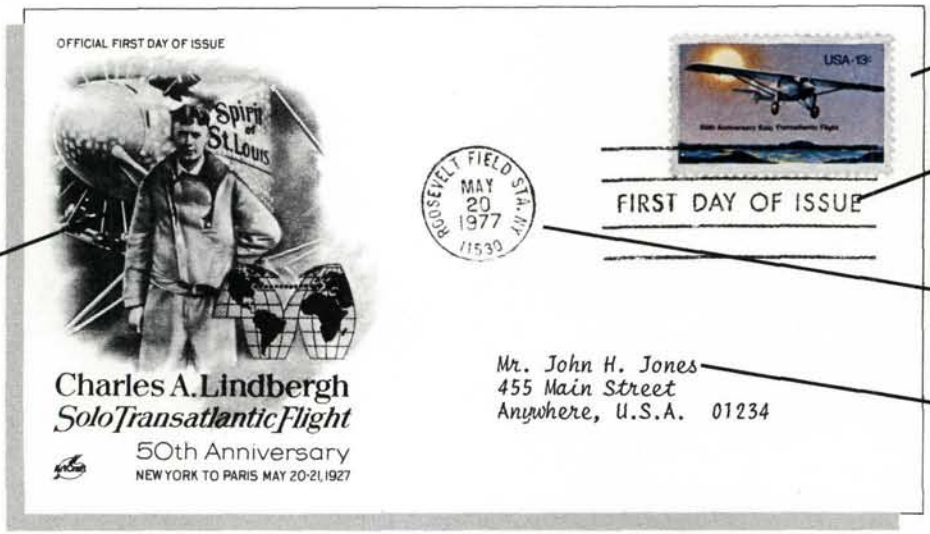

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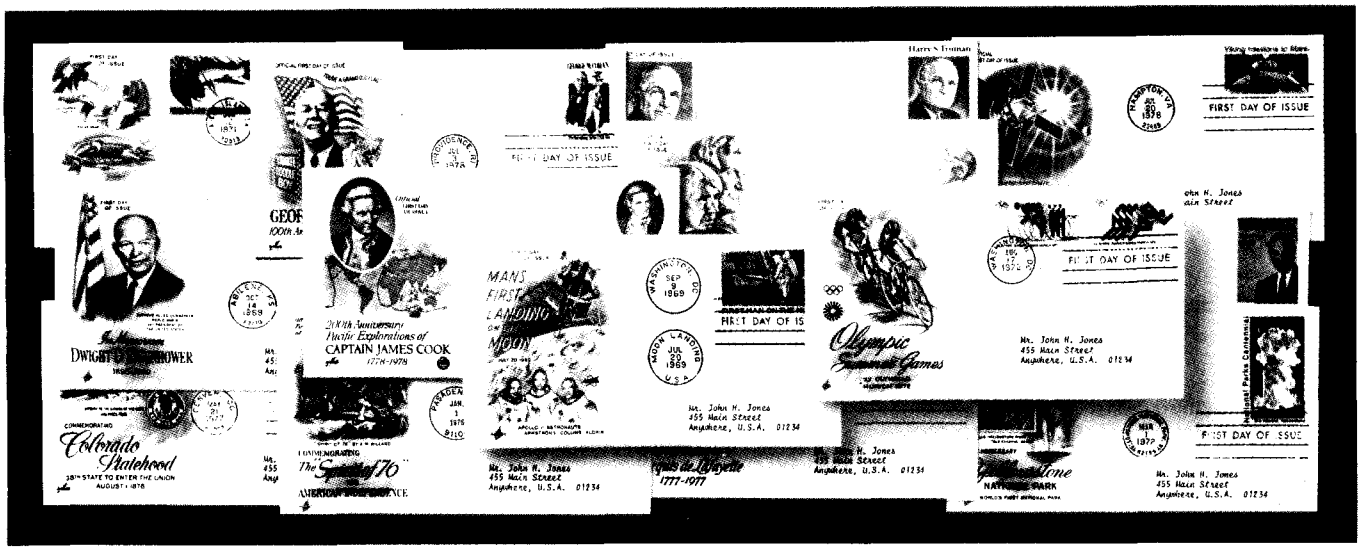

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As a member, you will also receive the Society's exclusive display page for each new issue. Each beautiful, specially designed page is die-cut to hold the First Day Cover, and contains a full description of all important historical information about the subject of the commemorative issue. These pages are available only to Society members.

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Lead-Based Complaint

Peeling paint in pre-WW II houses is blamed for 80 to 90 percent of lead poisoning cases today. Dr. Claude Frazier associates high lead levels in blood with poor school performance and hyperactivity.

72

Hagman Comes Clean

Everything you ever wanted to know about Mary Martin's lovable son, who plays the villainous J. R. Ewing on the nighttime soap opera sensation, "Dallas."

50

Above the Law

In the case of Honest Lawyer vs. Dishonest Lawyer, the verdict will disappoint those members of the bar who assume that because they themselves are honest their colleagues are, too.

40

Add Years to Your Life **30**

Treasure Hunting with Metal Detectors **60**

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Cover photograph by Jim McHugh

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—Letters to the Editor—

Reefer Replies

I found your article, "Marijuana" (July/August 1980), by Ms. Peggy Mann to be extremely one-sided and a misrepresentation of the facts surrounding marijuana usage in the U.S. today.

I would be very interested in knowing who Ms. Mann spoke with in the so-called "drug paraphernalia industry" in order to obtain her information. Her statement that young people, ages 6 to 16, have been designated by the industry as their target in the '80s is totally false. Just a *small* amount of research on the part of Ms. Mann would have revealed that the industry is making a diligent and concerted effort to prohibit sales to minors nationwide.

Bill Nunnelly
Nashville, Tennessee

Obviously, they should try harder. Pot smoking can be observed in many junior high schools.

Continued on following page

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GORHAM THE GIFT WORLD

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I read your article on marijuana, and it brought back painful memories. I started smoking dope when I was 16. I am now 27 and have been off drugs and booze for two years and two months. I went the route of the "innocent little pot smoking." I was a frightened teenager. The older I got, the more I used and abused drugs until finally *they* took over. I am grateful to God for bringing me to my senses and to a drug program. I used to laugh, too, when they talked about "reefer madness," but I know the danger.

I wish all kids would reconsider and talk to their parents and people who know the facts. Get smart; life is a lot more beautiful when your highs and lows are real and not chemically induced.

P.R.
Marina Del Ray, California

Americans—Si! Translations—No!

My hat is off to Mauricio Molina on "Why Spanish Translations?!"

It is about time someone has had the nerve to state what Mauricio did in a national magazine—or anywhere, for that matter. One can have nothing but a great deal of respect and admiration for this man. Being of French descendants and knowing how proud my grandparents were to be in this country and how hard they worked at learning the language and wanting their children to learn it, I get sick to my stomach every time I open my phone bill and see it both in English and Spanish.

I live in a mill town that is made up of Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen, Finns, Portuguese, Polish, Chinese, Korean, black and Hispanic people. Yet Spanish is the only other language written out on applications besides English.

Will we ever get back to being proud Americans again?

Nancy A. Maynard
Fitchburg, Massachusetts

Crystal-Clear Motives

I am curious to know how Dr. Robert Schuller and his parishioners justify spending $14 million on a "crystal palace." The phrase seems almost obscene in light of the poverty and starvation in the world and the degradation in our big city slums. Dr. Schuller's theology seems closer to Dale Carnegie than Jesus Christ. I was more impressed by Gregory Pace, winner of the Benjamin Franklin Award (May/June 1980), who spent his summer being of help to the people of the Dominican Republic.

Mrs. Ruth Peterson
Lansing, Michigan

We understand that the first collection at the dedication of Dr. Schuller's Crystal Cathedral (an estimated $1 million is expected) is pegged to go to aid the sick/poor in Mexico. In other words, it will make possible the efforts of more workers like Gregory Pace, who help the underprivileged to better health.

The *Post* Tradition

While sorting through old family pictures, I ran across this picture of my dad, William Stewart Keeline, Jr., who was born in March 1904 in Council Bluffs, Iowa, where the picture was taken.

I'm not sure of the year the picture was taken.

Jan Keeline Cozad
Simi Valley, California

Prayer Praising

The wonderful sermon on prayer you shared with us ("A Nation in Prayer," Congressman Guy Vander Jagt, July/August 1980) was so very moving that I felt the

Continued on following page

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need to write this note and say, "Thank you."

I am 85 years old and of course have experienced the good and bad things, but for so long I have wished that this beloved land would find that the only way we can survive is through our motto, "In God We Trust," on our knees as a nation in prayer.

This one article was worth the subscription. Michigan must be very proud of their congressman. Thank you again.

Mrs. O.H. Doyle
Lincoln, Nebraska

I want to try to express my gratitude to you for the many articles in the *Post* about the Christian faith and the Christian church. I am thankful that the editors reproduced "A Nation in Prayer," by Congressman Guy Vander Jagt, from a tape in order that not a word would be lost. It is uplifting to read, over and over again.

I hope that you will never discontinue printing such articles. They speak to our greatest need in America. In a day when it seems as though God is almost eliminated from the thoughts and ways of the majority of our countrymen (except the common practice of taking His name in vain), your magazine is doing a great service in reminding us that there are still thousands who believe in Him and seek to obey Him. Thank you.

Elsie B. Stryker
Somerset, New Jersey

Wanting Morrah Dave

I would like to acquire some of the writings of Dave Morrah, who, as I recall, had a number of his poems, etc., in the *SatEvePost* years ago.

Thanks very much.

C.F. Sollars
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Dave Morrah, who started writing Post Scripts in 1946 and didn't quit until 1977, is now retired and living in North Carolina. Several collections of his work were published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston in the '50s, but none of them, alas, are currently in print. Morrah's outrageous gags (in a German dialect our linguists say must remain unclassified) were so popular they developed into a regular Post Scripts feature under the title "Tales Mein Grossfader Told." In 1953, that series gave way to the Heinrich Schnibble stories, one of which we've reprinted especially for you in this month's Post Scripts. Enjoy.

Falter-ing Memories

I have enjoyed *The Saturday Evening Post* for about 60 years. I am writing to ask if you have ever revived the work of John Falter, the artist who did many covers for the *Post*. If not, perhaps you can consider it. Recent paintings were shown at a 50th high school reunion in Falls City, Nebraska, and they are great! Yes, I am a classmate and very proud to be a friend of John Falter. Please let your readers see his work again.

Minnie Thompson Jarrett
Forest Knolls, California

John Falter, who started his career as the youngest artist to contribute regularly to the Post, *eventually illustrated 130 covers before his retirement. Reprinted here is one of our favorites.*

The International *Post*

I wish to refer to the "Australian Accolade" on page four of "Letters to the Editor" of *The Saturday Evening Post* April 1980 issue, just to point out that—as a matter of fact—*The Saturday Evening Post* has been available here for quite a few years, not months only. So much so that in older issues I did notice your presentation of "*The Saturday Evening Post* Treasury" and of the "American Story"—and thus I was able to order them and had the pleasure of receiving them both in due course!

This is a good opportunity for me to point out that my association with *The Saturday Evening Post* has already lasted 50 years! I met the *Post* in Kano, Nigeria (of all places!) when, in 1930—as a young man of 23—I was posted there in the local agency of a leading Italian trading company. Later, by keeping up my subscriptions, I had the *Post* follow me during the next 15 years to my new postings and jobs in Africa: Libya, Aden, Djibouti, Ethiopia, Italian Somaliland. Back in Italy, I could get it from newsstands, just as I have been getting it here in Australia.

Is there no possibility of reprinting some of the magnificent short stories from your splendid past? For instance, I'd like so much reading again, "You Can't Do That," by John P. Marquand (I think I have collected all his books), one of the short stories about the China trade by Boston merchants/shippers, printed by *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1932-36.

Guiseppe Colleoni
Bondi, Sydney,
New South Wales, Australia

Thrilled with New *Post*

As a constant reader of the *SatEvePost* since 1919, I have been thrilled with the new *Post* with its emphasis on religious values. I am a physician (M.D.), 50 years in practice, and realize more than ever the kind of service your magazine is giving. Please let nothing induce you to change.

George Ferre, M.D.
Maitland, Florida

Self-Induced Disease

I would like to take exception to Jacqueline Wallace's letter in the July/August 1980 issue of the *Post*, in which she states that diabetes and epilepsy are diseases in the same category as alcoholism. They are not. Alcoholism is self-induced. I hope we never get so carried away with this notion that we ever call dope addiction a disease.

Cleola Panozzo
Oak Lawn, Illinois

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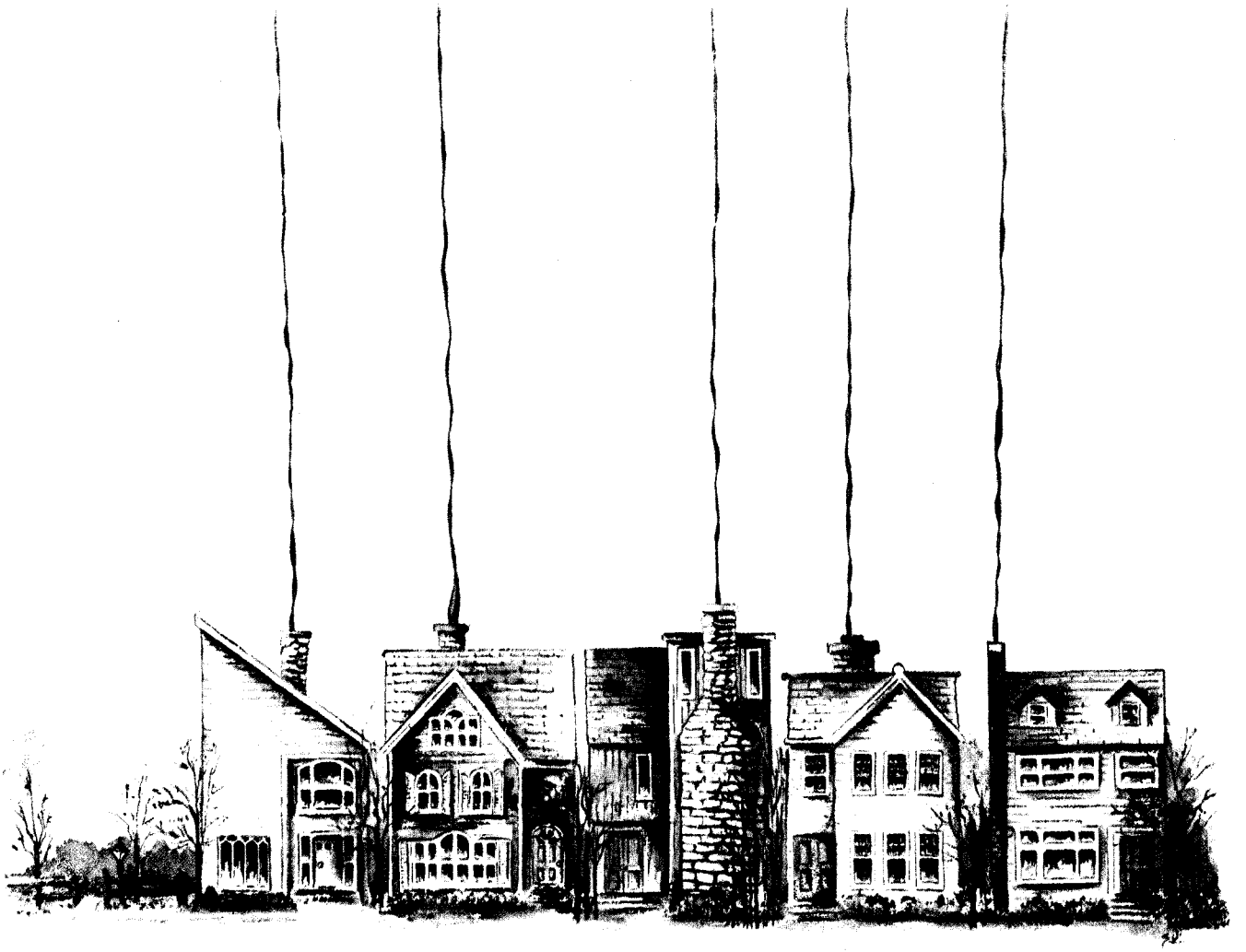

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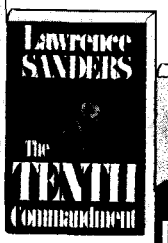

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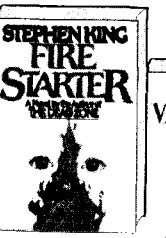

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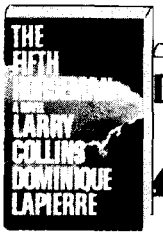

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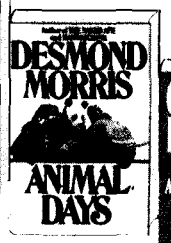

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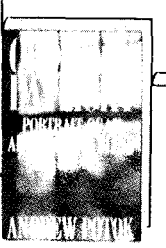

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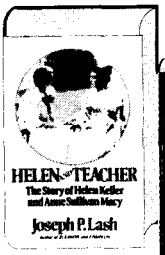

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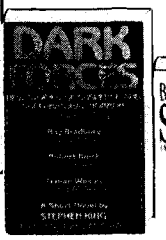

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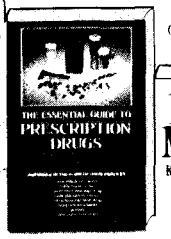

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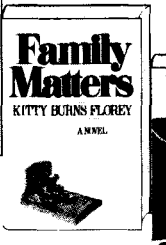

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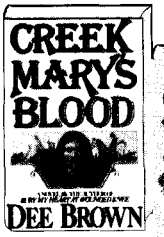

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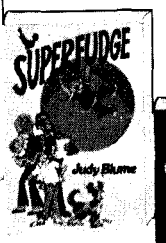

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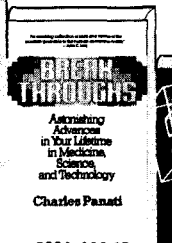

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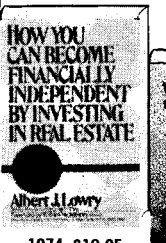

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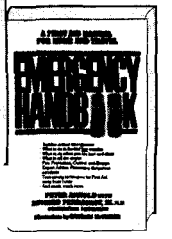

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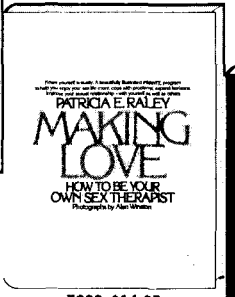

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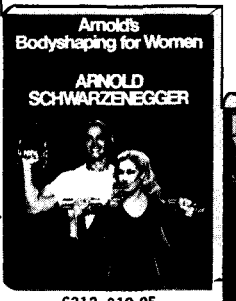

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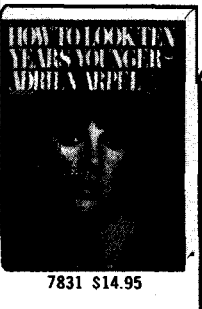

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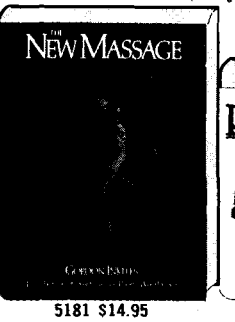

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SMILING ALL THE WAY TO THE DENTIST

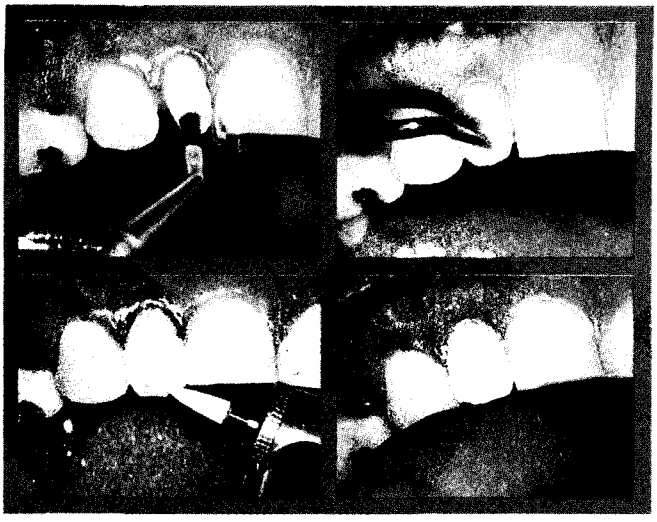
Inexpensive and easily applied veneer gives teeth a new look—just grin and bare it.

by Lynne DeMichele

Smile!
That can be an expensive word. There was probably never a more smile-oriented society than our own at this time. We are constantly made aware of the desirability—or necessity—of attractive teeth. Yet, getting a pretty smile—for one who wasn't born with one—can be a costly and uncomfortable process.

But it doesn't have to be that way.

Recently, thousands of dentists across the country have begun practicing a new laminate technique which makes toothly beauty a much more reasonable possibility. You can now have your smile painlessly improved, no matter what your age.



A homely peg-shaped tooth is just one dental problem that laminate veneer can remedy. The dentist needs only to etch the tooth with a weak acid instead of cutting away tooth structure, as must be done in capping. Dentists who prefer caps argue that the laminate is not as strong and probably will not last as long as caps.

For adults who need cosmetic correction or improvement and for children with chipped or stained teeth, the new process is a breakthrough. For approximately one-fourth to one-third the cost of capping, and with no grinding down of healthy teeth, a prefabricated paper-thin laminate veneer can be painlessly applied in just one office visit. And unlike capping, the procedure is reversible.

Dr. Frank Faunce, professor of pedodontics at the University of Mississippi Dental School, explains the technique which he has developed with the assistance of his dentist-wife, Dr. Rebecca Barkley.

Once it has been determined that this procedure is appropriate for the patient, teeth are carefully examined and appropriate laminate size and shade selected. The prefabricated veneer looks something like an ultra-thin contact lens and is virtually undetectable when in place.

Next, teeth surfaces are carefully etched with a weak acid solution to insure maximum adhesion and painted with a sealant. A custom-tinted bonding material or shader paste (to mask stains and imperfections) is thinly applied to the back of the translucent veneer, which is then pressed into place on the tooth.

Finally, the veneers are bonded to the teeth with a 20-second exposure to ultraviolet light, followed by finishing and buffing.

"Excellent color matching and masking may be obtained with the veneer," Dr. Faunce writes of his patented technique. "Since the veneer is prefabricated, dimensional integrity and size is assured. . . .No weak areas are left to fracture. The effect is much like plywood bonding."

The laminate procedure has been tested successfully for nearly seven years now and has proven extremely durable, given good routine oral hygiene. "Of course you can't expect to open bottle caps with them," Faunce remarks, "but then you shouldn't be doing things like that with your teeth anyway!"

A long list of common dental cosmetic problems can be solved by this increasingly popular procedure. Teeth which are chipped or slightly uneven can be remedied with the veneers. Also, the shape of the teeth as well as spacing can be improved this way.

Some of the most dramatic results, however, can be seen in cases of malformed or "stained" teeth.

Several years ago a Texas mother, hearing of the new procedure, wrote Frank Faunce about her 11-year-old daughter, Marcy, whose teeth were badly discolored as a result of taking prescribed tetracycline as a toddler.

". . .Marcy is a smart child and very pretty, but her whole personality is changing due to ridicule of children at school. . . .She really believes she's ugly because her teeth look dirty." The letter closes with an appeal for help and the note: "Her father is willing to sell the truck to fix her teeth. This is very important to our entire family."

Continued on following page

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Just listen to them. "She's the first!" "I knew it! I knew it!" "Have they set the date?" You want to tell the world. But first you have to share it with the gang you've shared perfume and clothes, secrets and dreams—the silly and the serious. And this is serious. There it is, bigger than life, on the third finger of your left hand. Reach out to faraway family and friends. Big news or just a "hello," they love hearing from you.

Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

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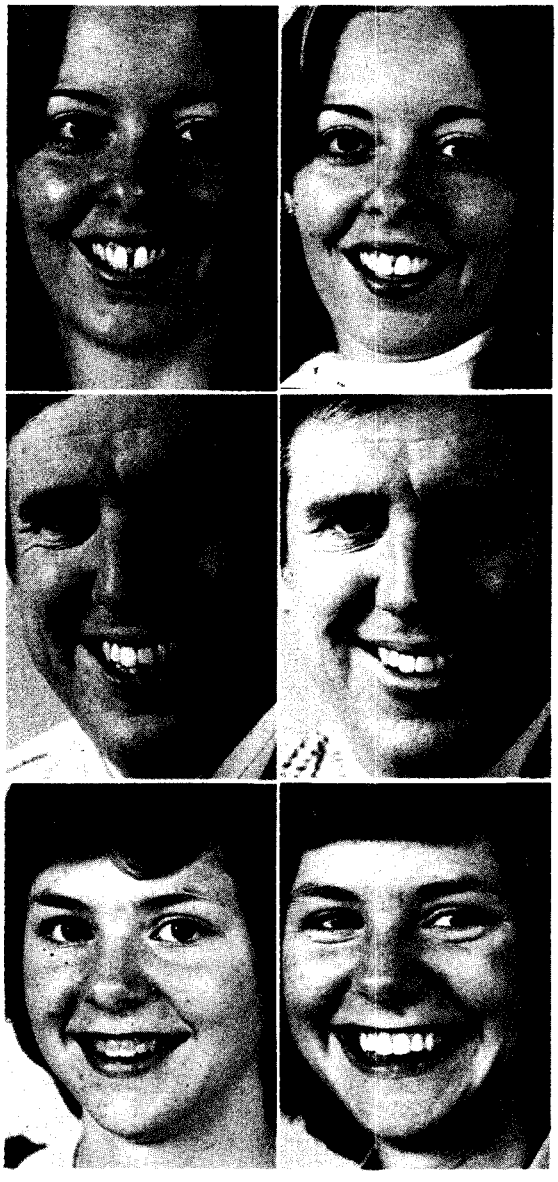
With the availability of the new laminate veneers, it shouldn't be necessary to sell the family truck in order to get help. Yet situations like Marcy's are distressingly common among children, causing emotional damage and even interfering with personality development.

There are several common causes for malformed or permanently "stained" teeth such as Marcy's, which can be remedied by the laminate technique. The problem usually becomes evident during childhood and affects the appearance of the teeth through adulthood if corrective measures are not taken.



Acquiring a photogenic smile used to be a painful experience, but veneers can now comfortably turn ugly "befores" into lovely "afters." They're solid enough for smiling and biting, but makers caution against chewing on pencils.

- Heredity—Some people simply inherit poorly formed or tinted teeth with unsightly ridges or other blemishes.
- Injury—Teeth may darken abnormally as a result of the trauma of a blow during play or sports. This is a common occurrence, particularly between the ages of 8 and 11.
- Fluorosis—This term refers to the pitting and discoloration which result from exposure to excessive natural fluoride conditions such as are found in parts of Texas and Colorado. It shows up in people whose mothers ingested water with large amounts of fluoride during pregnancy.
- High fever and tetracycline drugs— Prolonged high fever between ages six months to five years can interfere with the development of the child's teeth, causing eventual pitting and discoloration. Some commonly prescribed antibiotics containing tetracycline (Declomycin, Sumycin, Achromycin) can cause the same effect.

One significant advantage of the laminate veneers is that, unlike "caps" or "jackets," they may be applied at any age. And because no grinding is necessary, there's no risk of exposing a nerve.

A Muncie, Indiana, pedodontist, Dr. Hub Hougland, is one of more than 10,000 U.S. dentists now utilizing the laminate technique and has successfully applied veneers to the teeth of children ages 8 to 17.

Hougland likes the technique because it's relatively simple and "easy on the patient," eliminating the dread often associated with oral renovation.

"A high decay rate is bad for a prospective laminate patient," he cautions. "Excellent oral hygiene is particularly important, along with good enamel structure for the veneers to hold on to." He also emphasizes that any necessary orthodontic work should be done first.

A Hollywood, California, dentist reports that the demands for this kind of dental cosmetic restoration have increased so among his clientele that he does little else. Not surprisingly, much of his work has been on the smiles of actors, actresses and models who wish to improve their appearances in order to enhance their careers.

A career in public relations made one New York woman painfully self-conscious about her stained teeth. Bleaching, effective in some cases of mild staining, didn't give good results and had to be repeated time and again. Fortunately, her dentist was one of more than 1,200 in New York who use the laminate veneers.

The character of one's smile is inevitably determined by the teeth. "When you look at someone's smile," Dr. Faunce explains, "you'll notice the effect is most attractive when the contour of the line of teeth follows the line of the smile. The contour is determined by the line of the lower lip."

While the veneers are quick, painless and inexpensive, much of their effectiveness depends upon the artistry of the dentist. Many factors affect the relative attractiveness of one's smile and must be considered in any cosmetic restoration process. For example, Faunce emphasizes that teeth are not all precisely the same color, nor do straight teeth necessarily appear most natural or attractive.

A row of white, straight teeth end up looking like what Faunce describes as "a row of tombstones." A degree of translucence and subtle variations in shading can make all the difference. In the future, more of this artistry will be supplemented by the dental laboratories as they are able to provide more customized veneers.

The mouth is said to be—after the eyes—the most expressive part of the human body, and a pleasing smile can better express the "you" behind it. Through the efforts of researchers like the Faunces, you can smile—with good reason—all the way to the dentist's office.

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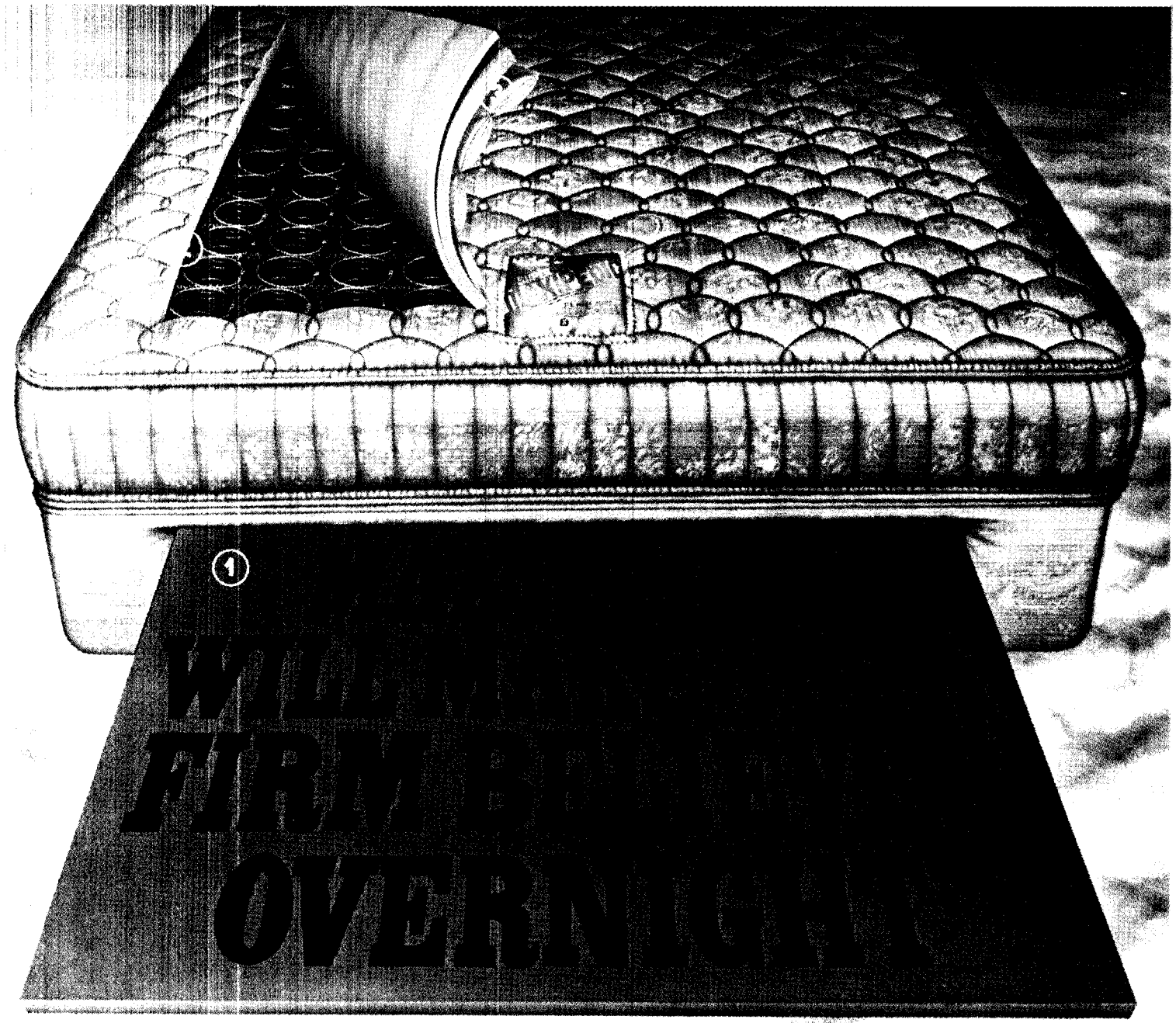

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RELIGION

EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR.'S HAPPIEST SCENE

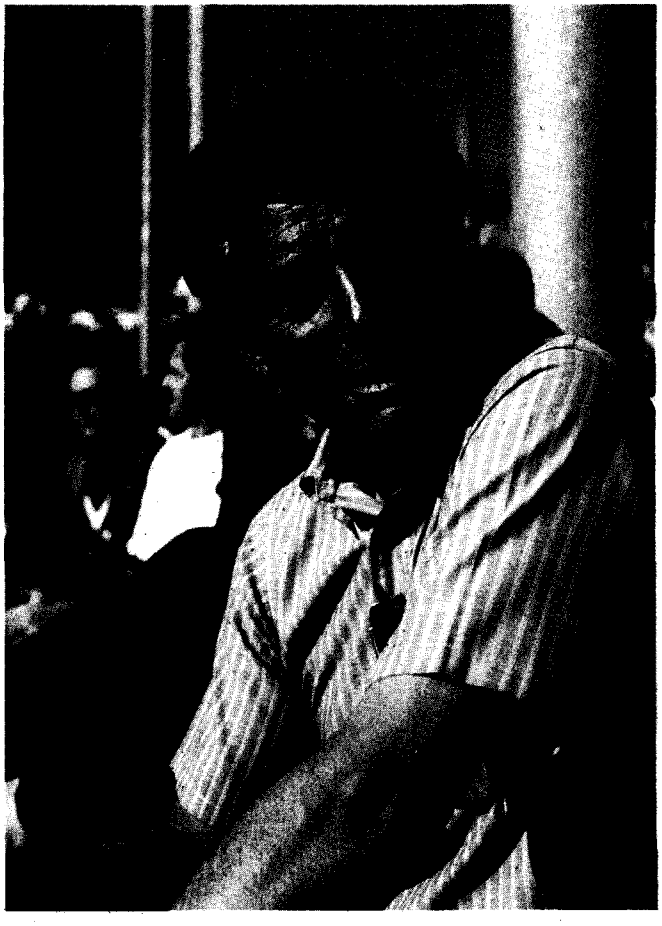
When it comes to portraying a born-again Christian in life's real drama, this idolized actor believes his role was called up yonder.

by June Self

Nearly two years ago, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., surprised a great many people by announcing that he had been "born again." The skeptics reacted skeptically, of course, while those close to Efrem couldn't understand his need for any new religious experiences in his life. After all, he had been a church member most of his life, was not given to excesses in his life style, had endured no major crises prior to his announcement and was loved and respected by virtually everyone who had ever known him. He seemed to be the proverbial "man who has everything"—a successful acting career, an adoring family, financial security, good health and many friends.

Why, then, at the age of 60, did he feel it necessary to make some very radical changes in his religious practices? Why, after many years as a low-key, high-church Episcopalian, do you now find him in a Pentecostal church on Sunday mornings, hands upraised, praising God and obviously enjoying the whole thing? He tells what happened to him in December of 1978.

"I've suffered from insomnia periodically," he confides, "and when I have a sleepless night, I usually get up and watch old movies on television. One night, while flipping channels, I happened to turn on a Christian program. I didn't even know there was such a thing as an all-Christian station, so I watched out of curiosity. I kept watching night after night and finally realized that I didn't have a personal relationship with Jesus in the way that these people spoke of. I called in and prayed with one of the counselors and that was the turning point for me. The difference is that the church I came from seemed to take a more historical approach to Jesus Christ, whereas the one I attend now regards Him as a living, pervasive presence who is here in the room with you."



For all his sophisticated image, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., is remarkably down-to-earth. "I'm a peasant," he says. "I have very simple tastes. I was probably the only man in the Army who liked C-rations."

The church Efrem attends may be one of the few churches in the world where people actually stand in line to get into the four morning services. It has attracted other entertainers such as Dean Jones and Pat Boone.

Efrem says he has never been happier. Longtime friends say that he used to be an introvert but that there has been a noticeable change in him since that winter night in 1978. "I've been lucky," he says. "At least I used to call it luck. Now I know it was God who gave me everything."

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., was born into an eminent musical family in New York 61 years ago. His father is a world-famous concert violinist who left Russia at the age of 17, first living in England for a time before settling in the United States. The senior Mr. Zimbalist, still

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alert and active at age 90, retired from performing about 15 years ago. Efrem's mother was a noted soprano, Alma Gluck, who enjoyed a successful career in opera, concerts and as a recording artist. She died in 1938. His father later married a widow, Mary Louise Curtis Bok, whose father had founded the Curtis Publishing Company. In the 1920s she had founded the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, which husband Efrem Zimbalist directed for many years.

Growing up in a uniquely artistic atmosphere, Efrem's family often entertained the musical and literary giants of the day, people such as Alexander Wolcott, Rachmaninoff, Toscanini, Edna St. Vincent Millay and the Lunts. Alma Gluck is still remembered as hostess of the last of the great salons, and as a child, Efrem was privileged to watch a parade of the great talents come and go. His half sister Marcia Gluck Davenport is a well-known writer, the author of such novels as *East Side, West Side* and *Valley of Decision*, as well as a superior biography of Mozart.

Asked why he didn't pursue a career in music or writing, Efrem laughs. "Acting was easier. They tried to teach me to play the violin, but I could never figure out how to hold the thing." Actually, he is a fine musician. He plays the piano, composes and even assisted his father at the Curtis Institute for two years before settling in Hollywood. He is currently president of the California Chamber Symphony.

Educated in private schools in the East, Efrem attended Yale for a time and then decided to make acting his life's work. He studied at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theater in New York, where he met and married a beautiful young actress named Emily McNair, the daughter of Admiral Lawrence McNair. In his second year at the Playhouse, World War II broke out and Efrem was drafted into the Army, serving as an infantry lieutenant in France and Germany until he was wounded in the leg and sent home.

When the war was over, he resumed his career on the stage. Soon after his return he was given the kind of opportunity every actor dreams of—a Broadway production of Robert Sherwood's *The Rugged Path*, with Spencer Tracy in the lead and Garson Kanin directing. By this time, Efrem and Emily were the parents of a baby daughter, Nancy. Later Efrem III was born, nicknamed Skipper after Emily's father.

In 1949 he was brought to Hollywood for his first movie, *House of Strangers* with Edward G. Robinson. His career looked promising and he couldn't have been happier. Then disaster struck.

It was discovered that Emily had cancer. She died, tragically, at age 29, leaving her husband to rear two young children alone. He moved to Connecticut and did not act again for several years.

"I couldn't mourn for her," he remembers. "We had experienced enough happiness in ten years to

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last a lifetime and I was grateful for that. To go on mourning for her seemed like such a selfish act on my part."

During Emily's illness, Efrem was befriended by a Christian woman who had great faith and strength of character. Today he believes that her prayers for him, many years ago, were instrumental in bringing him to his personal acceptance of Jesus Christ into his life. When the lady died a few years ago, he was given her Bible, which he still carries with him to church.

In 1955, Efrem returned to Hollywood and was put under contract to Warner Brothers. In February of the following year he married Stephanie Spalding, the daughter of a diplomat in the foreign service. He had met her on a blind date when they doubled with another couple in New York. It was love at first sight. "She was a pixie," he recalls, describing this young, freckled, willowy girl who had a passion for outdoor sports and animals. Later that year Loranda Stephanie was born. The couple were divorced when Stephanie was about three, but they remarried in 1971, after being apart for 11 years.

Stephanie clearly adores her father. "I idolize him," she says glowingly. "It's phenomenal that he has been in this business so long and has retained his integrity, even his innocence. Ninety-five percent of the people I've met in the business who know him say that he's not only a nice man, but *the* nicest man they've ever worked with."

What his daughter says is true. People who have known Efrem, whether personally or professionally, intimately or casually, all seem to agree that he is indeed a rare individual.

Fred Astaire, who won an Emmy playing Efrem's father in a 1978 television movie, calls him "a delight." Mr. Astaire goes on to describe him as "very real, untheatrical. By untheatrical, I mean he is unpretentious. He is like me in the sense that when he is working on something, he gives it all his concentration until it is finished. He is a real pro, dedicated, gives wonderful performances."

The admiration is mutual. Efrem calls Fred Astaire "the greatest performer who ever lived."

Though he has to be pressed to talk about it, Efrem does more good deeds than a boy scout. One little-known fact about him is that he often visits hospitals and regularly calls on several terminally ill patients in their homes, even taking special classes with a nurses' organization to prepare him to relate to people facing death. He is a man who loves people and has great compassion for anyone in trouble, particularly the sick.

"Watch out for his divine right."

Foreign car specialist Joe Kavanagh, who has known Efrem for more than 20 years, recalls: "I remember that when my daughter Valerie was in the hospital, Efrem came to me and asked if I needed any money for the medical bills. It happened that I didn't, but I know that his offer was very sincere and he would have given me whatever I needed."

Efrem claims to be taking life easier now, turning down more scripts than he accepts, but in truth he is busier than ever. He is much in demand by the three major Christian television networks and frequently is asked to lend his talents for narration of religious films and recordings. He plays golf whenever he can and keeps his eye on business ventures he has maintained over the years.

He is also interested in politics. A conservative Republican, he supported Ronald Reagan at both the 1976 and 1980 Republican conventions. He is outspoken about what he believes to be reasons for the nation's decline, and his recent alignment with evangelical Christianity only reinforces those beliefs.

Fit and healthy for a man his age, Efrem seems to grow more handsome as the years pass. Though he is disciplined (up at 6:00 every morning and exercising daily), part of his secret is his uncommonly healthy attitude toward life. He is not a man who complains, nor is he given to self-pity. He is tough, resilient and still believes in words like integrity and responsibility. There is something comforting about a man who can still identify a transitive verb and doesn't know the names of any rock stars. He speaks several languages, is well-read and articulate, but instead of being pedantic, he shows genuine humility.

Perhaps his most endearing quality is his gentleness. He is a man of warmth, affection and immense presence. His manners are impeccable, and he has a marvelous facility for putting one at ease immediately when introduced. He seems to be at home in any environment.

"He should have lived in another era," says Irishman Joe Kavanagh. "Perhaps in the time of Queen Victoria. There just aren't many people around like him anymore."

Has his life changed very much since he became a born-again Christian? "Not that much," he confesses. "At least, not externally. Internally, I've experienced an ever-growing, deepening relationship with the Lord, and that has naturally led to increasing activity in His work. I think that's true of any Christian—or should be, anyway."

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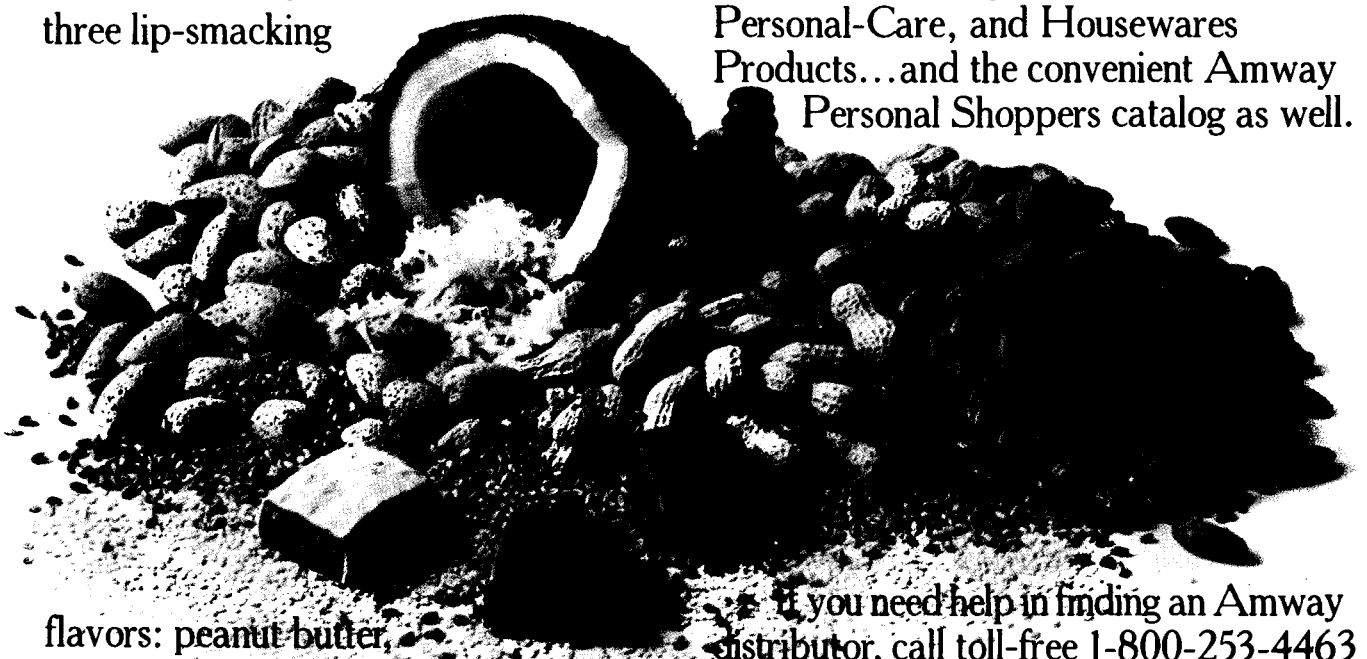

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DERIDING AMTRACK

Reservations about train travel prove right on the track in this rail against Amtrack accommodations.

by Susan Eisenhower

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

"You are taking the train home?" said an Upper East Side friend in the same incredulous tone she'd used when she'd discovered that I am now living in Rochester, New York.

"Don't you know that 'America is getting into training?'" I teased, alluding to the new Amtrak slogan.

"Into training, huh," she countered. "No one is into sitting for seven hours."

She had a good point, but I refused to acknowledge it. I didn't let on that I had tried to make plane reservations first.

"You New Yorkers are always in a hurry. What are a few hours? I'm looking forward to the trip. I haven't taken a train in years."

She remained unconvinced.

As I arrived at Grand Central Station, our conversation came back as a lingering nag. Within minutes, I realized my first mistake.

I had unnecessarily arrived an hour before departure. This was no airport. It was clear that whoever takes the train doesn't arrive until the last minute. How could they? Grand Central seems to provide only enough bench space for tired

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and cold New Yorkers who would rather come in out of the rain.

In search of a corner to perch on, I toured the building twice. At last, I spied a seat. Congratulations were in order. At least I had a place to sit for my last 45 minutes in New York.

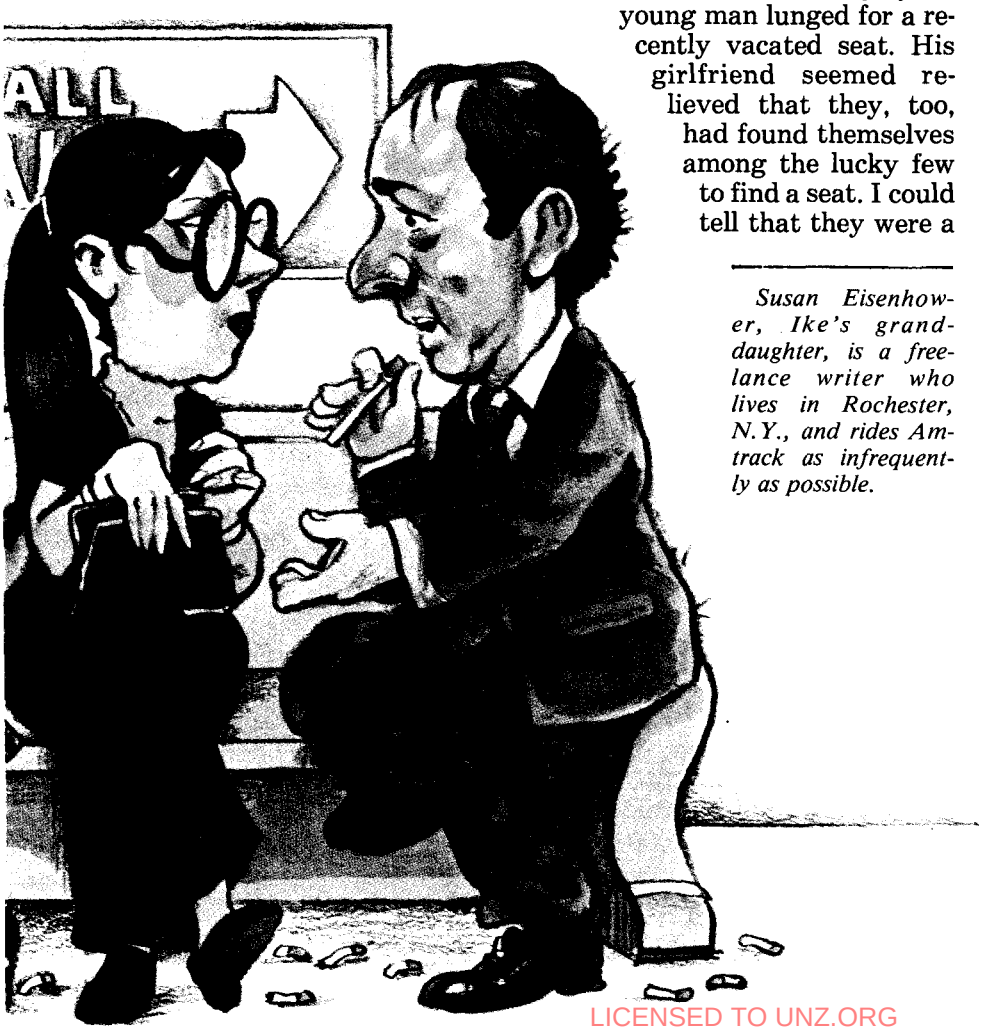
After clearing away several candy wrappers and cigarette butts, I sat down—finding a comfortable position on the wooden bench was quite another matter. Bravely, I resigned myself to posture-perfect erectness and pulled out my dog-eared copy of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. My traveling companion had been neglected lately. Now I would have the time and concentration to devote to this great work.

Just as conspiratorial forces were planning the assassination of Hitler, I was jolted into reality by a loud and alcoholic snort which came from my neighbor to the right. He settled down to snoring. Edging away slightly, I took care to heed the #1 rule of city survival: Never make eye or body contact. When all seemed safe, I very subtly peered over the top of my book.

My eye fell on a man who was sitting directly across from me on another long wooden bench. I named him Vince.

Vince was a man in his mid-50s. He had puffy circular lines that were like half moons tugging at his eyes. His beige trench coat looked to be London Fog and I could just barely see what appeared to be a well-tailored suit. Classy tie. But the worn suede Hush Puppies he wore gave his appearance a peculiar look of style and comfort. I guessed that he was someone who had come close to, but had never achieved, success. While turning the pages of his book, he gnawed furiously at his fingernails. Was it a thriller he was reading in a state of unbearable suspense? Maybe he had consumed too much coffee that morning. It was also possible that he was uncomfortable about the trip ahead, a painful reminder that he would never travel Lear Jet.

Out of the corner of my eye, a young man lunged for a recently vacated seat. His girlfriend seemed relieved that they, too, had found themselves among the lucky few to find a seat. I could tell that they were a liberated couple. They would take turns sitting down—as soon as they figured out how to unleash themselves from their newly purchased backpacks. I named them Harrison (something) III (Chip to his friends) and Joan. From the condition of their worn-out blue jeans and freshly laundered Pierre Cardin sweaters, I figured that they were home from Antioch for a brief duty visit to Mums and Dad on Long Island. They sat next to Phyllis.



Susan Eisenhower, Ike's granddaughter, is a freelance writer who lives in Rochester, N.Y., and rides Amtrack as infrequently as possible.

Phyllis was probably a college professor. She had long brown hair that she conveniently kept in a rubber band at the back of her head. She read her book with careful consideration, pensively savoring every word. She had the look of someone from the last decade, with interests ranging from relevancy to commitment and "interpersonal communication." I watched her carefully as an old man next to her asked her for a light. (I think he was my neighbor's drinking buddy.) With an unmistakable look of serenity and patience, she searched every nook and cranny of her bag. I was impressed that she did not come right out and say that she didn't approve of smoking.

The man didn't seem too worried that Phyllis couldn't produce a match. As compensation for her failure, he engaged her in conversation. When I looked over again, a half hour later, she was still calmly listening. Was he to feature in her psychology dissertation? Or perhaps she was just afraid to excuse herself to the ladies' room for fear that she would never find another vacant seat.

My neighbor began to toss in his sleep when I noticed, with some relief, that a line was forming near the gate to my train. While putting my book back into my bag, I noticed Irv at the end of the bench. He sat with his eyes lowered. Occasionally, startled from his thoughts, he would look up. Loneliness etched his features. When reassured that he was surrounded by people, he would lower his eyes once more. He probably worked at night and came to the station for company during the day. Or possibly he was unemployed with nowhere else to go. Saddened by the sight, I collected my things and

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took my place at the back of the line.

Grand Central Station is a beautiful building. It is a monument to the city of New York both because it was built and because it was not torn down. In the main hall there is a high sloping ceiling which features a painting of the constellations. Like the nighttime sky, it is complete with twinkling stars. As is my usual custom, I found the Big Dipper first.

I was wondering how they changed the light bulbs when a "star" burned out when Hal and Betty from Syracuse put their suitcase on my left foot. Apologies all around. I was fascinated to see that they must be planning a big game hunt in upstate New York. Both were immaculately dressed in crisp off-white safari suits, complete with hats. Maybe they were not going big game hunting after all; perhaps they were simply dressed for the sweltering heat of Syracuse in April.

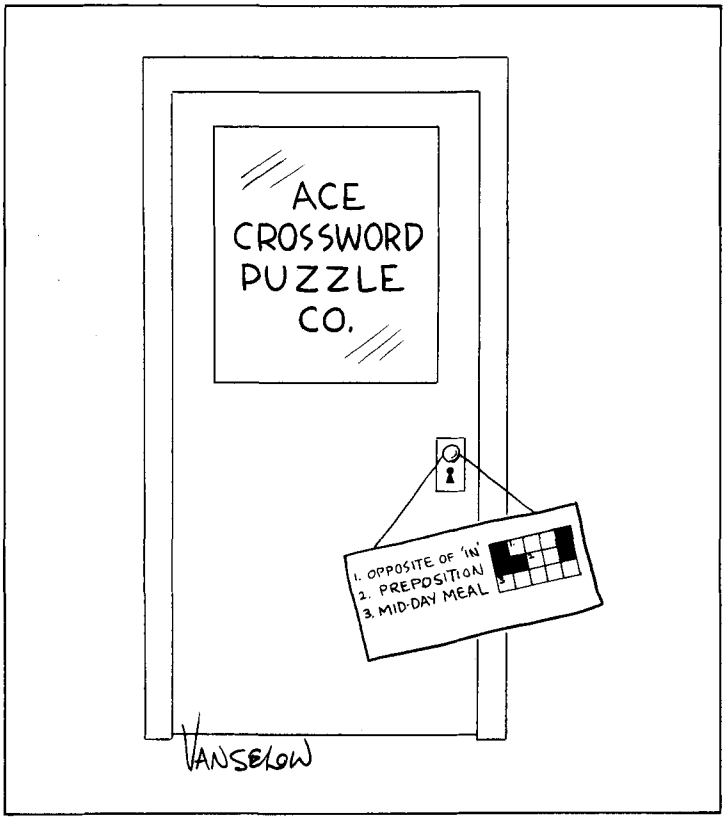
The man in front of me had a bag with Amelia Earhart on it. Was it a line of luggage or had he inherited the suitcase as a family heirloom? I resisted the temptation to ask.

As the line began to move, an older heavy-set woman tripped and fell while struggling with her bags. The line dispersed in an effort to help her. I think she was grateful, but the group that encircled her made it even more difficult for her to regain her balance. I was delighted to see the New York stereotype dashed. The poor woman had more help than she needed. Suddenly it occurred to me that the line was composed of people leaving the city. The stereotype remained unchallenged.

At long last the line began to filter onto the platform. Only seven more hours and I would be home. I tried to avoid the thought that had I been traveling by plane, seven hours would take me to London, England.

As I boarded the train I made all efforts to find a seat in the food car. I didn't want to get caught with a cup of hot, steaming coffee between cars, only to watch the door to my compartment close in my face. It had happened many years before. Once in a lifetime was enough.

I was pleased to find a suitable seat. The only drawback was that the overhead rack was full. Painfully, I carried my baggage "upstream" and deposited my things a few rows back. When I returned to my seat, a young boy was just in the process of making himself comfortable in my place. Before I could raise my voice in protest, Gramps from the other side of the aisle barked at the boy, "That seat has been taken!" The old man looked like a version of Mr. Chips and spoke with the same authority. The boy apologetically left and I decided that I was wrong. Gramps really looked like an extra on "The Waltons." I thanked him and sat down.



Thelma and Flo sat adjacent to me in a state of nervous excitement.

"What do we do with our tickets?" implored Flo. "Do we clip them to the top of the seat?"

Thelma answered in a worried voice, "I don't know. I don't even know when they are going to take our tickets. Maybe we'd better clip them on, just in case."

For several minutes they floundered in the mysterious technique involved with riding the train. But then again, maybe the excitement of leaving New York was just too much.

The ticket collector came sauntering down the aisle. He looked like a Harold. Flo and Thelma seemed delighted to see him. He did not return the sentiment. Undaunted, they gratefully relinquished their tickets. With the weighty problem resolved, Thelma and Flo settled down.

It was my turn.

Pointing to the vacant seat next to me, Harold snapped, "Take everything off that seat." He officiously punched my ticket. "We might need room for a passenger."

Barbara, four seats away, looked over and smiled. I returned her amusement. It seemed unlikely that anyone would get on the train while it was traveling 60 mph. I concluded that this was the only place in the world that Harold was boss—and boss he was, to the hilt.

The train streaked through small towns and farmlands, stopping at frequent intervals. As it moved, the train hypnotically swayed from side to side. I read for awhile.

An hour or so later, I decided to get up and stretch my legs. I assessed the passengers as I made my way down the aisle. It was a convenient use of time on my way to the ladies' room. I was not at all convinced that I should stop my habit of looking over passengers just because I was riding the train. It is always wise to size up the people who might have to pull you out of the wreckage. Planes crash, trains derail.

Just as I reached the door to the ladies' room, the conductor came on the P.A. system with his usual

Continued on page 116

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THE UPHILL COURSE OF PUTT-PUTT GOLF

Insurance salesman Don Clayton cried a lot. But since creating the original Putt-Putt golf course, this multimillionaire has been laughing all the way to the bank.

by William Barry Furlong

He remembers the night he began to cry.

It was the night he began to find laughter in his life.

The night was soft. There was just a hint of rain in the air. It was quiet in the far reaches of the side streets of the small Carolina town. He was a young man then, 28 going on 29, and he was, as usual, working late. He was sitting in a car outside a prospect's house with one of the salesmen from the insurance agency. The salesman looked into his face in the dim light and did not seem to recognize that anything was wrong.

He said, "Now we've got a real tough problem here. . . . "

With that, his boss, Don Clayton, broke into tears. Suddenly. Unreservedly. He did not know why. He simply felt a vast interior sense of desolation, of aloneness, of *waste*. It was as if he were in a car hurtling down a lonely darkened highway to oblivion, seeking to travel ever faster—as fast as he could. And he knew that it was all wrong.

The feeling was inexplicable. He'd been one of the most celebrated athletes in his region's history—an Associated Press columnist called him the "greatest athlete ever developed in the South." In his late 20s, he was already known as the best and most successful young insurance man in the state. By now he was on his way to vast wealth. And tears.

He could stop crying only briefly. ("I went into that prospect's house and made the sale"—and he came out to the car and began crying again.) He cried at the thought of going to the next prospect's house. He glanced at a newspaper and saw a story about an accident ("three people killed") and began to cry. He went to a movie and watched the cowboys shoot up the Indians and began to cry. He went to see a doctor and, during the conversation, the doctor lit up a cigarette and the feeling of dread, of desolation, of the uncontrollable need to cry was so deep in Don Clayton that for two years he could not bear to smoke. Or to be near someone who did. "Because of what the smell, the sight, the memory did to me," he says.

In fact, Don Clayton was—in the peak of his manhood—very close to a nervous breakdown.

Because of it, and the way he reacted, he found a new career. He became a multimillionaire. And he found laughter in his life.

For Don Clayton went from this moment of crying into an idea which is one of the great unheralded successes of our times, something which is so familiar to many of us that we would identify

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it as being "just around the corner": He conceived and founded the Putt-Putt Golf Courses.

There are 1,400 of them around the world now and every year they attract almost as many players as baseball does paying fans and twice as many players as "long golf" does. ("All without a word on the sports pages—without any promotion at all in the press.") It runs a professional putters' tour in which the top money winners have earned as much as $53,157.14 a year. He syndicates a television show about putting tournaments that has appeared on as many as 85 television stations. All of the Putt-Putt courses put together, and their subsidiaries, have grossed several tens of millions of dollars a year—starting from absolute scratch—and they've contributed to the prosperity and development of several new industries: The concept of "indoor-outdoor" carpeting got much of its earlier impetus from the need to develop "greens" for the Putt-Putt courses designed by Don Clayton. ("Every course orders an average of $8,000 worth every two years," says Clayton.) It also achieved the apogee of celebrity in America: A toy company paid Don Clayton's enterprise $50,000 just to use the name Putt-Putt on one of its games. "It was pretty good therapy for a guy on the edge of a nervous breakdown," says Clayton—with laughter rising through his sense of exhilaration.

Don Clayton (in cowboy hat) interviews the pros of the 1979 Super Putters series in Hurst, Texas: (left to right) Vance Randall, Rick Smith, Dick Florin, John Connor, Mike Baldoza, Robert Smith, Ray Browning and Roger Moore, behind Clayton.

He is in his 50s now, a symbol of something which has otherwise been almost forgotten in America—the individual who can, with hard work and a good idea, make a fortune and a pleasure out of his life.

For some of the best ideas in America today are not coming alone out of the vast business complexes—the huge research plants with hundreds of millions of dollars to spend—or the tormented hype of Madison Avenue and the Washington press-relations machine. They are the products of the minds and energies of everyday people who live up and down the street from all of us—people who still have the spirit of the entrepreneur—a spirit that has been ignored in America in these last few years but which has never been altogether lost.

It is the spirit of success—the realization of the dream within all of us.

The fascinating and significant thing about Don Clayton is that he started with an idea that might have come to any of us. He made an immense success out of it without having any previous know-how in the field. And he developed a system of work that is pretty much what any of us might do with a similarly good idea: He took things as they came up—one by one—and improvised from there.

The idea that gave Don Clayton an unimagined success came out of a single human development—the possibility of a nervous breakdown.

That possibility developed out of a classic human pressure: He was overworking himself in the service of other people. To be sure, he operated an insurance agency and he ran it successfully ("I had eleven men working under me"). But he was working himself 12 to 18 hours a day and regimenting himself the rest of the time. ("Up at 6:00 in the morning to read for an hour, bathe, shave, dress, pick up the mail at the post office, get to the office before anybody else. . . . ") He was doing all this to make himself rich—but somehow he was making others richer. He was not his own man; he was always beholden to others. He was not doing his own thing; he was funneling all his energy and intensity into what other people wanted. It brought him more money. It also brought him to tears—and to the edge of a nervous breakdown.

His doctor's advice was brief and pointed. "Stop everything you're doing. Take a month off from your normal routine. Do something different. Otherwise, you may have to be hospitalized. . . . "

His first weekend off, he played in a miniature golf course in his hometown, Fayetteville, North Carolina. He was disgusted with it. "You had to hit the ball through spokes and spikes and over wind-

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mills and through waterfalls—it was just junk," he says. Why? Because it had nothing to do with the game of golf that millions were playing and millions more were seeing on television. "They gave you dirt and goat's hair to putt on and after you hit the ball, you had to pat down the goat's hair with your hands or feet." When Clayton finished the round, he turned to his brother and playing partner and said, "I could do better than this."

His brother's response: "O.K., wise guy. You've got a month off. Let's see you do it." That got to Clayton. On the way home that Sunday evening, he spotted a vacant lot that was for lease or sale, a lot where somebody might build a small putting course. The idea began to take hold of him. What the heck?

He could play at designing a better layout for practice putting and have a lot of fun doing it. And if he was wrong, what did he lose? Not much in the way of money. Not much in the way of time, or energy. The doctor wouldn't let him go to work anyway. And if Clayton explored this idea, the doctor couldn't exactly say all this wasn't outside the normal regimen of his life. Heck!—it was outside the normal regimen of *everybody's* life.

That very night, he phoned the owners of the vacant lot and arranged to lease it for $100 for one year. Then he sat down and, using the 3" x 5" file cards most people keep on their desks, he sat down and designed an "ideal" putting hole. One that was only slightly maddening. But he quickly ran into technical problems. How long should the putt be? How many putting holes could he get onto the vacant lot? Could he get dips and angles and rolls into them? Could he make it as fine as an experience on a country club green? Or better?

He decided to do some "market research." He went to his father's home—because he had a bigger living room—and he laid out a 30' putt using his living- and dining-room rug. Thirty feet—that's what he figured to be the "average" length of a hole. He added the angles and corners and dips and hills and by the night's end he'd drawn 18 different holes on 18 different file cards. None of them had pipes or spokes or windmills or waterwheels. "They were all a test of the putter's skill," he says. Or of the putter's humor.

He had, of course, no experience in construction. But he had to think logically what he must do. It was obvious that he had to plane that lot flat so there were no hills or ruts in it. He must lay out the hole design the way real estate people lay out their developments—using strings and pegs to provide the shape for each particular segment. Then he would have to enclose each hole design in boards which would define the limitations and—as it developed—the opportunities of the hole.

"So the next morning I went down to the unemployment office and hired some laborers," he says. "I went to the lumberyard and got some stakes and a ball of twine. And we all went to the vacant lot and began pounding stakes and laying out the holes with twine." It took him 21 days of hard work to finish that course—21 days in which he spent $5,200 just for construction costs.

On the night that he opened his first putting course, Don Clayton thought that he'd be lucky to draw 50 or 60 customers. Some 192 persons showed up. Since they paid 25¢ a round—the price is now $1.25 or higher in most Putt-Putts—they paid in only $48. That was not bad in Don Clayton's view: "We thought we'd bring in maybe $15," he says. But it wasn't as good as it would become. The next night, some 344 people showed up and they paid $86 into the till. The rush didn't dazzle his father. He took the depressed view of the whole thing. He reckoned that Fayetteville wasn't that big a town and maybe Don had pretty much used up the market. As his son was counting up the money on the second night, he went up to Don and observed: "Well, that's it, son. Everybody in town's played this here game now. The fad is over."

Not quite. The third night, some 744 people showed up and Clayton took in $180.

It went on like that, night after night. On the 29th day after he'd opened, Clayton stood at the cash register and counted out the income. He'd been working out of the cash register all that time, paying the few people it took to work the course every night, putting aside the excess to pay for the costs of building the course. On this night, there were no more bills to pay. As Clayton remembers it, the course had averaged $180 a night income and he was able to pay all the construction bills in 29 nights—including the lease on the lot for a year—and now he was up to date.

When Clayton had finished up

"Look, when I told you you were worth your weight in gold, it was only $37 an ounce!"

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his 30-day "time of relaxation," he was not quite ready to go back to the 18-hour-a-day regimentation at the insurance agency. He was willing to spend a certain amount of time there, taking phone calls, working on papers, but most of the time his mind—and sometimes his body—was out on the putting course, playing it when he could, working it when he couldn't. But he kept seeing the people lining up to play his game—"some of them were the best people in Fayetteville"—and he says he felt terribly embarrassed that he was keeping them waiting. One night, somewhat impulsively, he got on the public address system and asked them all to come back a week from that night. "There'll be no waiting," he promised, "because we'll have another brand-new course right here for you."

This time Clayton hired enough help to fill three shifts of workers every day. They went at the job 24 hours a day. So did Don Clayton. He stayed away from the office and he worked at the once-vacant lot. He slept in his car and he lost 14 pounds in a week. He also accumulated $7,200 in new building costs in that week, 40 percent more than the cost of the first course. "But we got it open in one week," he says.

More than that: The new course pulled in $366 on the first night. "Nobody had ever done anything like that before in miniature golf," he insists. And that was only the beginning.

"If one will work and two will work then ten will work," thought Clayton. "And if ten will work. . . ." He could envision a chain of Putt-Putt golf courses through the farthest reaches of the Carolinas. If he could get his backers to go along.

He couldn't. His father had put in some money for the Putt-Putt in Fayetteville. So did a family friend. But they were happy with the money they were getting. They didn't want to risk any more money in an endless expansion of the idea. So Clayton bought them out. He sought out more financial backing from a construction man—and goofed again. That backer felt Clayton didn't really understand how to turn a profit and, to get him out, Clayton had to trade off one new Putt-Putt golf course for another. But he did find friends and relatives who would put up some money for a Putt-Putt here, another Putt-Putt there, if Clayton would put up the rest of the money. By the end of the second year, he had eight Putt-Putts operating throughout the Carolinas. Those eight began to open new and different opportunities.

"I began to get letters from people who played Putt-Putt and they'd say, 'I do believe my community needs one. How do we go about putting one in?' " Clayton answered them with long detailed letters on what to do and how to do it. He attached no strings. It did not bother him that he was giving his know-how away—he says—for free. "I was just so flattered," he says in his soft Southern cadence, "and so complimented that they thought so much of something I'd done. . . ."

It is important, in this context, to remember that Clayton did not believe that he'd come up with an idea that was completely new. He thought he had merely improved

Continued on page 90

Sally And Mike Have Teamed Up To Send Love Around The World.

Baseball star Mike Schmidt has joined his friend Sally Struthers in her efforts to send love and support to needy children around the world. Through Christian Children's Fund, Mike sponsors a little girl and he'd like to tell you about her.

"Marta is very special to me. She needs me and I can't tell you how important that makes me feel. She lives in a very poor village in Guatemala. Her home is little more than a mud hut. There is no sanitation. And poverty and disease are all around her. But, thanks to Christian Children's Fund, I'm able to help.

"Marta goes to a special center every day where she is fed a good, wholesome meal. Her mother goes, too, and learns how to prepare better food. And when Marta's strong and healthy, my sponsoring her will mean she can have a chance to go to school.

"For just $15 a month, you can help a child like Marta. You needn't send any money now. Just mail in the coupon below.

"Christian Children's Fund will send you a child's photograph and family background information.

"You'll learn about Christian Children's Fund, how and where the child will be helped, and how your 50¢ a day can help make a big difference in a poor child's life.

Photo by Barry Fitzgerald

"You'll also learn how you can write and receive letters in return. It's a very special way for you to share your sponsored child's life.

"Please send in the coupon today. Join Sally's Team. And you'll know what I know. The joy of being needed by one small child who's reaching out for your love."

Send Your Love Around The World.

Dr. Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, VA 23261 NSAPO0
I wish to sponsor a boy ☐ girl ☐ any child ☐ who needs my help. Please send my information package today.

☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.

☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $15.

☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute $ _____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Member of American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, Inc. Gifts are tax deductible. In U.S.: Write Box 26511, Richmond, VA 23261. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge St. Toronto, Ontario M4T 1Y8. Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

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ADD YEARS TO YOUR LIFE

Take the health test on the following pages and let a programmed computer tell you how much you can improve your longevity.

by Jack Hall, M.D.

Life is a risky business. Each day of our lives we face risks—risks of illness, accident, injury, disability or death. And as we grow older, many of our risks increase. Since we are all in the same boat, it is time that you and I engaged in some frank conversation about Prospective Medicine—and what it means to you and your health.

To put it bluntly, people have been killing themselves by failing to curb some of their bad habits. Studies which led to the establishment of Prospective Medicine—coupled with discoveries about cancer, heart disease and many other deadly diseases—allow no room for even the most skeptical of disbelievers.

Some people will always scoff at the facts as readily as they disregard laws on jaywalking, speeding, overtime parking and the like. When they carry over this gambling instinct into their medical care, they are flirting with premature death or disability.

What I want to get through to you is simply this: Whether we die prematurely is often squarely in our own hands, and because we face risks all the time does not mean we cannot do something about them. We can.

Prospective Medicine sets out to reduce your risks and thereby extend your life expectancy. We cannot guarantee that you will not have a disability, but we can help reduce the risks of having illness or injuries.

How do we do this? First, by determining your ten-year chances of survival. We work up a personalized health forecast using the tool of Prospective Medicine—a Health Hazard Appraisal—that compiles your present risks and estimates your future risks.

Prospecting for medical problems before they happen is Dr. Jack Hall's crusade. Under his direction, more than 200,000 Health Hazard Appraisal tests have been analyzed by the Prospective Medicine computer.

Next we begin a series of preventive procedures to *reduce your risks,* and then we plot a survival course. On occasion, this may require changing some of your health habits.

After that, you should begin a *health management program* with your doctor. This may bring in other people to help, including members of your family. It might be desirable to go to one of the health agencies for assistance. Whatever is decided, it is going to call for teamwork and cooperation.

Finally, you should choose the right time to act. Timing is very important. Perhaps you cannot do everything at once. As you work into a risk-reduction program, there may be more than one problem, and you will move along one step at a time. You will not be asked to undergo any measures other than those which are reasonable or practical.

Having done this, you will have acquired a complete health profile, and your doctor will be in a more solid position to help you.

What are *your* chances of survival in the next ten years? You may feel that you are in general a healthy person and have no need for Prospective Medicine. However, each person is subject to many hidden risks. Learning the weak spots will enable us to initiate this planned program for assuring you better health care—continuously and comprehensively.

The Health Hazard Appraisal test which follows is step number one on your road to a longer life.

Dr. Hall is director of Cardiovascular Testing and Education at Methodist Hospital Graduate Medical Center in Indianapolis and for 20 years has been professor of medicine at Indiana University School of Medicine. He is both a teacher of physicians and an author whose writings have, to date, been directed toward the medical profession. Besides numerous scientific articles on heart disease, medical education and health maintenance, his books, How to Practice Prospective Medicine *and* Prospective Medicine, *have been the culmination of years of research and analysis in the health risks of daily living.*

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This will contain the information which, for the charge of $6.00, goes into a computer, giving you a read-out on living habits that can affect your risks and a program that should increase your expected life span by X number of years. This personalized risk analysis and recommended program is based on the best scientific information.

Each death in the United States is collated and arranged by five-year age bracket, sex and race each year. The Health Hazard Appraisal test projects with insurance-actuarial accuracy the most likely causes of death for each person based on the health information from the test.

Below are averages by age, sex and race groups projected for ten years.

For example, if you are a white female, age 50 to 54, your chances of dying in the next ten years are 5.855 percent. Stated another way, out of every 100,000 of you, 5,855 of you will die.

Your individual chances, however, can be bettered, if you improve your health habits. For example, the group of 100,000 white women, ages 50 to 54, has an overall 4.39 percent chance of dying of lung cancer, but this averages in all the smokers and spouses of smokers, whose risk is much greater. If you quit smoking, the Health Hazard Appraisal computer read-out will tell you how much you lessen your odds for death in the next ten years.

Whether you know it or not, the way you live may be measurably shortening your life. Prospective Medicine will help you get it all back—and then some.

Act today!

Population average: 10-year deaths per 100,000

White Female Age 50-54	
1. Heart Attack	1081
2. Cancer of Breast	673
3. Cancer of Lung	439
4. Stroke	329
5. Cancer of Intestines	255
6. Cirrhosis	240
All Other Causes	2838
Total	5855

Black Female Age 40-44	
1. Heart Attack	777
2. Stroke	398
3. Cirrhosis	343
4. Cancer of Breast	320
5. Cancer of Lung	200
6. Cancer of Cervix	142
All Other Causes	2721
Total	4901

White Male Age 45-49	
1. Heart Attack	2567
2. Cancer of Lung	675
3. Cirrhosis	398
4. Suicide	265
5. Motor Vehicle Accidents	242
6. Stroke	238
All Other Causes	2818
Total	7203

Black Male Age 35-39	
1. Homicide	986
2. Heart Attack	902
3. Cirrhosis	524
4. Motor Vehicle Accidents	351
5. Stroke	313
6. Cancer of Lung	235
All Other Causes	3241
Total	6552

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Health Hazard Appraisal Test

Your answers to the questions that follow will allow us to give you clues to some of the greatest risks to your survival over the next ten-year period of your life. Please answer every question. There are a few questions that inquire about race or religion. They are asked only because they are associated with different risks in certain diseases. The more honestly you answer the questions, the more accurate your appraisal will be. You may be assured that your answers will be held in strict confidence.

1. Please use a pencil only, no ball-point pens.
2. *Circle* your answer and the box to the left of your answer.
   Example: An apple is red [1] No [2] Yes [3] Do not know
3. If you change an answer, please erase the circle completely before marking the corrected answer.
4. In some areas of the form you will be required to write in information. In these areas we ask that you please print.
5. If you wish a computer print-out explaining your individualized longevity appraisal with recommendations, please send $6.00 with your completed form to: Health Care Services, Inc., Methodist Hospital, 1633 Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

1/15 Name _____ (16 LAST NAME FIRST)

2/15 Address _____ (51)

City (16) State (36) Zip (38)

Occupation _____ (43) Birth Date (63 month day year)

Sex 69 M F Race 70 W B O

Height (71 72) (in inches) Weight (73 74 75) Age (76 77)

3/15 Date (month day year) Marital Status M S D W

Is your natural mother alive?	22 [1] No	[2] Yes	[3] Do not know
Is she now over 60, or was she at the time of death?	23 [1] No	[2] Yes	[3] Do not know
If she is dead, did she die of heart disease?	24 [1] No	[2] Yes	[3] Do not know
Is your natural father alive?	25 [1] No	[2] Yes	[3] Do not know
Is he now over 60, or was he at the time of death?	26 [1] No	[2] Yes	[3] Do not know
If he is dead, did he die of heart disease?	27 [1] No	[2] Yes	[3] Do not know
Has any member of your immediate family (parents, brothers, sisters or children) ever committed or attempted suicide?	28 [1] No	[2] Yes	

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Has any member of your immediate family (parents, brothers, sisters or children) had (or have) diabetes?
[1] No [2] Yes [3] Do not know

Have you ever been told that you have diabetes (too much sugar in the blood)?
[1] No
[2] Yes with treatment
[3] Yes without treatment
[4] Do not know

Please list your mileage per year as both a passenger and as a driver in an automobile or any other motor vehicle. (The national average is 10,000 miles per year.) List number of thousands.

		0	0	0

Approximately how much of the time do you wear your seat belt?
[1] None
[2] 1-9%
[3] 10-24%
[4] 25-74%
[5] 75-100%

Approximately how many alcoholic drinks do you have per week? (one drink equals 1 12-ounce beer, 4 ounces of wine or 1 ounce of hard liquor.)
[1] Nondrinker
[2] Have stopped drinking
[3] 1-2 drinks per week
[4] 3-6 drinks per week
[5] 7-24 drinks per week
[6] 25-40 drinks per week
[7] 41 or more drinks per week

Do you or have you ever taken any of the drugs or medications listed here before driving in your car? If you answer Yes, please circle what drug or drugs you have taken or are presently taking.

[1] Do not take any
[2] Mood elevators
[3] Amphetamines, diet pills
[4] Tranquilizers, sedatives, sleeping pills, nerve pills
[5] Narcotic pain pills
[6] Antihistamines
[7] Marijuana, LSD

Have you ever been arrested for a violent act or threat of a violent act?
[1] No [2] Yes

Do you carry a weapon (includes carrying a weapon while at work)?
[1] No [2] Yes

How much exercise do you have each day?
[1] Walking less than 5 blocks or climbing up less than 5 flights of stairs (Sedentary)
[2] Walking 5-15 blocks or climbing up 5-15 flights of stairs (Little)
[3] Walking 15-20 blocks or climbing up 15-20 flights of stairs (Acceptable)
[4] Walking more than 20 blocks or climbing up more than 20 flights of stairs (Substantial)

Do you smoke?
[1] No [2] Yes

Did you previously smoke?
[1] No [2] Yes

If either of the above answers was Yes, please circle the amount that you now smoke per day or previously smoked per day.

[1] 2 packages or more per day
[2] 1-1½ packages per day
[3] 1 package per day
[4] ½ package per day
[5] less than ½ package per day
[6] more than 5 cigars or pipes per day
[7] less than 5 cigars or pipes per day

If you have stopped smoking, please circle the number of years that you have stopped.
[1] [2] [3] [4] [5] [6] [7] [8] [9] [0] more than 9 years

What would you consider your economic and social status to be?
[1] Low [2] Average [3] High

Are you often depressed?
[1] No [2] Yes

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Do you frequently have crying spells? 49 [1] No [2] Yes

Do you frequently think of ending your life? 50 [1] No [2] Yes

Has a screening of your stool specimen been negative for blood three times this past year. 51 [1] No [2] Yes

Have you had any bleeding from your rectum? 52
[1] No, have not had any bleeding
[2] Yes, have had some bleeding
[3] Yes, have had some bleeding, but my doctor knows about it

Have you ever had polyps or growths in your rectum (not piles or hemorrhoids)? 53 [1] No [2] Yes [3] Do not know

Do you have or have you had an ulcerative colitis (bloody diarrhea with pus and mucous and sores inside the rectum)? 54 [1] No [2] Yes [3] Do not know

Have you ever had cancer? If yes, elaborate on a separate sheet of paper. 55 [1] No [2] Yes

Have you had or do you have bacterial pneumonia? 56 [1] No [2] Yes

Have you had or do you have emphysema? 57 [1] No [2] Yes

Have you ever had rheumatic fever (inflammation of the heart and/or joints)? 58
[1] No
[2] Yes, with treatment
[3] Yes, without treatment
[4] Do not know

Have you ever been told that you have a heart murmur? 59 [1] No [2] Yes [3] Do not know

Please try to fill in your blood pressure and cholesterol levels. If you are not sure what these are, we suggest that you either call or take this form to your doctor and have him or someone in his office fill out the questions you are unable to answer. If you have not had your blood pressure or cholesterol levels checked in the last two years we suggest that you make an appointment with your doctor to do so.

Please circle the box *nearest* to your level.

Blood Pressure

Systolic

60
[100]
[120] Average
[140]
[160]
[180]
[200]

Diastolic

63
[70]
[80] Average
[88]
[94]
[100]
[106]

Cholesterol

72
[180]
[210] Average
[240]
[270]
[300]
[over 300]

Please list any other significant problems which you feel may affect your life expectancy.

The following questions are for females only.
Males go to the next section.

Has your mother or sister had breast cancer? 41 [1] No [2] Yes

Do you examine your breasts each month? 42 [1] No [2] Yes

Does your doctor examine your breasts at least once a year? 43 [1] No [2] Yes

At what age did you begin to have regular sexual intercourse? 45
[1] Never
[2] Before 20
[3] Between 20-25
[4] After 25

Optional (related to cervical cancer)

Are you Jewish? (Cancer of cervix very rare) 46 [1] No [2] Yes

Have any of your female organs been removed because of *cancer*? 47 [1] No [2] Yes

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If Yes,

has your cervix been removed? 48 [1] No [2] Yes

has your uterus been removed? 50 [1] No [2] Yes

have your ovaries been removed? 50 [1] No
[2] Yes, before the age of 50
[3] Yes, after the age of 50

Have you had any *abnormal* vaginal bleeding in the past year? 51 [1] No
[2] Yes, between menstrual periods
[3] Yes, during or after sexual intercourse
[4] Yes, periods have stopped, but have bleeding every once in a while
[5] Yes, taking estrogens, bleed when off
[6] Yes, taking estrogens, bleed whether on them or off

Indicate the results of any Pap smears you have had by circling the *one* most correct answer.

52 [1] I have not had a Pap smear in the past 5 years.
[2] I have had 1 normal Pap smear in the past year.
[3] I have had 1 normal Pap smear in the past 5 years.
[4] I have had 3 normal Pap smears in the past 5 years.
[5] I have had 5 normal Pap smears in the past 5 years.
[6] I have had a Pap smear in the past year, but it was abnormal.
[7] I have had a Pap smear in the past year, but I do not know the results.

The following questions are for both males and females.

In the past 12 months have you experienced stress involving:

16	1.	Death of spouse	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
17	2.	Change in health of a family member	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
18	3.	Death of a close family member	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
19	4.	Death of a close friend	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
20	5.	Trouble with your in-laws	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
21	6.	Change in number of arguments with your spouse	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
22	7.	Sexual difficulties	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
23	8.	Marital separation	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
24	9.	Marital reconciliation	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
25	10.	Divorce	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
26	11.	Marriage	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
27	12.	Revision of personal habits	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
28	13.	Change in sleeping habits	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
29	14.	Change in eating habits	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
30	15.	Minor violation of law	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
31	16.	An outstanding personal achievement	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
32	17.	Personal injury or illness	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
33	18.	Change in responsibilities at work	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
34	19.	Change in work hours or conditions	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
35	20.	Trouble with boss	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
36	21.	Fired from job	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
37	22.	Change to a different line of work	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
38	23.	Business readjustment	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
39	24.	Change in your financial status	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
40	25.	Change in residence	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
41	26.	Change in living conditions	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
42	27.	Change in number of family get-togethers	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
43	28.	Begin or end school	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
44	29.	Change in schools	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
45	30.	Foreclosure of a mortgage or loan	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
46	31.	Retirement	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
47	32.	Spouse begins or stops work	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
48	33.	Mortgage more than $30,000	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
49	34.	Mortgage or loan less than $30,000	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
50	35.	Pregnancy	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
51	36.	Son or daughter leaves home	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
52	37.	Gain of a new family member	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
53	38.	Change in social activities	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
54	39.	Change in church activities	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
55	40.	Vacation	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
56	41.	Christmas	[1]	No	[2]	Yes
6/57	42.	Jail term	[1]	No	[2]	Yes

For additional copies of this test write: Health Care Services, Inc., Methodist Hospital, 1633 Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46202. We recommend that you show your computer analysis to your physician.

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Speaking Out

THE TRILATERAL COMMISSION EXPLAINED

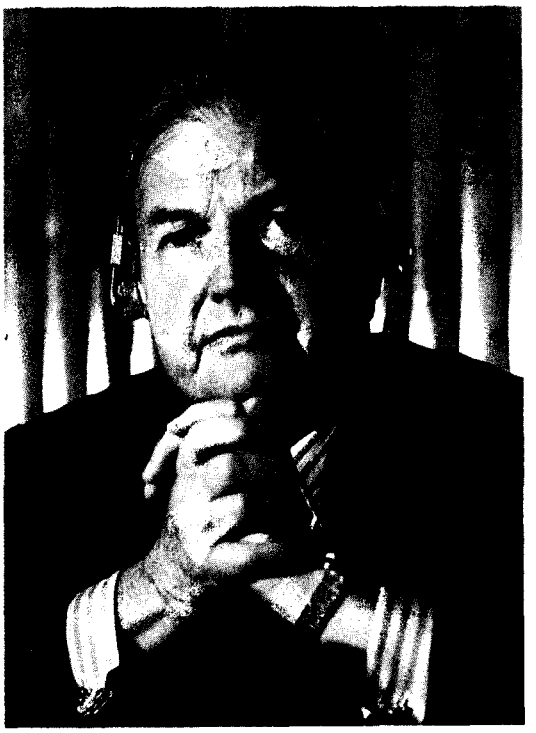
Defamation of the Trilateral Commission comes from both the Left and the Right. Does being called a communist and a fascist at the same time put one somewhere near the center of the political spectrum?

by David Rockefeller

Of late, I fear, our country has been too didactic and strident with its friends and too weak and vacillating with its adversaries.

Dealing with contradictions and conflicts is a tricky business, and if foreign policy objectives are to succeed, there has to be a global view of the world and an underlying steadiness and coherence to foreign policy. Consistency in every aspect may be impossible, but a pattern of fundamental logic is not. Foreign policy ought to be concerned with the most basic needs of the nation as well as its enduring aspirations.

This fundamental cohesion, this sense of consistent pursuit of vital national interests, appears to be lacking in the conduct of our foreign policy today. A person cannot help but wonder if we really know where we're going and how we intend to get there.



Unpretentious, soft-spoken David Rockefeller, as head of the Chase Manhattan Bank, may well be one of the three or four most powerful men in the world.

Moreover, if we are not absolutely clear about this ourselves, how can we either construct or construe our actions so that their meanings will be accurately perceived by others? Right now, I fear, Washington is sending out signals that merely read zigzag, switch and somersault but don't tell anybody what we're up to or what we may do next. Friends and foes alike find us unpredictable and undependable.

In fairness, though, we should also acknowledge that our political leaders, professional diplomats and high-level appointees often operate under very difficult conditions. They are caught by the unexpected and sometimes must respond with little time to consider the broad currents of world events and their deeper implications. It is here that organizations such as the World Affairs Council in Los Angeles, the Council on Foreign Relations in New York and other similar bodies of concerned citizens can be of help to government by providing measured judgment.

It was in this spirit that I made several speeches back in 1972 and suggested that a group of private citizens with an intense interest in global affairs might be drawn together from North America, Western Europe and Japan to put their minds to the larger issues and call upon a diversity of expert opinions from outside their own ranks. It is these nations that today are principal bastions of democracy and provide hope for progress and security in the world. Thus, it seemed logical that participants be drawn from these particular industrialized nations.

My suggestion eight years ago elicited gratifying expressions of interest, and representatives from all three regions came together to begin the planning and organizational work. From this effort, there came into being the Trilateral Commission. I would like to tell you a bit about it today, because recently the commission has become something of a *cause celebre* for both the far right and the far left. It has even been used as a whipping boy in the current political campaign.

To some, the Trilateral Commission is pictured as a nefarious plot by an Eastern establishment of businessmen in the service of multinational corporations, who will do almost anything, including going into cahoots with the Kremlin, for the sake of financial gain. The fact that many former members, including President Car-

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(2) MORE EXPENSIVE RESTAURANTS (average tab per person $10 to $20) include the best seafood steak and prime rib houses in each locale—ethnic and gourmet, along with restaurants in the grand style from Windows on the World — 110 stories high in New York City to Empress of China — with a view of San Francisco Bay along with hundreds of other "winners" in the cities between are all listed. Full details are reported: addresses, phone numbers, hours, days open, price range, specialties, atmosphere, credit cards, happy hours and even the most lavish all-you can drink Champagne Brunches for $5.95 such as MGM Grand and Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas.

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(4) BUDGET MOTELS ($11.95 to $18 single, $15 to $25 double.) Most are new chains in operation only a few years.

The editors give a fact-filled run-down of facilities on each of the thirty budget and budget-luxury motel chains in all 50 states. The authors emphasize advance information is the keystone to a great trip at the right price. As you drive down the highway with this guide you'll know in advance what's ahead. If you're on a budget, think how you'd feel having just paid $40 or more to sleep and then in the morning drive past one of the 2000 exceptional value motels listed in the book, such as Motel 6 and seeing their sign — $11.95 SINGLES—NATIONWIDE. They have over 300 properties, most recently built. Keeping in mind that many students and families are strapped for vacation funds, the authors tip them off to where they can find dormitory accommodations and Youth Hostels from Maine to Alaska and even Hawaii — for as low as $3. Also, tourist homes that are ideal for families that can't afford the higher motel tariffs.

(5) MODERATE TO EXPENSIVE MOTELS AND INNS ($30 to $40 and up — Double) Toll-free numbers are included for over 5,000 first class hotels/motels/inns as well as the "Budgets." For the discriminating who demand the best and price is no object, there are details on hundreds of famed and award-winning internationally known resort hotels such as The Homestead in VA, Greenbrier in WV, Mountain Shadows in Scottsdale, AZ, The Breakers in Palm Beach, The Plaza, N.Y.C., etc.

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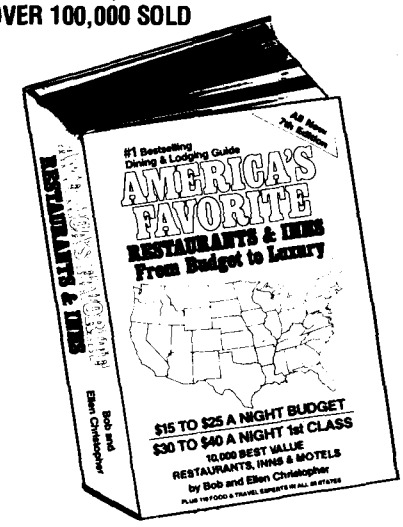
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ter, are now members of the administration is hailed as proof of how devilishly well the conspiracy is working.

By contrast, the radicals at the other end of the spectrum view the Trilateral Commission as a scheme to subject the working people of the world to the machinations of rapacious capitalism. Both sides are inordinately fond of the word "cabal" in describing our membership, and I, personally, am often singled out for special mention as "cabalist-in-chief." One recent tirade had me orchestrating a plot—and I quote—"... to reduce New York's population to approximately four million and siphon off the surplus population into slave labor camps...."

Apparently this shouldn't be hard, because the same publication asserts that I am already responsible for a fascist scheme in Latin America that—and again I quote—"...led to shifts in global weather patterns, marked by droughts and severe winters in the United States."

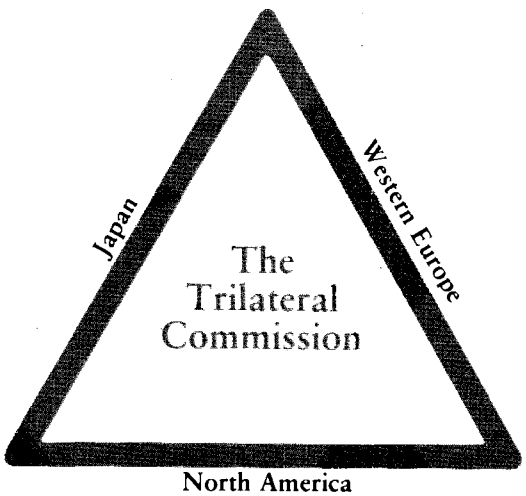
Originally this sort of nonsensical defamation was easy to dismiss, because it came from the extreme fringes of the Left and the Right, and I supposed being called a communist and a fascist at the same time put me somewhere near the center of the political spectrum. This happens to be where I'm most comfortable—although I resent being pushed there by extremists from both sides.

Lately, though, the drumbeat of inanities has grown louder, and political activists of a conservative but not extremist stripe who ought to know better have joined in the distortion and might even be giving it a smudge of respectability. As William F. Buckley, who has never been called a communist dupe by anybody and would scorn just about any cabal I can think of, once observed, "...were it all a laughing matter, (this) would make sublimely comical reading."

But it's not a laughing matter, so let me put the record straight.

The Trilateral Commission now has about 300 members from North America, Western Europe (almost entirely from the Common Market) and Japan. About one-fourth of the total are from the United States and include not only businessmen but labor union leaders, university professors and research institute directors, congressmen and senators, media representatives and others. There are about as many Republicans as Democrats. The members from other countries are drawn from a similarly broad base.

Among present and former U.S. members are the chairman of the Republican National Committee, the president of the AFL-CIO, the chief editor of the Chicago *Sun-Times* and others who would surely have difficulty hatching the same plot.



The Trilateral Commission is a group of 275 leaders from the world's three major non-communist industrialized regions.

There are eight California members, including Cap Weinberger, Arjay Miller and Philip Hawley. So if this is an Eastern establishment, it's growing a pretty hefty West Coast branch.

It is gratifying and not surprising that many of our former members are now officials in the administration. The membership has always consisted of some of our most outstanding citizens. When a commission member becomes a member of the administration, however, the rules require him or her to resign. The same applies in Europe and Japan, where many former members have risen to high positions in their governments. Similarly, in all three areas, a number of persons who have served in the government in the past have been invited to join the commission when their government service has ended. This interaction between the commission and government has provided the commission with both a healthy turnover and a membership of the highest quality.

The Trilateral Commission does not take positions on any issues or endorse any individuals for elective or appointive office. It publishes a quarterly journal, holds plenary meetings that rotate from region to region and gets task force reports that take well over a year each to prepare and are always authored by at least three experts representing all the regions.

Draft reports are discussed and debated in sessions of the commission and sometimes, as a result, they are changed by the authors, but they are always the authors' own reports, not the commission's. To encourage lively and uninhibited debate and a full exchange of views, we do not open commission meetings to the public. But we do make available all reports, and press conferences are held after each plenary session.

Just last week we had a three-day meeting in London and considered an excellent report on various aspects of North-South trade. Other papers have dealt with a variety of subjects, including energy resources, the international monetary system, East-West relations, food production in South Asia, labor and industrial policies and more.

The Trilateral Commission is exclusive in the sense that its members are drawn only from developed countries. Frankly, we saw little purpose in trying to create a mini-United Nations and sought a logical basis for limiting membership. The three areas from which members are drawn account for almost three-quarters of the world's gross national product and more than half of the world's exports and are, for the most part, in the forefront of technology and development.

Thus, without in any way limiting the issues discussed to the areas from which commissioners

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CAN YOU TRUST YOUR LAWYER?

(or your opponent's lawyer?)

In the case of Honest Lawyer vs. Dishonest Lawyer, the verdict will disappoint those members of the bar who assume that because they are honest, their colleagues are, too.

by Jane Berentson

"Most lawyers are dishonest." Or at least that's what the American public seems to think. In 1977 a Gallup poll asked people to gauge the integrity of various professions. Only 26 percent said lawyers had "high" or "very high" standards of honesty—a rating far below medical doctors and exactly even with undertakers.

The American Lawyer, a professional journal for attorneys, decided to test the validity of that low opinion by focusing on negligence lawyers, who are, fairly or unfairly, the attorneys most often suspected of chicanery. In March 1980, posing as an accident victim, I went to 13 New York personal injury lawyers with a "case" in which their willingness to aid and abet me in perjuring myself could produce a large contingency fee: An undetectable lie would turn a hopeless claim into a winner with potential for a big recovery.

The results will disappoint those members of the bar who assume that because they are honest, their colleagues are, too. Five of the 13 offered to set up the fraud for me—to engage in the felony of aiding and abetting perjury. In fact, under the New York State penal code, even by having the conversations with me that they did, the five appear to have committed the Class A misdemeanor of criminal solicitation.

Eight attorneys—62 percent—refused to become involved in any kind of fraud.

The case I fabricated was not ambiguous: It was clear to the attorney that to have a claim I would have to perjure myself about a key fact and that he would have to agree to help me. Because it was my purpose to get a sense of the larger picture, not to investigate individual attorneys, I am including only the names of the majority, who conducted themselves honestly.

The Case

I selected the 13 attorneys randomly by using the Manhattan Yellow Pages and then inquiring if the office I had dialed handled negligence matters. If it did, I vaguely described my problem and made an appointment. Here is what I told the lawyers when I got there:

Last fall, on a clear brisk evening two days before Halloween, I was walking up Broadway toward the apartment I had sublet in the West 70s. (I had moved to the city from Chicago a month earlier.) I was daydreaming—thinking about where I would find a job, wondering when I would find a permanent home. Then, just as I was stepping off the curb at Broadway and 70th Street, I fell, landing flat on my back.

A woman ran across the street to help me. While I supported myself by leaning on the barriers that surrounded some Consolidated Edison construction located maybe two or three feet from my accident, she persuaded me to go to the emergency room at a nearby hospital. I really didn't want to go, but my back hurt. So I let this good samaritan, who would later become a friend, take me in a taxi to the hospital.

X-rays showed nothing, and the doctor told me to go home and rest and to come back only if the pain persisted. It did. Finally, in mid-December, I contacted a friend's doctor at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, who put me in traction for eight days. At the end of this treatment, I was given a myelogram. The diagnosis was that I had a ruptured disc and should consider an operation. But the odds weren't great. "In your case," the doctor explained, "we can't guarantee your back will be better after the operation. There's a 30 percent chance it will be, but your condition may remain the same or even get worse."

I decided against the operation. For the next several months I stayed in my sublet, watching television, reading books, struggling to a few job interviews. I was beginning to think that I might spend the rest of my life with a back problem.

Then I read in the paper that a woman had been awarded $9 million for back injuries sustained when she fell on a darkened staircase in her apartment building. The owner of the building paid about half, and Con Ed was held accountable for the rest. I didn't know anything about lawsuits, but here was a woman, like me, who had fallen and been hurt and who was now going to get a sizable chunk of cash to help relieve her suffering.

As a college-educated young professional, I felt sure that I had lost substantial future earnings as a result of what now looked like a long-term disability, not to mention the loss I'd sustained from my short-term inability to seek work actively. I didn't know if I had a case—and, if I did, against whom. But I decided I'd be a fool not to find out.

I was positive that I hadn't fallen where the Con Ed construction was or because of any obstruction it had caused. The curb had no major cracks or crevices.

At no time did I make an initial, direct offer to lie about the Con Ed construction's being the cause of my fall. But I kept emphasizing how close to my fall the construction was—and strongly implied that I was willing to shift the location of the fall slightly to make a good case.

My experiment yielded no gray areas at all. The dishonest lawyers picked up on my suggestion immediately, and the honest ones couldn't be tempted no matter how hard I tried.

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Lawyer A

After conferring with his associate, who "helps me on this kind of case," Dishonest Lawyer A, a Columbia University law school graduate who was well tailored, self-confident and seemingly prosperous in the East Side office he shares with several other attorneys, thought I had a $20,000-to-$30,000 case against Con Ed. "I've handled many of these types of cases," he said, and Con Ed is "the perfect defendant. Everybody hates Con Ed," he explained, "and everybody thinks Con Ed is rich." Still, he continued, it would be a tricky case, for which he thought a $1,000 retainer and an overall contingency fee of about 30 percent would be necessary payment for his services.

"Basically, it's up to you—whether you're up to, well, quite frankly, lying. You've got a good injury because it's well documented." So all I would have to do for the benefit of the Con Ed lawyers, he said, would be to replace my "I don't know what happened; I was daydreaming" with "As soon as I got up, I saw I had fallen over some loose pavement from the construction site."

That—plus the cooperation of the woman who saw me fall—was all I would need, he said. Then again, we could omit mention of her existence if she proved uncooperative. "Does your friend need money?" he asked. "Because there would be some money in this for her, too. She would be paid a fee for testifying.

"As it stands, you don't have a case," he explained.

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"But if you're asking me to help fabricate a story, I can do this. All we have to do is bend the facts a little."

"But," I demurred, "I would have to swear under oath."

"Everybody lies under oath. It comes down to your word against Con Ed's. As I said," he continued, "it won't be an easy case. It could take two years. But there's money in it for you, and there's money in it for your friend."

Several days later, he called, wondering why I hadn't gotten back to him and whether I had talked to my friend, the witness who would be paid a fee for testifying in my favor. When I explained that I had decided to "forget the whole thing," he seemed angry.

"I think you're foolish to drop this," he said. "You've got a great case—bigger, even, than the figure [$20,000 to $30,000] I mentioned in my office."

After explaining that "my friend" refused to cooperate with the fabrication, he seemed only slightly pacified. "Well, I really think I should be paid for my time, if you're not going through with it. How's $75?"

Lance Spodek

Lance Spodek, whose downtown office overlooks the Brooklyn Bridge and City Hall, threw up his hands when I told him the accident occurred in October. "Go no further," he said, citing the statute of limitations. Nor was he interested in pursuing Con Ed, because by my own admission I was unable to lay any blame on that company.

"You have no case," he said.

"But what if I told a lawyer I fell because of Con Ed?" I asked. "Then would I have a case?"

"I wouldn't take it," he quickly interposed.

"But if I lied from the beginning. . . ."

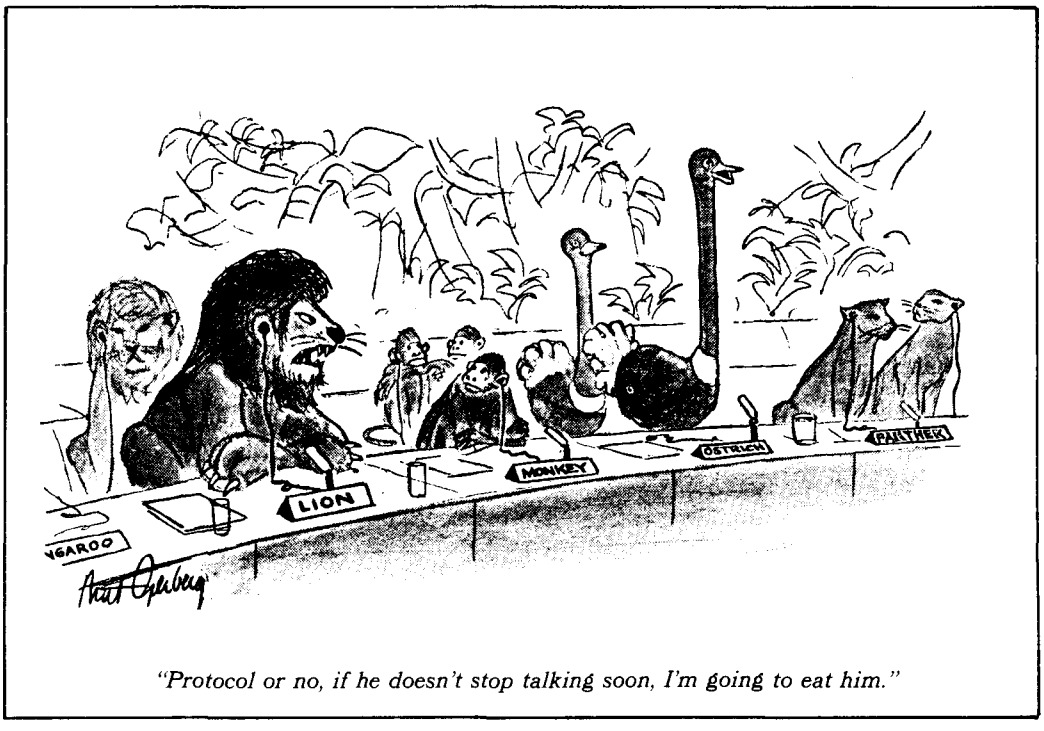
Spodek shifted uncomfortably. "Yes, you probably would have a good case. But no lawyer is going to help you if he knows you're lying. *I* certainly wouldn't."

Robert Grochow

Robert Grochow is a lawyer with the downtown firm of Schneider, Kleinick, Friedman, Miller & Weitz—"one of the top negligence firms in the city," he noted. With its mirrored walls, oriental carpets, parquet floors and internal surveillance system, it was one of the most opulent outfits I visited. Grochow explained that his firm charges a contingency fee of one-third and that "we never discuss how large a claim might be until the last minute."

Grochow deflected all suggestions of suing Con Ed, because the construction was located two or three feet from where I fell, and because he thought we could possibly get an extension from the courts on the 90-day statute of limitations. The city was the most likely defendant, and the city could have been negligent. "You say you were daydreaming," Grochow noted, "so it's possible that you did fall on something without realizing it."

I kept trying to bring Con Edison into the picture. Finally, Grochow said, "Look, we don't go out there and dig holes and break up pavement for our clients. It has to be an existing condition. We can't fabricate this." Nor would he give me an indication of whether or not I had a case. Next week, he would send an investigator with me to the site. "If he finds something, you may have a case. But if he doesn't—the sidewalk is in relatively good condition—then there's nothing we can do."



"Protocol or no, if he doesn't stop talking soon, I'm going to eat him."

Lawyer B

Dishonest Lawyer B was referred to me by another attorney, who didn't think I had a case. This attorney did, and "a pretty good one."

The primary bullet was the witness who had helped me to the hospital. Again, the city was out of the picture, but Con Edison was in target range. If the construction site was still in the same condition as it had been in October, and the witness was willing to say so, he explained, "the only alteration we'd have to make is to replace your vagueness about slipping on the curb with something more definite"—a chunk of sidewalk, for example.

He never used the word "lie," speaking in terms of my "story": the story I would tell the judge, the story I would tell the jury, the story my friend would have to corroborate. "If your friend won't go along with it, we don't have a case," he concluded. "It's that simple."

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Irving Cohen

Irving Cohen, a partner in the storefront operation of Cohen Friedman Goldstein & Raphael, located in an Upper West Side Hispanic neighborhood, agreed to hear me out. But I had hardly finished my story when he told me I didn't have a case.

"You don't have a case against the city, and you don't have a case against Con Ed. You say you were daydreaming. You can't claim either party was negligent." The interview was friendly; he was sympathetic to my back ailments, but he didn't want to waste his time trumping up liability on the part of Con Ed or New York City.

Lawyer C

Dishonest Lawyer C, who works with several other attorneys in an East 40s firm, became interested in my case when I mentioned that the Con Edison construction hadn't changed significantly in the six months since my accident. "So why don't you go back there and find some stuff lying around?" he said, adding, "There was stuff on the street—the doctor will have to say that."

"And if the doctor says I have a case?" I responded.

"He'll *say* you told him that; that's your story. Listen," he continued, with the air of one speaking to a babe in the woods, "you go to the street where it happened, take a few pictures. We'll need them for evidence. You find something. Then you say that you found some crap from the construction on the sidewalk and you fell on it."

"But do I have a case?" I reiterated.

"Not against the city; it did nothing wrong. Maybe against Con Ed. It happened on the street where Con Ed is screwing up. You get it?"

Although by the time I was walking out of his office I hadn't gotten a definite "yes" or "no" as to whether I had a case, the lawyer stopped me just as I was opening the outer door in the reception area. "This doctor," he asked, "will he cooperate with you? What'd you tell him?"

"That I had fallen off the curb."

He shook his head, as if punctuating my stupidity. "The curb near the construction. Take some pictures," he said, showing me out. "We'll see what we can find."

Edward Kallen

Edward Kallen of the Legal Clinic of Kops & Kallen, which is located on the second story of a building on West 86th Street, was the first lawyer that I interviewed to ask about my shoes: Had the heel broken? Were they in good condition? He was also the first to charge a consultation fee—$20.

Kallen explained that, even if I could state that Con Ed was at fault, my case would be difficult to prove. "Photographs can often dramatize cracks and broken pavement, but six months after the accident it would be impossible to prove through photographs that the site had remained the same. In court, Con Ed lawyers would ask you when the pictures were taken, and, well, that would be that."

He sympathized with my injuries, with my lack of money; and he said unequivocally that I didn't have a case.

I tried to shake his position. "Even if I lied about the construction?" I asked.

"You could lie, but I wouldn't be your lawyer."

"I want to emphasize in my speeches that I'm a friend of labor but I don't want to antagonize management. If I lose, I would like to work for management."

Mark Fresco

Mark Fresco, a solo practitioner with an office in the MGM building on Sixth Avenue, began by noting that "unless you're the kind of person who's always tripping over things—and you don't look like that sort to me—you must have slipped on *something*. It could have been a banana peel. Then again, there could be something wrong with the sidewalk that you wouldn't notice. A crack, even a fissure, can cause a fall." This lawyer thought it would be possible to get an extension on the statute of limitations. And he thought that if anyone was liable it was the city, not Con Ed.

"Go back to the site," he said repeatedly. "If you find something, I'll contact a friend of mine who handles this kind of case. He'll send an investigator out, and he might find something. But I'm not saying whether you have a case or don't have a case. *I don't know.* We have to collect the evidence."

Fresco would proceed only on the facts. "People don't usually get caught for perjury," he said. "But I wouldn't get involved in a case where my client perjured himself, and I wouldn't ask my client to do it. You would have to tell the truth under oath. The truth so far as you know it is that you fell. We have to collect the evidence."

Lawyer D

"You were a fool not to think of suing earlier," began Dishonest Lawyer D, a solo practitioner who works in a sleek, modern office near Grand Central Station. "The statute of limitations for suing the city of New

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York is 90 days. If you don't file a claim within that time period, you don't have a case against the city." This was a refrain I was to hear all 13 times, with minor variations. But this attorney didn't dismiss the case as hopeless. He went right for what he considered the jugular: Con Edison, for which the statute of limitations on filing a claim is three years.

"Con Ed might think you're a bimbo for waiting for so long, but that's okay. Still," he added, "it's too bad you didn't think of coming to me sooner, because then we could sue Con Ed and the city. This way we can only sue Con Ed."

I replied that I hadn't thought about a lawsuit until recently. "After all," I countered, "I was daydreaming at the time. It was my fault."

He laughed. "You go into court and say you were daydreaming and they'll throw you out. *Something* made you fall. Something Con Ed did made you fall. Debris spilled over from the construction site. You tripped on it."

His manner wasn't aggressive, nor his voice strident or pushy. But he was clearly steering me toward a big claim against Con Edison. "Here, you sign these," he said, handing me three sheets of paper he had ripped off three pads of retainer agreements. "Let me explain a few things. You had what is called a blind accident. There were no police, no police reports. But someone saw you, and you say she's become a friend."

"Would I have to involve her in this?" I asked.

"No. I'll talk to her. Don't you talk to her." He pushed the papers closer to me.

"And the fee arrangement?" I asked.

"Expenses come off the top. Then it's 50/50 for the first thousand, 60/40 for the next five thousand and 65/35 for the rest," he explained. "You get the 50, 60 and 65."

I asked him how much he thought my case would be worth. "It could be big," he responded. "But it's a difficult case. Con Ed might settle out of court; then again, we might have to go in front of a jury.

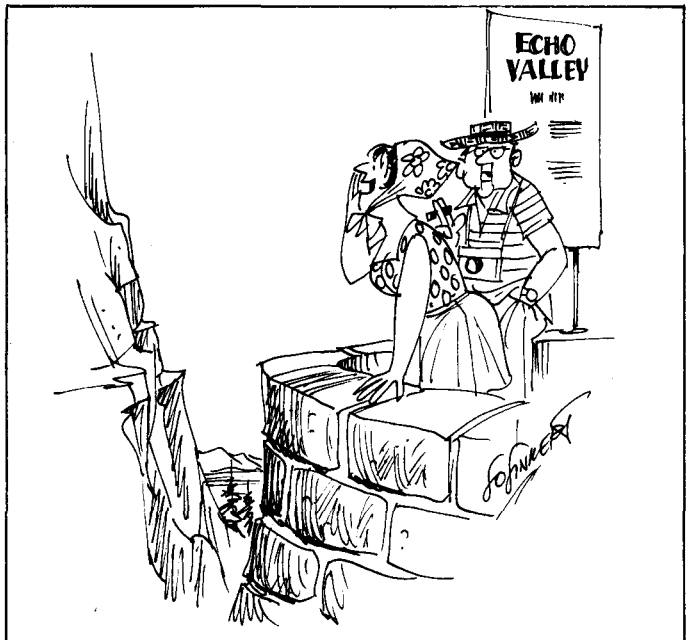
"And you don't have to *lie*," he continued. "All you have to do is shade the facts a bit. Just a little *shading* about where you fell. Everything else is fine."

James Hillary

James Hillary's small office in a building on West 39th Street in Manhattan is decorated sparsely, though comfortably, with a rocking chair, a couch and a seascape he had picked up at an art fair. Hillary, carefully deliberating over what was the right thing to do, said I didn't have a case that could be easily proven. "Some lawyers say 'sue' for just about anything, but this is never what I recommend for a case like yours," he said. "You really can't say that anyone was negligent."

He thought that the owner of the apartment house on the corner where I fell might be responsible for keeping the sidewalk in good repair, and that I should consider writing its owner a letter, explaining my accident and asking for damages of $1,000—or the difference between my hospital bills and the amount my hospitalization insurance had covered.

"But this is the only thing I can suggest," he said, "because it's the only way you can stay within the law and what you know to be the truth." Deflecting my suggestion that I could perhaps lie about Con Ed's being liable, he concluded, "Some lawyers are willing to help a client in these situations, but I'm not one of them." He would be happy to help me draft the letter, for which he would charge his standard rate of $100 an hour or a fraction thereof. He was the antithesis of a hustler.



"For Pete's sake, give the echo a chance!"

Lawyer E

Leaning back in his maroon leather swivel chair, wearing a conservative navy-blue pinstripe suit, Dishonest Lawyer E said, "You should go back to the site of the accident and try to jog your memory. Perhaps there is something there, some liability on the part of Con Edison or the owner of the apartment building on the corner, that you failed to notice previously."

"But I've been back there," I explained, "and I've found nothing I could have fallen on. I really have to say that the accident was my fault."

"You need to refresh your memory," he continued. "As it stands, as you present the facts to me now, you have no case. But you've got a serious injury, and you really need to refresh your memory."

"But I've been back to the site. . . ."

"You need to go again. If you go back there, and you find something, and then you can tell me that Con Edison construction made you fall, then, as I said before, I can help you."

I nodded my head, *finally* understanding that this lawyer was never going to use the word "lie" when a good euphemism—"refresh your memory"—was available.

"So if I do 'refresh my memory,' then what?" I asked.

"Then you get back to me, telling me what you

Continued on page 128

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Jack McAlister had $12,000 worth of power tools.

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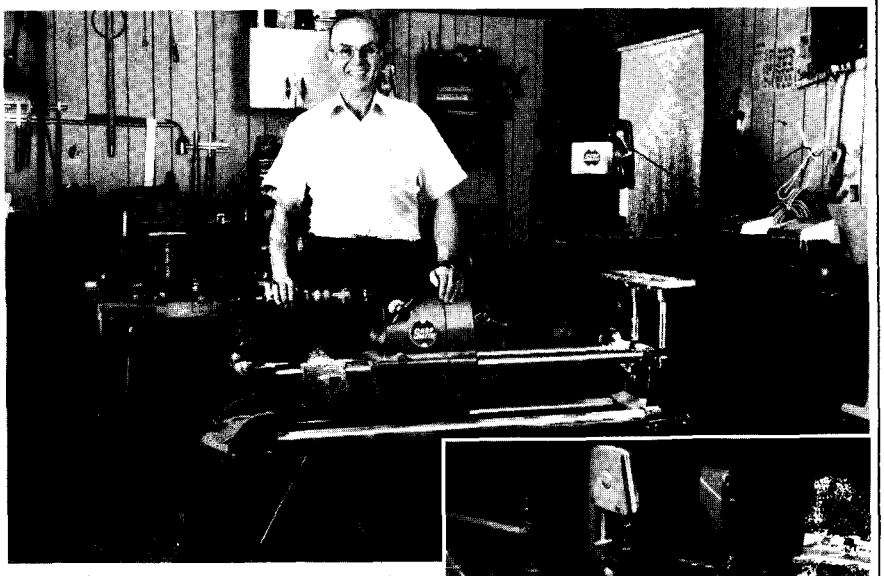
— Jack McAlister, Tucker, Georgia



The above quote was taken from a letter Jack McAlister wrote to us a year ago, shortly after acquiring his MARK V. Jack wrote us again recently to bring us up-to-date on how he feels about his favorite woodworking power tool: "After working with the Shopsmith MARK V for over a year, I feel that this machine is an engineering marvel. I could not be more pleased with the equipment, I get along fine without the tools I sold, but I don't think I could ever do without my MARK V."

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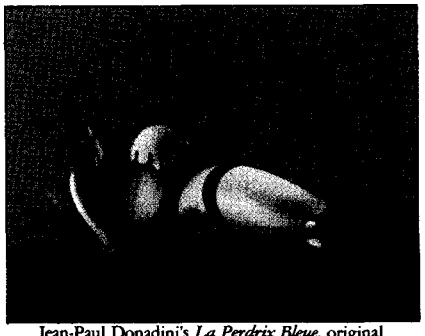

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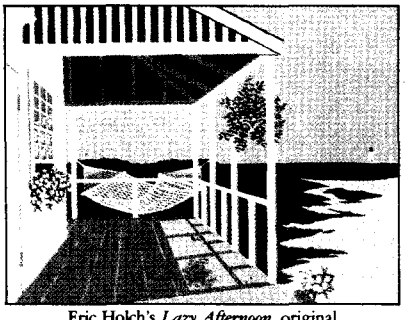

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LARRY HAGMAN: THE MAN YOU LOVE TO HATE

Everything you've wanted to know about Mary Martin's lovable son, who plays the hated character of J.R. Ewing on the nighttime soap opera sensation, "Dallas."

by Hank Nuwer

Larry Hagman, the 49-year-old actor playing naughty, nasty oilman J.R. Ewing on TV's "Dallas," grew up an hour's ride by pickup from the Texas site of CBS's red-hot melodrama. Born the unplanned son of Mary Martin, the actress revered for her performance as Peter Pan, Hagman has finally ended a lifelong struggle to escape his mother's shadow and cast a long one of his own.

Larry collects—and wears—hats and costumes, sometimes going from a coolie to a gorilla in a single day. "I think he gets it from me," his mother observed.

Hagman as J.R. is another successful example of America's fascination for real and fictitious cads and rogues, such as Captain Ahab, Errol Flynn, Rhett Butler, W.C. Fields and Darth Vader. We like to boo the villain but compensate him well for pleasing us with his perfidy. And never before on the TV screen has there appeared quite such a rotten egg as Larry Hagman's alter ego.

If he's not driving his alcoholic brother to further drink, he's seducing his sister-in-law or abusing her into a miscarriage. When he pats a friend's shoulder, viewers look for an imbedded knife. He believes in dishonoring thy father, coveting both his neighbor's wife and his neighbor's property and doing unto others before they do it to him. "What's mine is mine, and what's yours is mine, too," is J.R.'s war cry, and he bellows it often. His long-suffering TV wife, played by Linda Gray, has been driven to the edge and one step further by J.R. Alcohol, drugs and the arms of other men are where she flies for comfort. If there's one thing clear, it's that J.R. is despicable, mean, low-down and, despite it all, somehow lovable.

Should they ever develop a J.R. doll, they'll have to teach it to talk out both sides of its mouth, walk on the backs of fallen allies and whimper convincingly whenever *he's* attacked. The oilman spends his life trying to fool all the people all the time, and his devoted fans love every minute of it. Thus, when J.R. bit on a bullet following a mysterious shooting last April, 50,000,000 fans tuned in to see the incident.

Yet things weren't always so rosy for TV's favorite Prince of Darkness. Before signing on with "Dallas," Larry Hagman's career possibilities seemed about as promising as a tourist resort atop Mount St. Helens.

Hagman's early life is reminiscent of a *Peter Pan* "Lost Boy." His mother was barely 17 at his birth on September 21, 1931, in Weatherford, Texas. Mary Martin was away from home at a finishing school in Nashville, Tennessee, when she accepted on impulse a proposal from a strapping, handsome Texas youth named Benjamin Jackson Hagman. The future TV arch-villain's father's namesakes were Benjamin Franklin and Andrew Jackson. One day Ben would become a highly successful attorney. At the time, however, he was but a struggling law student unable to cope with his bride's insatiable quest for stage and screen stardom.

By her own admission in an autobiography entitled *My Heart Belongs*, Mary Martin wasn't much of a mother to rebellious Larry. Always her career came first. Not that the boy was neglected—for the job of surrogate parent was nicely taken by Mary's own sprightly mother, Juanita Martin. Mary now recalls how her little boy was accident-prone except when he accompanied his grandmother. "Every time *I* did, something happened," says the singer ruefully, including breaking a bone in a fall from a pony, crying hysterically amid a swarm of angry bees and toppling headfirst off the top of a slide!

When Larry was two, Mary's parents and husband agreed to let her go to Hollywood to seek her fortune as an entertainer. She enrolled for dance lessons at the Fanchon and Marco School of the The-

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After Larry's great Nielsen ratings helped him get a whopper of a raise, he chortled, "I feel compassion for the rich—now that I'm one of them."

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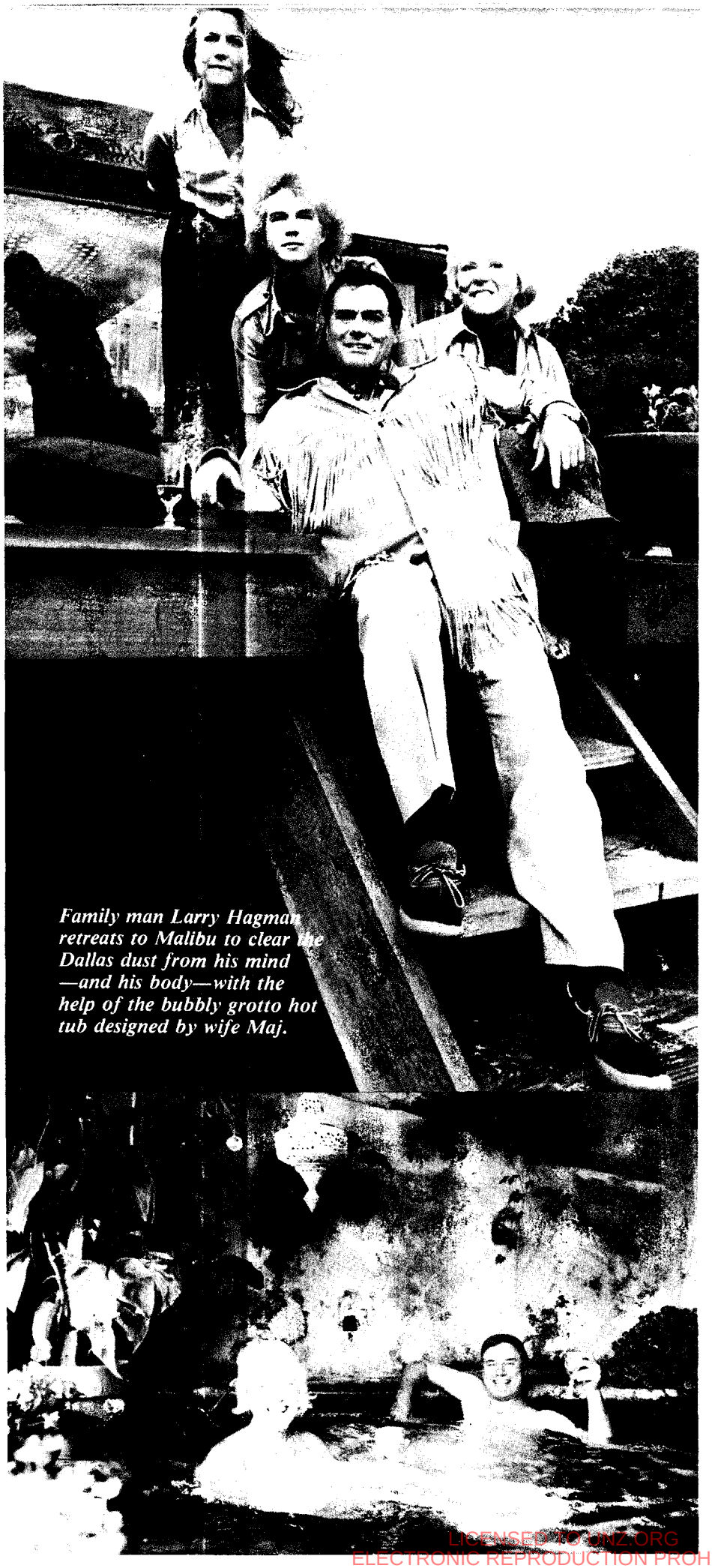

Family man Larry Hagman retreats to Malibu to clear the Dallas dust from his mind —and his body—with the help of the bubbly grotto hot tub designed by wife Maj.

atre, taking instruction from the likes of Nico Charisse—future husband of another talented Texan named Cyd. Bitten by the show biz bug, the future starlet returned to Weatherford long enough to bring her son back to Tinseltown for a stay. The marriage, of course, was on the rocks, though its actual dissolution took years longer.

Later, following his famous mother's inevitable discovery, Larry was put into a private school —one of a dozen he was to endure over the years. Fearful that his lack of a father figure might turn the boy effeminate, she enrolled him in a strict L.A. military school. The young boy miserably endured the inflexible regimentation and longed to be back home in Texas, where he could hike and hunt in his beloved woods. Whenever he was home, the boy found no confidante in his ambitious mother, who was off to yet another audition. The lonely youngster took little consolation in the fact that his babysitter was the famous columnist Hedda Hopper, who had taken an early shine to the vivacious Mary.

Larry's attachment to his grandmother intensified by 1939 when she came out to live with Mary for good in Hollywood after the death of her own husband. In 1940, Mary met Richard Halliday, who was soon to become her husband, mentor and indispensable main man for three decades until his death. Though both Halliday and Larry tried to establish a relationship, the differences between the fiery Texas nine-year-old and the suave, proper Hollywood executive were too pronounced. And when the Hallidays had a baby girl named Heller two years later, it seemed fitting that Larry should stay with his grandmother in California while Mary accompanied Richard to dazzle the Broadway critics. The move probably would have given Larry a fairly happy, well-adjusted adolescence, but unfortunately Juanita died suddenly of a stroke in the summer of 1944.

Larry consequently bounced from living with his parents in a Manhattan apartment on Fifth Avenue to staying near the Connecticut Berkshires with his stepfather's mother. Slow to make friends, quick to anger—though al-

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ways fond of his mother—Larry Hagman's teen-age years were tempestuous. In her incredibly candid autobiography, Mary Martin confesses: "For the next few years Larry, Richard and I had a checkered career. There were moments of great joy and great sorrow, tensions, times when we didn't speak, misunderstandings, anger, reconciliation, tears, everything." Once, when Mary tried to persuade the boy to live with her in London on a working trip to see Noel Coward in 1946, Larry stubbornly refused because he was forbidden to wear his beloved cowboy boots into the posh Savoy Hotel. Proud as he was precocious, Larry even stood in line for standing-room-only tickets to see his mother perform in a Broadway play rather than ask her to obtain him "freebies" up front, center stage.

And while sister Heller relished the opportunity to appear onstage with her famous Mom in the role of Liza the maid in *Peter Pan*, Larry steadfastly refused to hear the roar of the crowd or besmirch himself with grease paint until he was 17. The youth had gone finally to live with his real father in Texas, entertaining ambitions of working with animals as a vet or a circus performer. There, at the same high school his mother had attended, the boy succumbed to the request of a drama coach and starred in several productions. Saving up money from a summer job as a farm laborer, young Larry caught a Greyhound East and told his mother he'd been mistaken about the theatre. Having a mutual love for performing healed any rift the two had had in the past. Happily, the relationship bloomed, expanded and to this day still grows.

Not that Larry begged his mother to open doors for him. All he wanted was her belief in him. After a stint in the Air Force, where he met his future wife of 26 years, a Swedish blonde bombshell named Maj, Larry stalked Hollywood for years to pay his own dues. In the world of Tinseltown, where a man's word is as good as his highest offer, young Hagman established himself as an anomaly—a person of impeccable integrity who possessed his mother's drive for self-perfection. Larry spent the early 1950s as a regular on "The Edge of Night" soap opera, implanting his dark handsome features in the audience's consciousness. His early military school training paid off in a score of roles in which he was cast as a career soldier, most notably in flicks such as *The Eagle Has Landed* and *Superman*.

Achieving superstar success in a TV series, of course, is nothing new for Hagman. Back in the mid-'60s he was the engaging, bright young astronaut co-starring with blonde Barbara Eden in "I Dream of Jeannie." The role brought him recognition and success as his credits at last outnumbered his creditors. It also brought him incredible anxiety when the role, as it had to, eventually ended. Like Adam West and his TV character Batman, Larry Hagman found it difficult to convince casting directors he was versatile enough to play something new. He'd been put into a pigeonhole, and it would take him nearly a decade to escape.

During those trying years, Larry Hagman spent a $40,000 fortune on a therapist, while his earnings reached an all-time low. To save the family, Larry's talented wife Maj supported them by designing clothing and hot tub spas constructed in the shape of fashionable grottoes for the likes of Burgess Meredith. Larry himself is his wife's favorite customer, spending so many hours in the bubbling rock pool she created in the couple's $1.2 million home that even his elbows have wrinkles.

Larry Hagman's personal life, of course, is nothing like that of the nefarious character he plays on "Dallas." Devoted to his family, a loving son and reliable to a fault in his profession, Larry is the utter antithesis of J.R. Ewing.

Moreover, unlike the hard-drinking character J.R., Larry is a teetotaler these days—a move that has helped him drop from a corpulent 220 pounds to a svelte 180. He makes no bones about his hatred for smoking, even carrying a portable fan to blow the smoke of offenders back up their nostrils.

So it's the good life for Larry Hagman these days. His weekly paycheck is rumored to be $75,000, and it takes an event such as the Super Bowl to outdraw an episode of "Dallas."

But don't wait for success to spoil the actor. He's gone from the top to the bottom before. Last year's crowd pleaser was Robin Williams. This year it's Larry Hagman. But if anyone can deal with fickle fame, it's the son of the star from Never-never Land who has made the change from Lost Boy to Best Man.

Mary Martin confesses that she wasn't much of a mother, preferring her career to tending accident-prone and rebellious Larry. But her heart now belongs to the boy she once washed right out of her hair.

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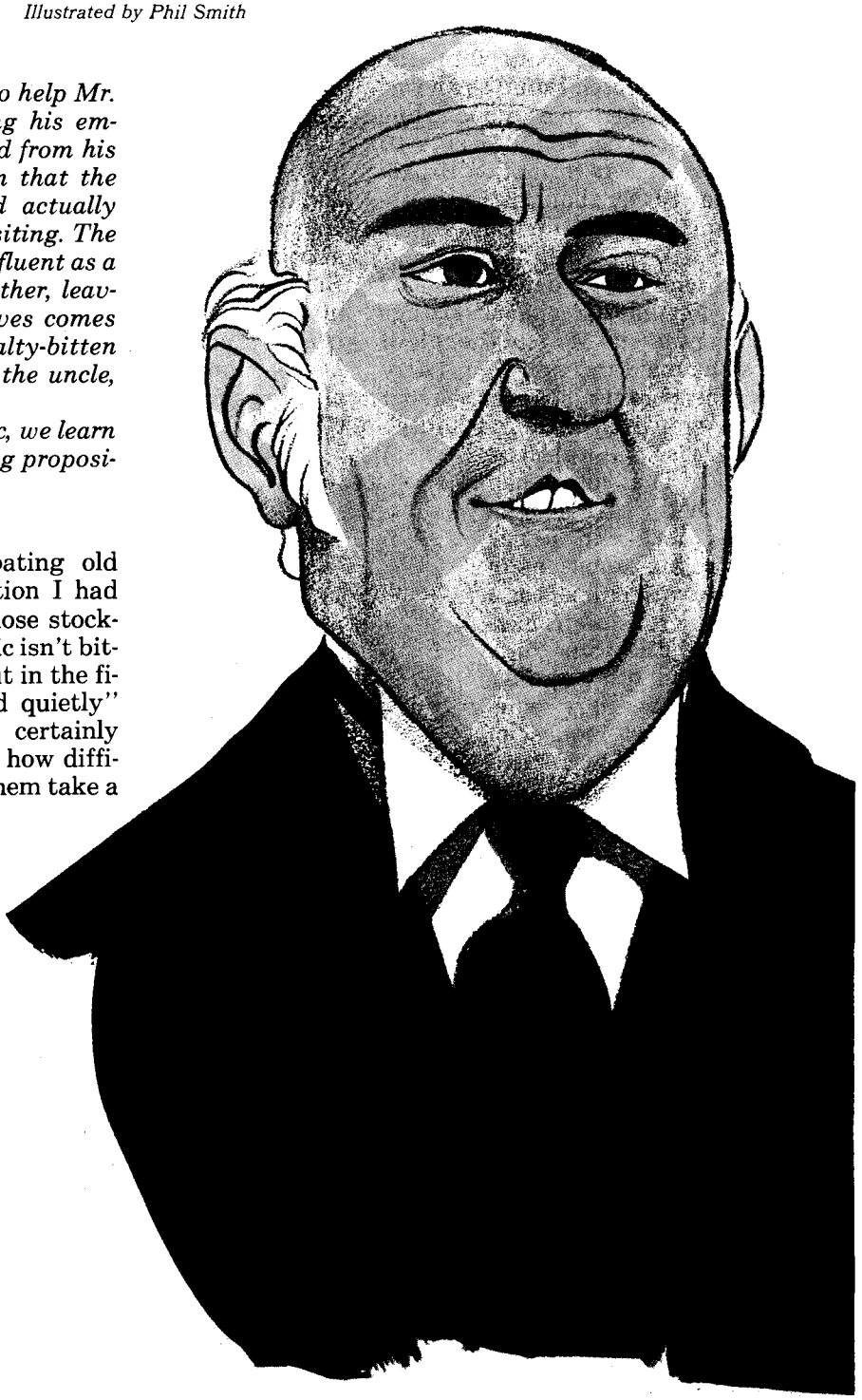
JEEVES AND THE HARD-BOILED EGG

The business of charging the public to shake hands with a real live duke caused quite a scramble—but the results weren't what they were cracked up to be.

by P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrated by Phil Smith



The last episode found Jeeves with an idea to help Mr. Bickersteth, an impoverished friend visiting his employer, continue to receive a monthly stipend from his uncle by giving the old boy the impression that the nephew was using the money wisely and actually owned the apartments where he would be visiting. The uncle, however, believing his nephew to be affluent as a result of the ruse, cut off the stipend altogether, leaving poor "Bicky" facing the flophouse. Jeeves comes up with a second brainstorm: Charge royalty-bitten social climbers a fee for an introduction to the uncle, who happens to be the Duke of Chiswick.

In the conclusion of this Wodehouse classic, we learn how using "old Chiswick" as a money-raising proposition works out.

Until we started this business of floating old Chiswick as a money-making proposition I had never realized what a perfectly foul time those stock-exchange chappies must have when the public isn't biting freely. Nowadays I read that bit they put in the financial reports about "The market opened quietly" with a sympathetic eye, for, by Jove, it certainly opened quietly for us! You'd hardly believe how difficult it was to interest the public and make them take a flutter on the old boy. By the end of a week the only name we had on our list was a delicatessen-store keeper down in Bicky's part of the town, and as he wanted us to take it out in sliced ham instead of cash, that didn't help much. There was a gleam of light when the brother of Bicky's pawnbroker offered $10, money down, for an introduction to old Chiswick, but the deal fell through, owing to its turning out that the chap was an anarchist and intended to kick the old boy instead of shaking hands with him. At that, it took me the deuce of a time to persuade Bicky not to grab the cash and let things take their course. He seemed to regard the pawnbroker's brother rather as a sportsman and benefactor of his species than otherwise.

The whole thing, I'm inclined to

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think, would have been off if it hadn't been for Jeeves. There is no doubt that Jeeves is in a class of his own. In the matter of brain and resource I don't think I have ever met a chappie so supremely like mother made. He trickled into my room one morning with the good old cup of tea, and intimated that there was something doing.

"Might I speak to you with regard to the matter of His Grace, sir?"

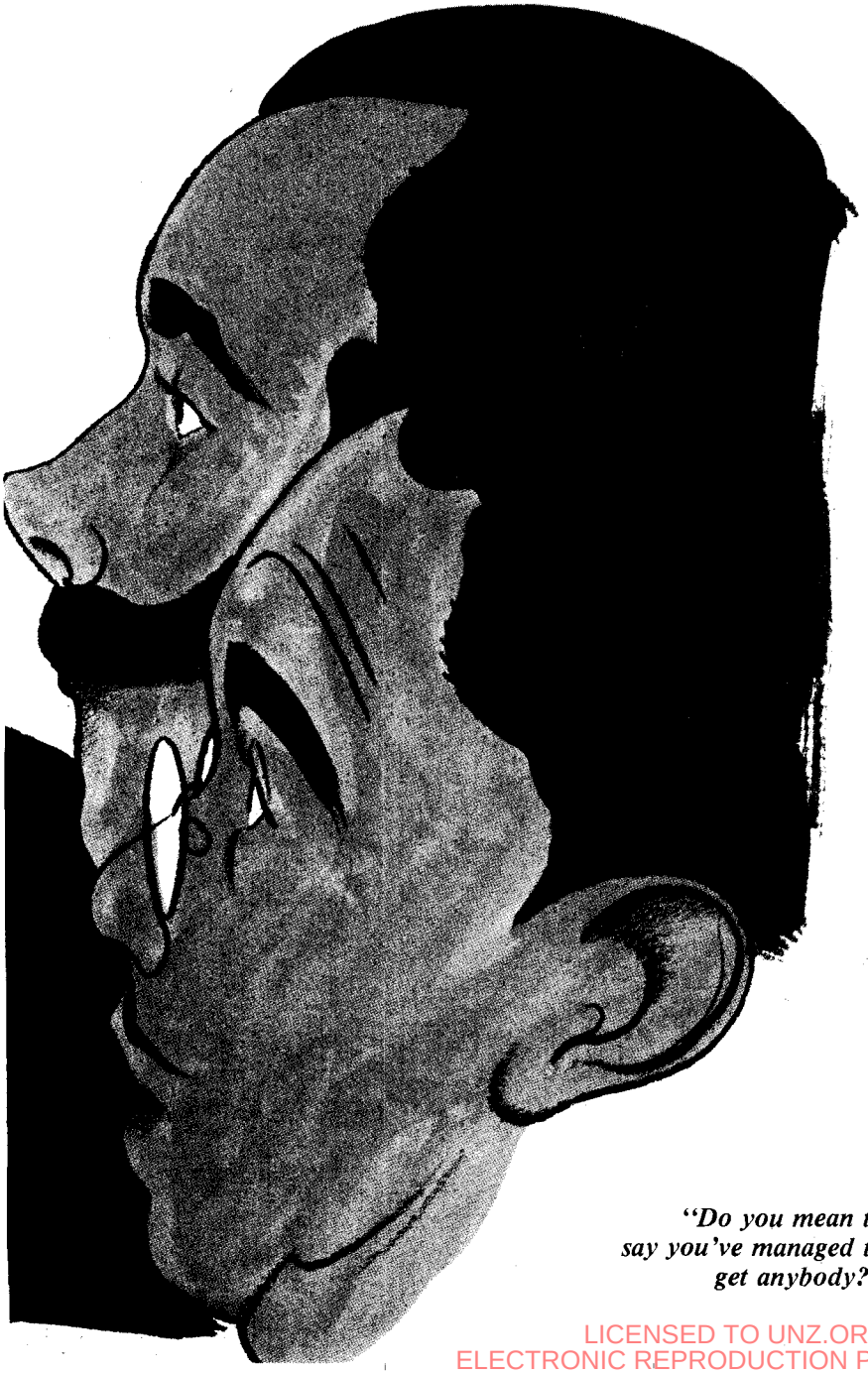
"It's all off. We've decided to chuck it."

"Sir?"

"It won't work. We can't get anybody to come."

"I fancy I can arrange that aspect of the matter, sir."

"Do you mean to say you've managed to get anybody?"



"Do you mean to say you've managed to get anybody?"

"Yes, sir. Eighty-seven gentlemen from Birdsburg, sir!"

I sat up in bed and spilt the tea.

"Birdsburg?"

"Birdsburg, Missouri, sir."

"How did you get them?"

"I happened last night, sir, as you had intimated that you would be absent from home, to attend a theatrical performance, and entered into conversation between the acts with the occupant of the adjoining seat. I had observed that he was wearing a somewhat ornate decoration in his buttonhole, sir—a large blue button with the words 'Boost for Birdsburg' upon it in red letters—scarcely a judicious addition to a gentleman's evening costume. To my surprise, I noticed that the auditorium was full of persons similarly decorated. I ventured to inquire the explanation, and was informed that these gentlemen, forming a party of 87, are a convention from a town of the name of Birdsburg in the state of Missouri. Their visit, I gathered, was purely of a social and pleasurable nature, and my informant spoke at some length of the entertainments arranged for their stay in the city. It was when he related with a considerable amount of satisfaction and pride that a deputation of their number had been introduced to and had shaken hands with a well-known prize fighter that it occurred to me to broach the subject of His Grace. To make a long story short, sir, I have arranged, subject to your approval, that the entire convention shall be presented to His Grace tomorrow afternoon."

I was amazed. This chappie was a Napoleon.

"Eighty-seven, Jeeves! At how much a head?"

"I was obliged to agree to a reduction for quantity, sir. The terms finally arrived at were $150 for the party."

I thought a bit.

"Payable in advance?"

"No, sir. I endeavored to obtain payment in advance, but was not successful."

"Well, anyway, when we get it I'll make it up to $500. Bicky'll never know. Do you suppose Mr. Bickersteth would suspect anything, Jeeves, if I made it up to $500?"

"I fancy not, sir. Mr. Bickersteth is an agreeable gentleman, but not bright."

"All right then. After breakfast run down to the bank and get me some money."

"Yes, sir."

"You know, you're a bit of a marvel, Jeeves."

"Thank you, sir."

"Right-o!"

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"Very good, sir."

When I took dear old Bicky aside in the course of the morning and told him what had happened, he nearly broke down. He tottered into the sitting room and buttonholed old Chiswick, who was reading the comic section of the morning paper with a kind of grim resolution.

"Uncle," he said, "are you doing anything special tomorrow afternoon? I mean to say I've asked a few of my pals in to meet you, don't you know."

The old boy cocked a speculative eye at him.

"There will be no reporters among them?"

"Reporters? Rather not! Why?"

"I refuse to be badgered by reporters. There were a number of adhesive young men who endeavored to elicit from me my views on America while the boat was approaching the dock. I will not be subjected to this persecution again."

"That'll be absolutely all right, Uncle. There won't be a newspaperman in the place."

"In that case I shall be glad to make the acquaintance of your friends."

"You'll shake hands with them, and so forth?"

"I shall naturally order my behavior according to the accepted rules of civilized intercourse."

Bicky thanked him heartily and came off to lunch with me at the club, where he babbled freely of hens, incubators and other rotten things.

After mature consideration we had decided to unleash the Birdsburg contingent on the old boy ten at a time. Jeeves brought his theater pal round to see us, and we arranged the whole thing with him. A very decent chappie, but rather inclined to collar the conversation and turn it in the direction of his hometown's new water-supply system. We settled that, as an hour was about all he would be likely to stand, each gang should consider itself entitled to seven minutes of the duke's society by Jeeves' stopwatch, and that when their time was up Jeeves should slide into the room and cough meaningly. Then we parted with what I believe are called mutual expressions of good will, the Birdsburg chappie extending a cordial invitation to us all to pop out some day and take a look at the new water-supply system, for which we thanked him.

Next day the deputation rolled in. The first shift consisted of the cove we had met and nine others almost exactly like him in every respect. They all looked deuced keen and businesslike, as if from youth up they had been working in the office and catching the boss'

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eye and whatnot. They shook hands with the old boy with a good deal of apparent satisfaction—all except one chappie who seemed to be brooding about something—and then they stood off and became chatty.

"What message have you for Birdsburg, Duke?" asked our pal.

The old boy seemed a bit rattled.

"I have never been to Birdsburg."

The chappie seemed pained.

"You should pay it a visit," he said. "The most rapidly growing city in the country. Boost for Birdsburg!"

"Boost for Birdsburg!" said the other chappies reverently.

The chappie who had been brooding suddenly gave tongue.

"Say!"

He was a stout sort of well-fed cove with one of those determined chins and a cold eye.

The assemblage looked at him.

"As a matter of business," said the chappie—"mind you, I'm not questioning anybody's good faith, but, as a matter of strict business—I think this gentleman here ought to put himself on record before witnesses as stating that he really is a duke."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the old boy, getting purple.

"No offense, simply business. I'm not saying anything, mind you, but there's one thing that seems kind of funny to me. This gentleman here says his name's Mr. Bickersteth, as I understand it. Well, if you're the Duke of Chiswick, why isn't he Lord Percy Something? I've read English novels, and I know all about it."

"This is monstrous!"

"Now don't get hot under the collar. I'm only asking. I've a right to know. You're going to take our money, so it's only fair that we should see that we get our money's worth."

The water-supply cove chipped in:

"You're quite right, Simms. I overlooked that when making the agreement. You see, gentlemen, as businessmen we've a right to reasonable guarantees of good faith. We are paying Mr. Bickersteth here $150

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Next day the deputation rolled in. The first shift consisted of the cove we had met and nine others almost exactly like him in every respect.

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NANCY THURMOND: A CAPITOL GAIN

The May-December marriage drew plenty of negative interest, but the bond between the beauty queen and the senator has paid a dividend of four wonderful children.

by Holly G. Miller

No, it wasn't love at first sight. In fact, Nancy Moore, the reigning Miss South Carolina, had a hard time catching her breath, let alone a glimpse of the whirling, promenading, do-si-do-ing dancer tripping the light fantastically beside her. Between allemande lefts, Nancy and the honorable senior senator exchanged friendly grips and grins as other York County Grape Festival goers clapped hands and tapped toes in approval. When the country fiddle stopped its wailing and the caller called a halt, Strom Thurmond, 64, graciously guided his 20-year-old partner to the sidelines where she could gasp for air in private.

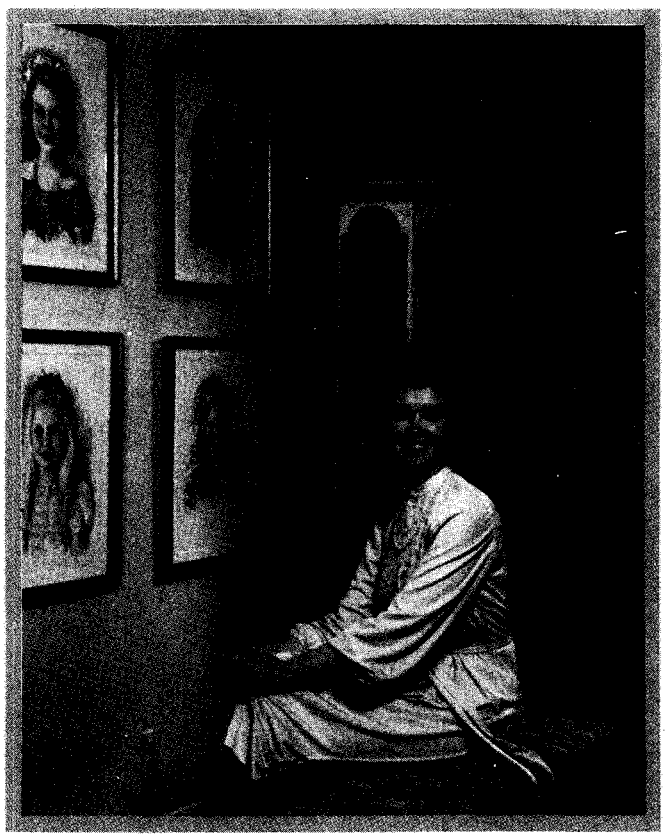
"I had never square-danced in my life," recalls Nancy. "But since I was a guest of honor and he was *the* guest of honor, someone pushed me toward him and told us to dance, for heaven's sake. He proceeded to teach me on the spot. It was all so light and happy that if anyone had suggested we had any romantic intentions, we would have rolled over laughing. The thought was absolutely ludicrous."

Not so ludicrous, however, was the long-distance friendship that sprouted in Clover—home of the York County Grape Festival—and flourished with Ma Bell's assistance between Washington, D.C., and Durham, North Carolina, where Nancy attended Duke University.

"We'd talk about his big world of politics, voting and legislation, and then we'd talk about my little world of classes, cheerleading and sororities. No one ever teased me about his phone calls because he was considered a friend of the family. It wasn't until I started law school that I realized I was falling for him. How I fought it! When he asked me to marry him I took three months to decide because my parents were opposed, and I was convinced I'd ruin his political career."

Twelve years and four children later, Nancy and Strom Thurmond are still traveling in tandem and currently are savoring the senator's fifth and final tour of duty on Capitol Hill. Their once-controversial May-December marriage has proven immune to the life-in-a-fishbowl syndrome, the unfulfilled-political-wife complaint and other trendy D.C. afflictions. His last two reelection bids—1972 and '78—had Nancy campaigning at his side or occasionally in his place and resulted in overwhelming victories. What voter could resist a distinguished war hero-lawyer-governor-senator, his beautiful wife (a Miss America finalist, no less) and four stairstep children (closely spaced and ideally alternating between girl, boy, girl, boy)? At best, doubters intent on finding a wrinkle in the Thurmonds' placid union can only question the perfection of it all. Is Nancy Thurmond too good to be true?

She arrives for an interview at her husband's Capitol Hill inner sanctum an hour behind schedule and in uniform—a serviceable blue and white seersucker dress with the familiar Red Cross insignia on the breast pocket, a navy blue blazer wrapped around her shoulders and sturdy gum-soled oxfords on her



For three months Miss South Carolina pondered a May-December marriage with U.S. Senator Strom Thurmond. Today, 12 years and four children later, Nancy Thurmond is sure she made the right decision.

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feet. Amid apologies for being late, she ducks behind a towering mahogany screen to slip into something more comfortable and, *voilà*, emerges five minutes later in electric blue Quiana, high-heeled sandals and bright gold chains and bangle bracelets.

More apologies for tardiness are earnestly offered and quickly accepted. How can you hold a grudge against someone who has spent the entire morning making puppets for the local children's hospital, planning a luncheon for the first lady and juggling appointments around the demands of a seven-year-old and an eight-year-old, who are home from school on a week's holiday? But now the vacationing duo is "helping" Dad with affairs of state in his less-private suite of offices across the Hill, and Nancy settles in for a welcome respite of girl talk and setting the record straight.

Explaining to writer Holly Miller one reason for the success of her much-debated marriage, Nancy Thurmond says, "Strom is getting younger all the time, and I'm getting older. One of these days we'll be meeting in the middle."

"Unfortunately, so much is written about what happens when the political wife turns into an alcoholic or joins the lonely hearts club that the public forgets most of us survive, live normal lives, grocery shop, rear families and are just like everyone else," she begins. "People have this vision of chauffeured limousines and homes like Mount Vernon. What they don't realize is that 95 percent of families in public life drive Ford Pintos. The Senate wives I know—and I know most of them very, very well—really have their acts together."

Making marriage succeed in Washington, Aiken or anywhere else requires hard work, according to Nancy. She describes herself and Strom as the Senate's odd couple because of their 44-year double generation gap. Sure, it's worked for her, she says, but no, she wouldn't recommend it to others. She claims conventional marriages present enough problems without the added complications of a sizable age difference. For the Thurmonds, such obstacles as parental rejection, disapproval of older children and health difficulties were nonexistent. Nancy's parents voiced early objections but quickly became the newlyweds' number-one support system; Strom had no children by his first marriage, and both were in excellent health.

"I'm sure neither Strom nor I would encourage our children to marry anyone older. He just happens to be a unique person. Of course there are some very positive aspects to it, too. We didn't go into marriage expecting children. We just didn't think about it. But he's been a marvelous father and takes enormous time with them. I think because they came in his golden years he doesn't take them for granted. He jogs every morning with all four in tow. Then they do calisthenics. The children telephone him at the office and they're never put on hold like the rest of us. They think *he's* the strong, viable, healthy parent. One day, one of them asked me if I was going to die soon. I think she felt that if anyone was tired out, it was Mom."

There have been times when Mom *has* been tired out. Exhausted, in fact. Birthing four babies in four and a half years is a feat all in itself, but Nancy took on the added challenge of writing about the experience in her book *Mother's Medicine*. No mere collection of personal memories, the volume is full of valuable facts, tested advice and innovative ideas on parenting. It carries the heady endorsements of Betty Ford, who wrote the foreword, and Pat and Shirley Boone, who collaborated on the preface. Collecting research from child-care experts, adding her own thoughts and then translating the mounds of material into readable mother-to-mother dialogue was an enormous undertaking for Nancy. The only preparation she had for the job was a college degree in English, one year of law school and her experience as a columnist for several South Carolina newspapers. In fact, the idea for the book blossomed from her bimonthly "Mother's Medicine" column.

"A literary agent from New York heard about the columns and suggested I put them together into a book. He said, 'Oh, come on, Nancy, you can do it. Just shuffle your note cards around and you'll have your book.' He caught me at a weak moment—I was eight months pregnant with Paul. It wasn't that easy. It was *years* of really hard work. I always wrote the column when the babies and toddlers were napping. Of course they started growing up and stopped napping, and it became a squeeze effort to fit the writing in wherever I could. There were times when I thought, 'This is too much. It's conflicting with our family life. How can I be writing a book when I need to be getting dinner?' But Strom kept telling me it was worthwhile and I should finish it. I've had several offers to do others since then—a continuation on the first, a religious book and one on my life with

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The electronic metal detector gives treasure hunters a run for their money but will stop on a dime—or on anything from an 1848 penny to 180 bars of silver.

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TREASURE HUNTING: A LOST ART

Misplaced, strayed or stolen—if it's buried, today's latest metal detectors make its whereabouts a dead giveaway.

by Ed Morris

What's today's hottest new hobby? Devotees of each will swear that theirs is the greatest, but one that's zooming toward the top among all ages and both sexes is hunting for coins and other treasure items with electronic metal detectors.

"THers" (short for treasure hunters) can be spotted plodding along beaches, prowling around old home sites and ghost towns, strolling over Civil War battlefields, in city parks and school grounds or at hundreds of other locations which have the potential for yielding up valuables of one type or another.

The lure of cashing in on caches of gold, silver or jewelry takes today's 250,000 seekers of lost treasure from their own backyards to city parks, from ghost towns to battlegrounds.

With earphones clamped to their heads, and wearing expressions of fierce concentration, they listen as their detectors "talk" to them about what is buried in the ground below. They seem to be totally in a world of their own—and they are.

There are some 25 firms manufacturing these instruments, and the marketing of metal detectors for amateur treasure hunting has become a $30-million-a-year industry. Officials of these firms estimate that in 1979 amateur and professional treasure hunters—most using metal detectors—found more than $20 million in native gold and silver, coins, currency and various types of relics.

They also estimate that more than one-half million Americans and thousands of others around the world regularly use their detectors to search for all types of buried and lost treasures.

There's no age barrier in the metal detecting pastime. Teenagers frequently report finds of old coins, buried money caches and valuable relics. Older folks, including retirees, find the hobby to be relaxing and a mild form of exercise. More and more women are joining the treasure hunting fraternity and giving the men a run for their money in valuables found and in treasure-club-sponsored hunts.

Additional proof of the hobby's popularity is the more than 200 treasure hunting clubs that have sprung up world-wide and the several domestic and foreign magazines and newsletters that promote the hobby.

Part of this intense interest can be traced to the recent rise in the value of silver and gold and the ability of detectors to sense these metals. But for many, it's simply the thrill of finding something old or rare—like a Civil War officer's belt buckle or a never-to-be-minted-again old coin—that draws them to the hobby.

Avid detector users often report outstanding finds. A couple from Spokane, Washington, for example, have dug up rings valued at $6,000, relics from General Custer's army taken from an old fort site and a woman's hunting case watch worth $250. Many of their finds are made in schoolyards, parks and old home lawns, although they do take frequent trips to ghost towns, old mining camps, early military installations and other locations with high treasure potential.

Both agree that using metal detectors is relaxing and worthwhile. "Treasure hunting sure beats taking tranquilizers, and it's certainly more profitable," the wife quips.

Charles Bolstridge, an Idaho schoolteacher, found more than 3,000 coins, 1880-era silverware and 36 gold-plated Revolutionary War uniform buttons during a treasure hunting outing in Maine.

Charles Jewell, of Whiteman Air Force Base, Missouri, along with his wife and two daughters, is also hooked on metal detecting. Almost daily, they search spots where people have lived or congregated over the years. "We're not getting rich, but we've found some good silver coins and silver and gold rings," Charles says. "It's a fun thing that helps get our minds off the more irritating parts of our daily lives."

Then there's Merle Easly, who dug up a silver-dollar-sized coin near Kirksville, Missouri. "It was so dirty and dull, I couldn't tell what it was," he recalls. "I nearly

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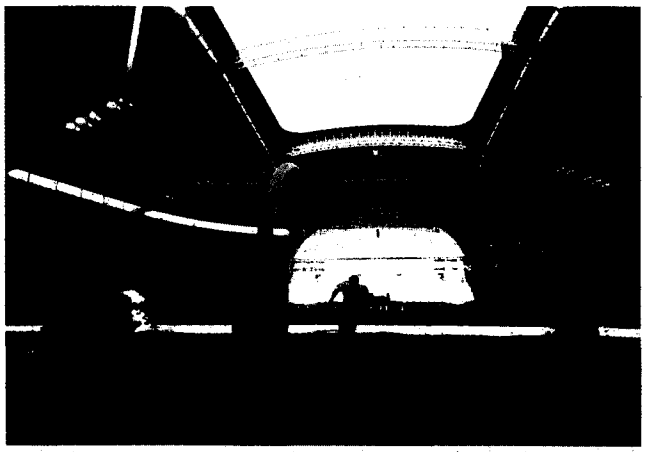
PUNT, PASS AND PRAYER

Although he has never been called for interference in the lives of his Dallas Cowboys, coach Tom Landry's discreet Christian influence has contributed substantially to their wholesome image.

by Curt Smith

He is sensitive yet combative, private yet warm. In an age which scoffs at convention and morality, he cherishes the old-fashioned ways. Most of his life has revolved around the Great Southwest, amid the heartland environs which have formed football's most devoted clientele. Quietly, efficiently, without bravado or sham, he has become the most successful coach in the National Football League—a gifted, demanding and enigmatic man.



When the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders are on, the true sports fan has every right to complain—if his wife covers his binoculars or blocks the TV screen.

"He," of course, is Tom Landry, coach of the Dallas Cowboys since 1960. Known to America's football public for his superlative teams, placid sideline demeanor and omnipresent sportcoat and hat, Landry has always been far more perplexing—and intriguing—than that. He is a package of contradictions: a conservative figure with a coaching style more befitting the NFL's radical fringe; a member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes in a profession in which obscenity flourishes; an innovative strategist in a game "whose whole emphasis," he says, "is on repetition and execution and cutting out mistakes."

Today, at age 56, Landry stands unrivaled among his peers. His Cowboys have won 172 regular-season games and 11 division titles, enjoyed 14 straight winning seasons and 13 NFL play-off berths, appeared in more Super Bowls (5) than any other franchise, boasted a coterie of followers and a galaxy of stars—indeed, become proclaimed as "America's Team."

As the 1980s dawn, though, the team that revolutionized pro football by computerizing the draft and instituting year-round training faces what Landry terms "a year of challenge like we've never had before." Quarterback Roger Staubach, he of Frank Merriwell mythology, has retired; so has defensive stalwart Cliff Harris. Four other regulars are suspect because of injuries suffered last year. The club once dubbed "a football assembly line" enters its new season strangely short of tested parts.

"You just don't take a dominant figure like Roger Staubach out of your system and expect not to have any problems," admits Landry. "You're going to have problems—and even more on defense, too. How will we cope? With character. In the Bible Paul says that adversity builds endurance, and endurance builds character, and character builds hope. I have a lot of hope that any problems we come up against, we'll eventually surmount."

Landry formally dedicated his life to Christ after a prayer breakfast in 1958. Insisting, "I never try to press my Christian philosophy on the players," Landry's influence has nonetheless been discreet and pervasive.

"He's had a tremendous impact on many individuals," former all-pro Dallas tackle Bob Lilly says. "He's strongly contributed to the good, clean, wholesome image of the Cowboys. That's true even though he never interfered with the ways we lived as players; he lives *his* life the way he sees fit. It's true, too, despite a fact of which most people aren't aware—or maybe because of that fact. Tom Landry is an exceedingly complex man."

Married to his college sweetheart, Alicia, Landry is the father of three grown children. They have seen what America has not—Landry in private moments, his manner relaxed and jovial, light years removed from the stone-cold caricature much of the national press prefers. They have also witnessed dimensions which America *has* seen—Landry the coaching Bolshevik ("What most of us intend to try someday," an NFL coach told me, "Landry has already tried."), the man who believes in "using a multitude of formations on offense," who insists that football should involve "brains as well as personnel," who remains calm and dignified even as others are losing control.

"During exciting games, it's easy to get carried away, to let emotions grab you," Landry says.

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TENSION, ANYONE?

If it's true that tension strengthens the heart, this clears up the mystery of why married men outlive bachelors.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Ed Cortese

If this doctor is not just talking through his stethoscope, I stand a good chance of living indefinitely. Perhaps longer. He says that tension, rather than shortening life, actually strengthens the old ticker and allows it to take a licking and keep on ticking. And if he's right, most of the credit for my longevity must go, in all fairness, to the proverbial woman behind every successful man.

Had it not been for this proverbial woman, I could very well have gone to an early grave direct from our snug little apartment in the city. Here, tensions rose to fever pitch but twice a year: in the spring at birdbath-painting time, and again in midsummer with the screwdrivering of grass from between the bricks on the patio. But thanks to little proverbial's having evidently been given a transfusion of gypsy blood before we met, we now reside on a 13-acre hilltop view with attached house at Freedom, Indiana. And according to the doc's theory, our first winter here alone toned up my ticker until the only way it'll stop ticking is for someone to take it out and beat it with a club. If someone can catch it, that is.

To my good health, our move happened to coincide with the heaviest snowfall in the county's history. Snow, in fact, reached its highest depth (don't dwell on "highest depth" too long or you'll go nuts) the day we drove home—or toward home—from Spencer with a week's supply of groceries. And, boy oh boy, the car couldn't make it up our winding drive. The reason was, our car got stuck at the foot of the hill on Big Four Road leading up *to* our winding drive. Thus I was provided the wholesome chore of slogging half a mile through snow up to my frozen wazoo supporting two bags of groceries with each arm. And whenever monotony would begin to slow the old pump, I'd rev it up by depositing the bags in the snow and floudering back to unclog the woman who had promoted the move from our snug little city apartment.

When the bottoms of the sacks began giving out, I was concerned that they might lighten to the point of unstimulation. But not to worry. I spent a most salubrious afternoon with a bushel basket, gathering what I could find of the stuff. The last of the cans had to wait for the snow to melt in early March, giving us the added thrill of surprise when they were opened, the wrappers having long since disappeared.

That very night, providentially, the water pipes froze. This provided an excuse for wallowing a half-mile down the hill in the opposite direction to a year-round flowing well along old Route 67, filling four plastic milk jugs and wallowing home. After my fifth such invigorator, a feeling of guilt forced me to invite my dear wife to extend her own life span a few years by taking a turn. Selfless to a fault, she declined.

The number of decades beyond my current six that I will owe to the failure of the oil delivery truck to make it up the hill, I can't begin to estimate. But in counting my blessings, among the top ten surely must go the day the tank ran dry and I fell heir to the heart-strengthening situation of having to dig out the car, buck the drifts into Spencer, fill two five-gallon cans with

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fuel oil, buck back to our snow carport and drag the cans up the hill to the tank. Daily.

I remember mumbling to my dear wife as she was prying my hands loose from the handles after one such bracer, "Surely a man could ask for nothing more."

But as they say, them that has, gets.

Salutary as present conditions now stood, it remained for the night the mercury plummeted to 24 below, the oil line jelled and the furnace shut off completely, to make me fully appreciate just what a health spa we really had. Even then, particularly around midnight, when we would leave the haven of the open oven door in the kitchen and head, tensely, for the icy sheets in the bedroom, I'm embarrassed to confess that I didn't acknowledge to my dear wife even once that it was only due to her keen foresight in getting out of that snug little Indianapolis apartment that my heart of 60 summers was having such a field day.

How I dreaded the threat of spring. In my despondency over losing the cold and the snow, all I could visualize ahead was life-shortening warm weather, a negotiable driveway, the serenity of sitting on the front porch looking out over an acre of freshly mown lawn or relaxing on the back patio watching our groceries growing on the half-acre garden. But, like most fears, the apprehension turned out to be worse than the reality.

In fact, just trying to stay on a riding mower traversing a 40-degree slope (the Sears man said it was their first incidence of having a riding mower seat worn out under warranty) soon gave me to know that I had nothing to fear but fear itself. If there were any doubts, they went with the initial launching of the Rototiller, with which I had hoped to make our garden soil somewhat more receptive to seeds. The topsoil had left our garden for the valley, you see, shortly after the world was created. What we have left is clay. Not your ordinary common everyday pottery clay, but clay clay, the type of clay from which bowling balls must be made.

Taking nothing away from the tiller, I feel that I deserve some of the credit for the minimum of five years this lovely contraption added to my regulation four score and seven (or is that the Gettysburg Address?). Had I understood that an adjustment must be made before the blades stood any chance at all of penetrating our so-called soil, my dear wife might well be fluffing up my deathbed pillow right now. As it was, we—the tiller and I—

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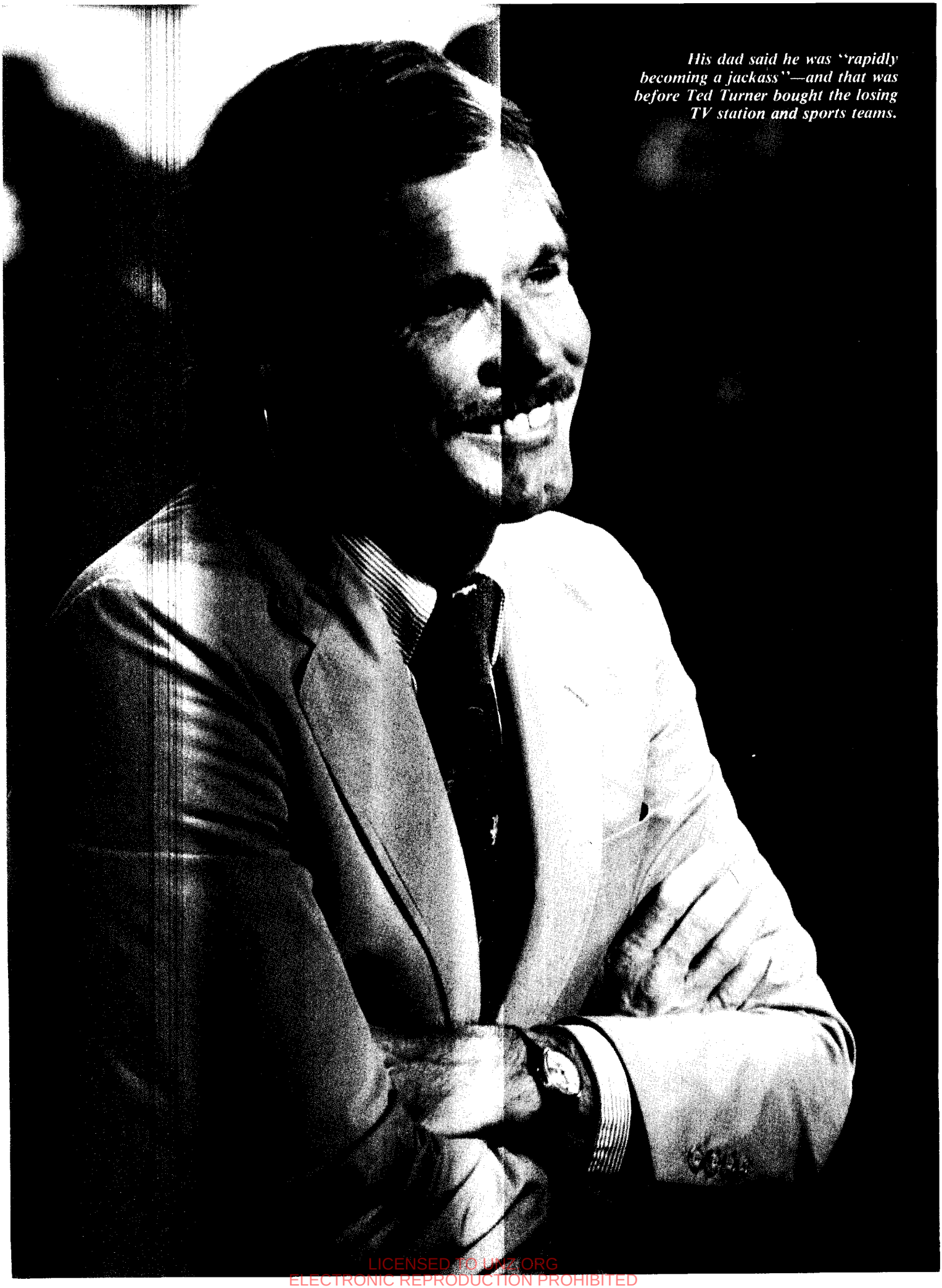

His dad said he was "rapidly becoming a jackass"—and that was before Ted Turner bought the losing TV station and sports teams.

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TED TURNER: "CAPTAIN OUTRAGEOUS"

The "Mouth of the South" is just an ordinary tobacco-chewing guy—except for his yacht, a couple of sports teams and a project that will revolutionize the TV news industry.

by Joseph B. Cumming, Jr.

Pioneers and innovators are not always outrageous people. But when they are—and Ted Turner is—they can turn *progress* from an ordinary word in the language into real fun.

Robert Edward Turner III—"Terrible Ted," "the Mouth of the South"—is the 41-year-old brat, genius, internationally acclaimed yachtsman, multimillionaire-owner of the Atlanta Braves (baseball) and the Atlanta Hawks (basketball). He is now revolutionizing the television-news industry with a 24-hour television-news network fed by a man-made space satellite.

"Cable News Network is as significant as anything in this quarter of a century as far as journalism goes," says Reese Schonfeld, president and chief organizer of Turner's new adventure. Schonfeld is a tough-minded news executive who in 1975 founded a news-swapping cooperative among big-city independent TV stations called Independent Television News Association.

Sailing's salt spray has seasoned many an idea for Ted Turner—24-hour-a-day news programming on cable TV being the latest.

Ted Turner's Cable News Network (CNN) may, indeed, change America's way of seeing news. For cable subscribers it will immediately mean a reassessment of their present, pleasant suppertime half-hour news habit with Walter Cronkite, Frank Reynolds and John Chancellor. CNN, for example, will put a strong sports report on for that early evening half-hour. Then, for two hours of prime time—from 8 to 10 p.m. in the eastern time zone—Turner's network will present a full, in-depth news roundup. The rest of the 21½ hours of the day will crackle with breaking news, special reports, headlines, news features.

This is a sort of news-*is*-entertainment philosophy that comes naturally to Ted Turner, whose public antics have always made lively copy. Reporters usually fall back on Rhett Butler (or Clark Gable) in describing him. Turner does have a glamorous, tousled, *macho* look; a roguish mustache; and Gable's straight-back posture, at once boyish and decadent.

Even before he was a news maker, Turner was outrageous. He was kicked out of Brown University and out of his fraternity for setting fire to a homecoming float. In 1977 Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn suspended him for one year for a cocktail-party crack that Kuhn felt violated recruiting rules. It kept Turner from his regular poker games with his players, but he was still conspicious at Braves games, sitting in his box, feet propped up on the roof of the dugout, swilling beer, chomping on Red Man chewing tobacco.

Actually, Turner left in June of that year for the classic series of yacht races off Newport, Rhode Island, which concluded in September with Turner successfully defending the America's Cup as skipper of the 12-meter yacht *Courageous*. His roughneck, four-letter style in the decorous yachting world got him dubbed "Captain Outrageous."

When Terrible Ted bellowed that a recent *Playboy* interview quoted him out of context, the frazzled interviewer threw up his hands: Turner's "context"—a steady stream of tape-recorded comments gathered over many weeks in many places—transcribed out to 800 typewritten pages.

But Turner's rambunctious ways have, in at least three instances,

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turned failing companies into moneymakers. The most recent and spectacular example turned out to be a warm-up exercise for CNN. He bought a dying local TV station and turned it into what he calls a superstation by bouncing its programming of old-movie reruns and sports coverage to the nation via satellite. The station, WTBS, has grown and prospered.

Ted Turner's Cable News Network is expected to do much grander things. Its market people project an audience of 3 million viewers out of the nation's 15 million cable subscribers. This is hardly a threat to NBC, CBS and ABC. CNN is a much smaller operation—roughly a fourth the size of the networks' news operations in terms of budget, manpower and equipment. But CNN has special strengths. Sam Zelman, the CNN executive producer and a former CBS News official, explains:

"When something big happens we'll have it on immediately and stay with it instead of just flashing a bulletin and 'back to entertainment.' " He adds: " 'News in process.' That's a phrase we've developed around here to indicate the excitement of things happening instead of being stockpiled for the 7 p.m. news roundup."

Atlanta construction crews spent $8 million renovating a former private club. Its 90,000 square feet contain the studios and corporate headquarters of Turner Broadcasting System. The white-columned, red brick facility is located on 21 acres of tree-shaded land adjacent to the Georgia Tech campus, a mile and a half from downtown.

In the meantime, space has been rented and is being readied for bureaus in Washington, D.C., New York City and London, and plans are proceeding for news bureaus in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and Dallas.

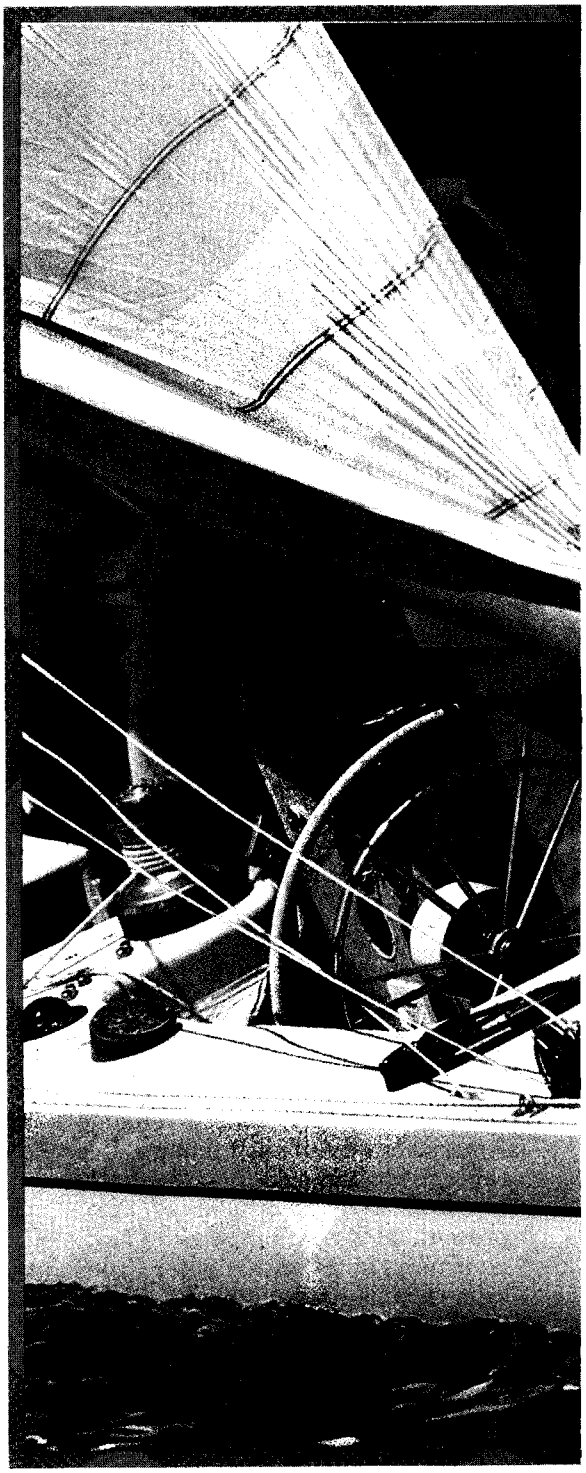
Daniel Schorr, a former star reporter for CBS News, will be chief of Washington correspondents for CNN, and George Watson will head the Washington bureau—the equivalent position he held at ABC when he signed on with Turner. Evans and Novak, Bella Abzug and Dr. Joyce Brothers all have signed on for regular commentary on Cable News Network.

"Every week we get a press release of who they've hired," exclaims a cable-system manager, "and . . . it reads like a *Who's Who* of the industry."

To understand the nature of Turner's insurgence, one needs a simple review of the origins and growth of cable television. It is believed to have begun, quaintly enough, in 1949, when John Walson, an appliance dealer in Western Pennsylvania, stuck a TV antenna on a mountaintop and connected it to his floor-model television set. Would-be customers were impressed by the clear image on his screen, but few had mountaintop antenna sites. Walson is said to have then offered to connect any set purchased from him to his own mountaintop antenna.

And that, legend has it, is how community-antenna television, or CATV, was born. Now hundreds of localities have cable systems which pick up big-city TV signals via antenna and microwave and, for a monthly fee, send them by cable into millions of homes. In addition to a clearer signal, subscribers now usually get more channels than many of their city cousins. The talk now is of 40 to 100 possible station selections, including some programs and movies fed directly into cable systems. Indeed, some large cities now have one or more CATV systems.

But the new era for cable TV (CATV is fading as a label) began in November 1975, when Home Box Office—a programming company had been "bicycling" its video-taped programs of movies and sports and specials to the cable systems—started sending its signal to a satellite. The satellite throws the signal back to earth and cable-system operators "catch" it in dish-shaped antennas aimed at the satellite. At present only half of the 4,100 cable systems have the use of such antennas. But the number is increasing fast. And so are the number of programs and networks available to cable systems via satellite. A new world of "narrowcasting" has sprung up, consisting of the transmission of special-interest programs from gospel to Spanish language to black ethnic. And new specialized networks are gestating, such as ESPN of Bristol, Connecticut, which will cover live sports on a



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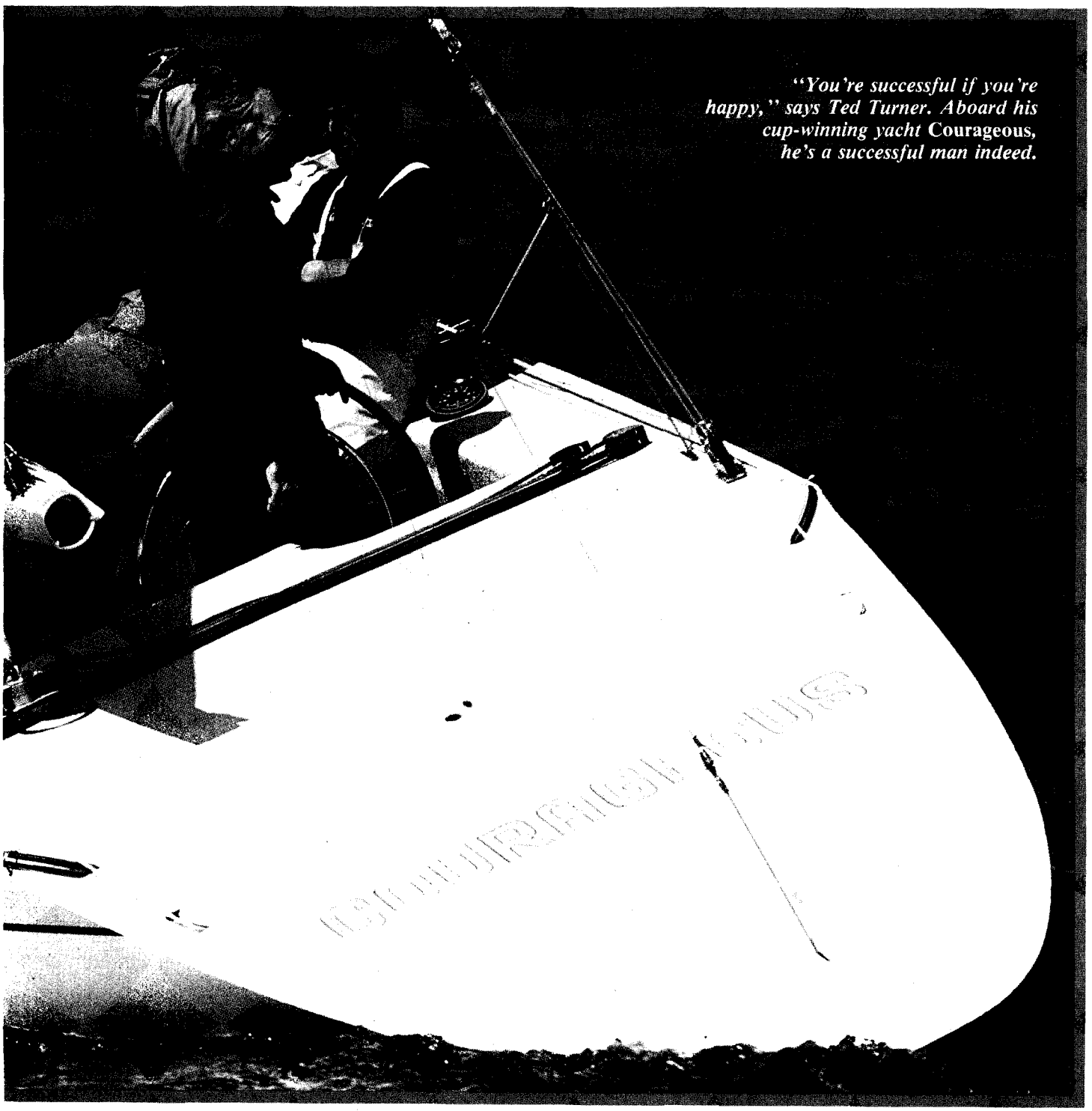
nonstop, 24-hour basis.

Ted Turner is a pioneer in all of this. His destiny has been locked onto this growing stepchild of television—cable TV—since the mid-1970s, when he started beaming cable programs from his local TV station, first by microwave, then by satellite. But when he put his Atlanta TV station on the bird in December 1976, his motive was to get a wider audience for the live coverage of his Hawks and Braves games. Then he discovered that his superstation's audience of some 7 million persons could be sold to national advertisers at rates approaching network charges.

Turner's Cable News Network is an even bolder venture into new territory. And it has already made him a hero to many who feel TV news needs to break into a wider context.

Turner was already a hero to local sports fans—for buying the Braves when they were about to leave town and for telecasting the games live. But his show-off style and loudmouth ways have not always been well received.

"I love the guy for what he has done for sports in Atlanta," said Atlanta lawyer John M. Kelly, hefting a beer at a local tavern in a sort of toast to Cap'n Ted. But just before he quaffed his brew, he muttered, "I just hope I don't ever have to meet the s.o.b." ★



"You're successful if you're happy," says Ted Turner. Aboard his cup-winning yacht **Courageous,** *he's a successful man indeed.*

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There's nothing wrong with a leaded roof, said Ben Franklin, until some acidic leaves get sprinkled on it; then watch for poison in the rain barrel.

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BEN FRANKLIN ON LEAD POISONING

The dry bellyache and dangling arms from toxic lead did not escape Benjamin Franklin's scrutiny. The symptoms he noted were prevalent in ancient Rome and still plague us today.

Throughout history, toxic lead has filtered into the bodies of humans, often in quite unexpected ways. The Romans fairly paved the way to their own poisoning by lining their aqueducts with lead. Their slaves died like flies mining silver from lead-bearing ore. Meanwhile, the upper classes got their doses by eating sumptuous meals cooked in lead pots. The Roman writer Pliny made the mistake of advocating the lining of copper pots with lead to avoid the toxic effects and taste of copper. He did, however, warn his readers about something the ancient Greeks had also known, that drinking wine from such lead-lined vessels could cause "dangling, paralytic hands."

It is not unlikely that the strangeness of a Nero and the pathological cruelty of a multitude of Romans derived in some measure from continual exposure to lead.

A millenium and a half later in America, wise old Benjamin Franklin warned his contemporaries not to drink rain water collected from the leaden roofs where trees such as oaks could shed their acidic leaves. He deduced in his wisdom that such leaves could leach enough lead from the roof slates or shingles to poison the water.

Franklin described such a poisoning incident in a letter to his friend Benjamin Vaughan: "... A whole family was afflicted with what we call the dry belly-ache, or *colica pictonum*, by drinking rain water. It was at a county-seat which, being situated too high to have the advantage of a well, was supplied with water from a tank which received the water from the leaded roofs. This had been drunk several years without mischief; but some young trees planted near the house growing up above the roof, and shedding their leaves upon it, it was supposed that an acid in those leaves had corroded the lead they covered, and furnished the water of that year with its baneful particles and qualities."

Franklin also reported other lead-poisoning incidents:

"The first thing I remember of this kind was a general discourse in Boston, when I was a boy, of a complaint from North Carolina against New England rum, that it poisoned their people, giving them the dry belly-ache, with a loss of the use of their limbs. The distilleries being examined on the occasion, it was found that several of them used leaden still-heads and worms [the top and coil of a still], and that the physicians were of opinion that the mischief was occasioned by that use of lead. The legislature of Massachusetts thereupon passed an act prohibiting, under severe penalties, the use of such still-heads and worms thereafter.

"In 1724, being in London, I went to work in the printing house of Mr. Palmer, Bartholomew Close, as a compositor. I there found a practice I had never seen before, of drying a case of types (which are wet in distribution) by placing it sloping before the fire. I found this had an additional advantage, when the types were not only dried but heated, of being comfortable to the hands working over them in cold weather. I therefore sometimes heated my case when the types did not want drying. But an old workman, observing it, advised me not to do so, telling me I might lose the use of my hands by it, as two of our companions had nearly done; one of whom, that used to earn his guinea a week, could not then make more than ten shillings, and the other, who had the dangles, but seven and six pence. This, with a kind of obscure pain that I had sometimes felt, as it were, in the bones of my hand when working over the types made very hot, induced me to omit the practice.

"But after talking afterwards with Mr. James, a letter-founder in the same Close, and asking him if his people who worked over the little furnaces of melted metal were not subject to that disorder, he made light of any danger from the effluvia, but ascribed it to particles of the metal swallowed with their food by slovenly workmen, who went to their meals after handling the metal without well washing their fingers, so that some of the metalline particles were taken off by their bread and eaten with it. This appeared to have some reason in it. But the pain I had experienced made me still afraid of those effluvia."

Today, despite the persistent lessons of history, people still unwittingly consume toxic doses of lead. In one case, a young commune dweller took ill with lead poisoning after drinking plum wine. A thorough search for the source of the pollution took investigators to an old bathtub in which the wine had been fermented. Sometime in the remote past it had been glazed with lead.

A Houston couple was treated

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Lead Copies

Extra copies of "Suffer Little Children" and "Ben Franklin on Lead Poisoning" may be ordered by enclosing check with order as follows:

1,000 or more	40¢ each
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Ordered singly for individual use, please send $1.00 per set.

Send your order to Children's Better Health Institute, Box 2166, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

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SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN

Children are more vulnerable than adults to lead poisoning. Old paint, wallpaper, plaster and ignorance turn out to be culprits in this major cause of needless childhood afflictions.

by Claude A. Frazier, M.D.

In Philadelphia, in the shadow of William Penn's broad-brimmed Quaker hat, a physician jots down the brief history of a patient as described by an accompanying social worker. The patient himself, an eight-year-old boy, undersized and pale, roams the office restlessly. He fidgets, grimaces, stumbles. Picking up a paperweight from the doctor's desk, he drops it with a crash and roams on.

"His mother says he is always like this," the social worker explains. "She says that he's never still, that he's like a caged tiger, always walking and pacing."

The physician nods. He is not surprised, for he has seen a good many children like this boy. He is already almost certain of the diagnosis, even though the results of blood and urine tests are not yet in. Like other urban centers across the country and, in fact, in most of the industrialized nations, Philadelphia produces children who cannot be still, who have difficulty concentrating, learning, thinking. These children also tend to be irritable and aggressive, with wild emotional swings and seemingly irrational behavior on occasion. Impulsive and often clumsy, they are frequently in trouble in both the home and the classroom.

The physician scans his notes. In this case, the child has lived his first eight years in the heart of the city, an area of urban poor where buildings are deteriorated and dilapidated. The excessive lead build-up in his young body probably came from the paint and plaster in the house where he lives. Old paint, putty and plaster account for 70 to 80 percent of the environmental sources of lead.

The U.S. still has 40 million housing units built before 1940 which contain potentially dangerous lead-based paint. Five to 7 million are an immediate hazard because of bad maintenance. Lead was phased out as an ingredient in pigment in the 1940s and banned as a drying agent in the 1970s, but in many old houses the early paint is flaking and peeling, and some children with the little-understood habit, called pica, of eating foreign substances, develop a taste for lead and consume large quantities of it.

Recently, a study in Baltimore, Maryland, revealed that 50 to 70 percent of the old houses in one slum area contained dangerous quantities of lead pigments. Several tiny flakes of such paint may contain 100 milligrams (mg) or more of lead. The safe daily intake of lead is less than 0.5 mg.

Overt lead poisoning usually occurs in poor, run-down areas, although an interesting paradox appeared in New York City, where screening data showed the highest occurrence of lead poisoning in central Brooklyn and the south Bronx, and the lowest in the Lower East Side, which had always been a tenement area. It was discovered that the high lead content in Brooklyn and the Bronx came from run-down houses in a previously prosperous area, where walls had received countless coatings of lead paint, while Lower East Side tenements had never received much paint at all.

Even in areas in which slum conditions are being upgraded through renovation, the burning and sanding of lead paint causes poisoning through lead fumes.

Despite massive efforts to educate the public and health workers about lead, ignorance of the disease still takes its toll in children. Not long ago, a two-year-old boy from New Jersey visited a hospital emergency room on two occasions only a few days apart with symptoms of lead poisoning which went undiagnosed. Six weeks later, the boy was admitted to another hospital in a coma. The coma lasted one month, and he was left with partial paralysis and diminished vision.

This incident makes it clear that the lead poisoning problem is still with us, despite efforts on all sides to rid the environment of its unwarranted presence.

Unfortunately, lead has been strewn about with abandon. In many cities it can be found in quantity in the dust and soil. Along expressways and interstates, lead from vehicle exhausts settles on the land and may even affect animals grazing in roadside pastures. The manufacture of lead batteries produces environmental lead, and when those batteries are burned, their usefulness at an end, the resulting fumes can kill as well as cripple. The burning of discarded lead batteries in the stoves and fireplaces of the poor has resulted in countless lead-poisoned youngsters.

Before new techniques reduced lead emissions from smelters, people who worked or lived in their

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Dr. Frazier is a noted allergist and author of numerous books on medical subjects for the lay reader. He lives and practices medicine in Asheville, North Carolina, and serves as regional consultant to the Children's Asthma Hospital and Research Institute in Denver. Dr. Frazier is also a member of the advisory board of Today's Child *and the editorial board of* Clinical Toxicology. *His latest books are* Insects and Allergy: And What to Do About Them *and* Coping and Living with Allergies: A Complete Guide to Help Patients of All Ages.

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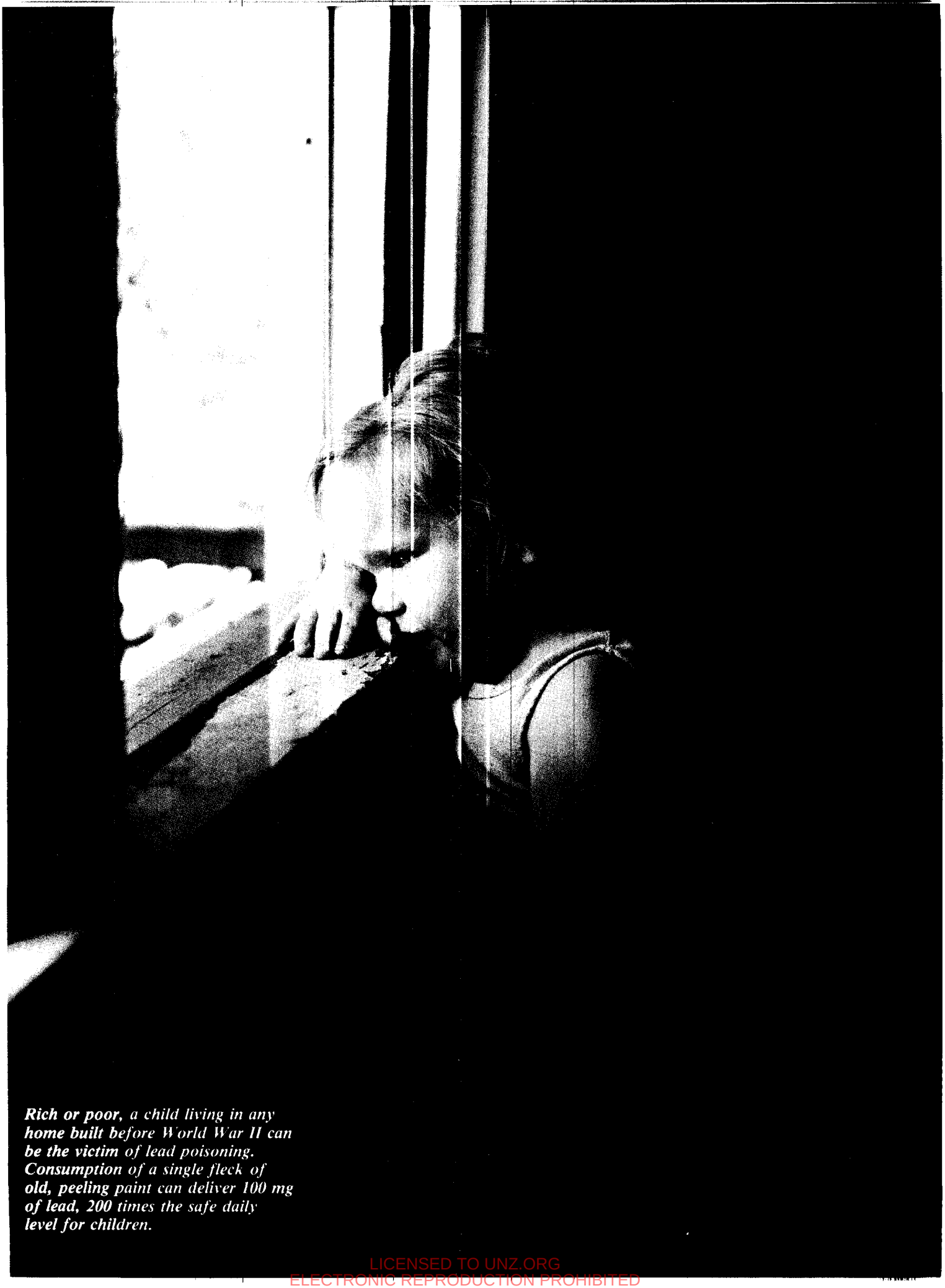

Rich or poor, *a child living in any* ***home built*** *before World War II can* ***be the victim*** *of lead poisoning.* ***Consumption*** *of a single fleck of* ***old, peeling*** *paint can deliver 100 mg* ***of lead,*** *200 times the safe daily* ***level*** *for children.*

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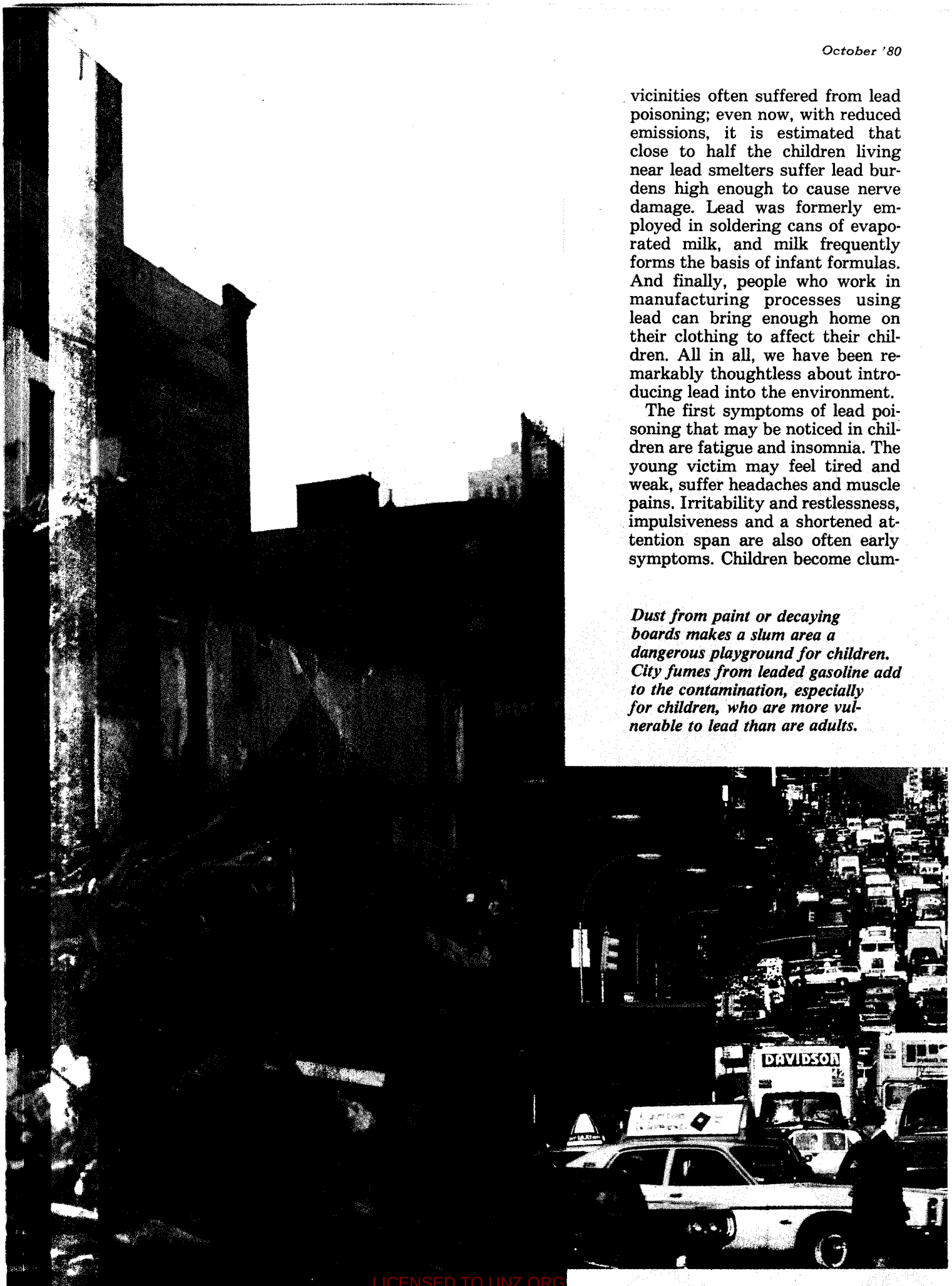
vicinities often suffered from lead poisoning; even now, with reduced emissions, it is estimated that close to half the children living near lead smelters suffer lead burdens high enough to cause nerve damage. Lead was formerly employed in soldering cans of evaporated milk, and milk frequently forms the basis of infant formulas. And finally, people who work in manufacturing processes using lead can bring enough home on their clothing to affect their children. All in all, we have been remarkably thoughtless about introducing lead into the environment.

The first symptoms of lead poisoning that may be noticed in children are fatigue and insomnia. The young victim may feel tired and weak, suffer headaches and muscle pains. Irritability and restlessness, impulsiveness and a shortened attention span are also often early symptoms. Children become clum-



Dust from paint or decaying boards makes a slum area a dangerous playground for children. City fumes from leaded gasoline add to the contamination, especially for children, who are more vulnerable to lead than are adults.

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sy, dropping and breaking and stumbling. As the condition progresses, the individual may have abdominal pain, sometimes so severe as to suggest the possibility of bowel obstruction. Sometimes this colic is the only observable symptom and can thus be easily misdiagnosed.

So, how can lead poisoning be detected? One experimental method of measuring body burdens of lead in young children is to measure lead levels in baby teeth, a test that threatens the tooth fairy's reign. Some pretty grim findings came out of a 1971 study of such teeth from 761 Philadelphia schoolchildren. Baby teeth shed by one group of youngsters—who, although they had no prior history of lead poisoning, lived in a "high-risk" area of the city in deteriorating housing—were collected and their lead levels compared to that of another group from a "low-risk" area of newer housing. As was somewhat expected, the children living in the "high-risk" area had elevated lead blood levels. What was not expected among youngsters who had no overt symptoms was that one-fifth of them had blood levels within the toxic range, and totally unexpected was the finding that children from newer housing, but in the same general region, also had elevated blood levels of lead. Deteriorated housing was apparently not the only factor present in lead build-up.

A study of the general high-risk region disclosed that lead processing plants, paint manufacturers, plastics plants, foundries and smelters emitted large amounts of lead pollutants in the area, while samples of dirt and dust collected from inside the schools and on school playgrounds showed markedly higher lead levels than those taken from the second or "low-risk" group.

It should be mentioned here that only about 5 percent of those who have blood lead levels high enough to cause permanent damage show symptoms of poisoning. Considering that some 20 percent of those Philadelphia schoolchildren had elevated lead levels, it appears that lead is a far more silent destroyer than we have realized in the past.

The general result of mass screening of youngsters in our big cities has been the uncovering of far higher blood lead levels in far more children than hitherto suspected. In fact, such screening has fueled general concern that lead poisoning in some areas is almost of epidemic proportions. A good many in the medical profession are asking the key question: Is low-level, chronic exposure to lead causing damage to the brains and central nervous systems, not to mention other bodily systems, of these children without clear and overt symptoms of lead intoxication and poisoning? We know that several hundred children die each year of lead poisoning and that several thousand more are so badly damaged permanently that they will require custodial care or its equivalent for the rest of their lives. It is also estimated that a half million or more American youngsters have elevated blood lead levels and that perhaps a fourth of these urgently need medical treatment.

One study of 425 lead-poisoned children from the Chicago slums reported that while 61 percent recov-

A recent screening program of more than 2 million children turned up more than 160,000 who had undue lead absorption. Some large cities with concentrations of poor families report high lead levels in 15 percent or more of the children.

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ered completely, 39 percent were left with central nervous system and brain damage. Twenty-two percent were mentally retarded.

The fact that poor urban children have suffered most from exposure to lead is widely recognized, but a more recent study published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* indicates that the urban poor are not the only children touched by the insidious effects of lead on a large scale. More than 2,000 seven- and eight-year-olds from middle-class communities in the Boston area turned over their shed baby teeth for lead content examination. Researchers found that a startling number possessed lead levels close to the federal standard considered hazardous and that many more were carrying low-level lead burdens. The most ominous results, however, appeared in the relationship of lead levels to the children's classroom performance and to their ability on neuropsychological tests.

Although none of the children showed any overt symptoms of lead poisoning, such as abdominal colic, muscle cramps, joint pains, anemia or overt brain damage, researchers discovered that the high-lead subjects, those with greater than 20 parts per million, performed significantly less well on verbal and performance IQ tests. They showed a statistically significant impairment in verbal ability, auditory discrimination, language processing and attention. When their behavior was rated subjectively by teachers, not only were the high-level subjects more often judged disorganized, hyperactive, impulsive or daydreamers, but all subjects showed varying degrees of below-normal behavior corresponding roughly to the lead dosage they had accumulated.

It was once thought that large toxic levels of lead were required to produce permanent brain damage, but we now realize that almost any level, especially in children under five, can cause learning difficulties, abnormal behavior and even mental retardation. Medical research has demonstrated that even very small amounts of lead absorbed into the bloodstream of a fetus or infant can do great damage to developing brain cells. The younger the child, the greater the vulnerability. These young victims of lead contamination are not only undergoing expansive brain growth at this stage, but they are also metabolizing more rapidly and absorbing substances into their bloodstreams more efficiently than their elders.

A preschool child absorbs 30 to 40 percent of the lead he ingests, while an adult absorbs only 5 to 10 percent. In addition, only 5 percent of the adult-ingested lead ends up in soft tissues. The rest goes to bone and becomes nearly inert. But in children, 33 percent goes directly to the soft tissues of the bone marrow, kidney and brain. No one has explained this difference in distribution.

Nutritional deficiency may also facilitate lead poisoning and increase its power to inflict damage.

The lead in old buildings may come from paint, plaster, wallpaper or lead plumbing, and not just slum dwellers are vulnerable. A famous U.S. ambassador to a Mediterranean country once got lead poisoning at the embassy mansion.

Urban children, especially, should be warned against eating snow and icicles. Snow in heavily trafficked areas may soak up lead from the air, making it a health hazard. Icicles, with concentrated drippings, may be more dangerous.

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Iron deficiency and low protein and calcium intakes increase the amount of lead absorbed. Likewise, and here the explanation is also elusive, not everyone has the same ability to rid his body of lead; thus, some children accumulate higher lead levels than others after similar exposure.

A Swiss study of prison inmates showed that many had unusually high-lead blood levels, accompanied by a decided difficulty in eliminating or excreting lead. The study suggested strongly that the toxic effects of lead may have contributed to the problems which landed them in jail.

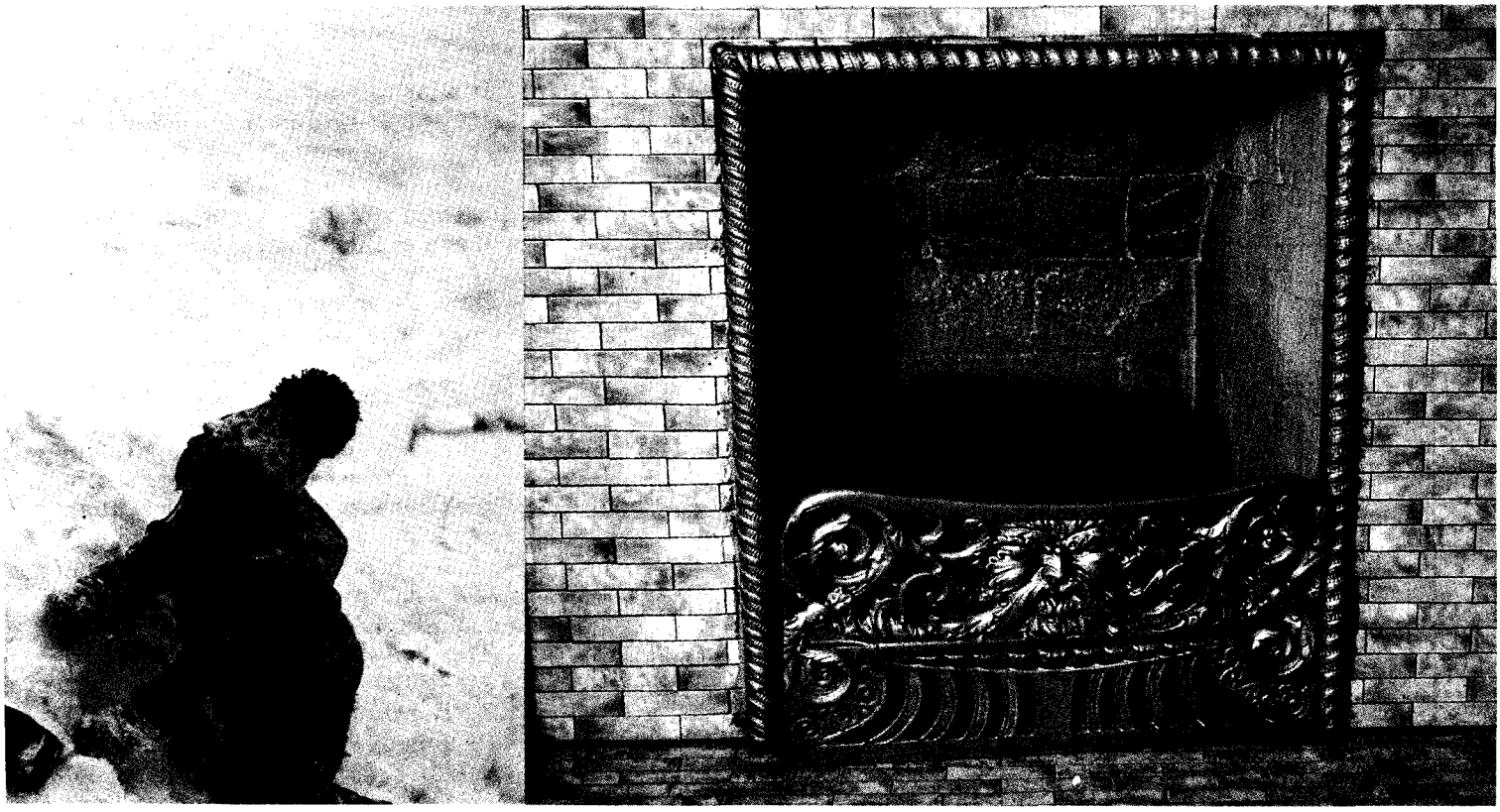
A syndrome of hyperactivity and learning difficulties has seemed to plague American youngsters the last several decades. Pediatricians and psychiatrists have puzzled aloud on TV talk shows across the nation about the causes of this mysterious malady of restless children who can sit still in the classroom only if they are drugged with Ritalin, a stimulant for adults which, oddly enough, calms children rather than stimulates. Some physicians, especially some allergists, have suggested that the cause could lie in the liberal use of additives in modern food products, especially artifical colors and flavors used in abundance in the kinds of foods youngsters most often consume.

Experts in other fields tend to blame working mothers or the lack of good old-fashioned parental discipline. Yet, since the National Academy of Sciences estimates that some 5 to 6 percent of American children possess potentially toxic blood lead levels which could affect intelligence and behavior, one cause of hyperactivity seems clear. Perhaps the most significant study in this area is a recent comparison of blood and urine lead levels of hyperactive children with those of a group of their nonhyperactive peers. The majority of the children in both groups came from Brooklyn and were from the same general social and economic class. Blood lead levels were notably higher in the hyperactive group, and when they were treated with a single dose of a chelating agent (a substance that combines with lead and more or less flushes it from the body), not only was a much greater amount of lead excreted in their urine than in that of the nonhyperactive children, but almost 60 percent had urine levels hitherto considered to be within the toxic range. The study concluded that while other factors were undoubtedly involved in the hyperactive syndrome, an increased body burden of lead appeared to play a significant role in this strange behavior pattern.

It has been said by some that Rome fell because its ruling classes dined upon fare cooked in lead pots, thus turning their children into idiots. Will it be said at some future time that America destroyed its most precious possessions—its children—for the sake of technology?

It is my contention that, although it is yet unprovable, at least a portion of urban apathy, violence, vandalism and the decreased performance of schoolchildren could be a result of increasing levels of lead in the urban environment. It is also my contention that it is past time that we find out if this is so.

Burning old lead storage batteries to heat a home is a dangerous practice and one of the many unfortunate causes of severe lead poisoning in children. The poor burn these for heat when nothing else is available.



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POST SCRIPTS

Comedy of Manners

The man was applying for a job as a bellhop. "This job calls for both politeness and tact," said the manager. "Are you sure you know the difference?"

"Yes, I do," said the applicant. "Once I took a package to a lady's room. The bathroom door was open, and she was sitting in the tub. I said, ' 'scuse me, sir,' and got out fast. The ' 'scuse me' was politeness, but the 'sir' was tact."

He got the job.

—Inc C. Brown

Parish the Thought

The sermon was proving to be a long one, and the stranger in the back row leaned closer to the white-haired man seated just ahead of him. "How long has he been preaching?" he whispered.

The older man hesitated. "About 25 or 30 years, I think."

"Then I'll stay," said the stranger. "He must be about through."

—Kenneth E. Hall

Suitcase

The judge noticed a disturbance in the back of the courtroom. "What's going on there?" he shouted.

"I've lost my jacket and I'm trying to find it," replied a young teen-ager.

"Son," smiled the judge, "people often lose whole suits here without all that fuss."

—Doris Dolphin

Heat Stroke

An American tourist was strolling around in his bathing suit in the middle of the desert. An Arab drove by and asked in astonishment where he was going.

"Swimming!" replied the tourist.

"But the ocean is nearly a thousand miles from here," the Arab said.

It was the American's turn to be astonished. "A thousand miles?" he repeated. "Gee, what a beach!"

—T.J. McInerney

Funnetics

Language is a funny thing,
I've decided, after musing;
I try my best to understand,
But find it most confusing.

The puller of a plow's an "ox,"
While a team of them is "oxen;"
A cardboard carton is a "box,"
But a shelfful isn't "boxen."

When an object is "described,"
It's given a "description;"
But folks who have "imbibed"
Aren't guilty of "imbiption."

A tree may shed its "leaves,"
Or retain a single "leaf;"
And rain may fall on "eaves,"
Though never on an "eaf."

While verbal prowess I might feign,
It's far too taxing on the breign!

—Rosemarie Williamson

Bare Necessities

Once women wore bathing suits down to their ankles, then down to their knees, then down to their hips. Now one isn't sure they'll wear one down to the beach.

—Rose Sands

Slow Gin Fish

Obviously intoxicated, a man was hunched over the bar, toothpick in hand, spearing futilely at an olive in his drink. A dozen times it eluded him. Finally, the patron on the next stool became exasperated and grabbed the toothpick. "Here. This is how you do it," he said and easily skewered the olive.

"Big deal," muttered the drunk. "I already had him so tired out he couldn't get away."

—Dorothea Kent

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Heinrich Schnibble and the Insurance Adjuster

"Mr. Heinrich R. Schnibble?"

"Ja. Ich ben Schnibble."

"Mr. Schnibble, I am the adjuster for The U-Never-Lose Insurance Company."

"Goot. Meinself ben needen das adjusten."

"Your policy covers personal property, an item of which, I believe, has been damaged."

"Ja. Ich ben snaggen mein pants."

"So I understand. Our company stands ready to adjust your claim to your complete satis——"

"Also mit fixen mein pants?"

"Absolutely. Now, just how did this damage occur?"

"Mein pants ben uphooken mit ein snagger."

"I mean, what ben—what were the circumstances surrounding the incident? When? Where? How?"

"Ach! Meinself ben sitten mit rocken, besiden das railen. Suddener ein cricker ben catchen mein back."

"You got a crick in your back?"

"Ja. Himmel! Das hurten ben screamish! Ich ben uppen-gestanden mit creaken und——"

"You ben snaggen your pants when you stood up, I sup——"

"Nein. Mit onputten mein coat, ich ben ausgebacken mein automobiler, und visiten mein doktor mit getten der cricker gefixen."

"Then it was in the doctor's office you——"

"Das doktor ben oberlooken mein back und finaller, mit checken mein chest, ben usen der innergelookenpeeper und——"

"Usen der inner-gewhatenpeeper?"

"Der machine mit gelooken insiden mein outsiden."

"An X-ray machine?"

"Ja."

"But when did you snag your——?"

"Ich ben returnen in mein automobiler. Suddener ein truck ben uppen-gerushen mit breaknecken speeden! Meinself ben swerven! Das truck ben gesmashen und geschlammen——"

"Oh, you had an accident. Too bad. Your policy doesn't——"

"Nein. Das truck ben geschlammen ein fencer."

"But your pants: When, in the name of——"

"Finaller, meinself ist reachen mein house und——"

"You mean you ben reachen your house and your pants ben—I mean, haven't ben——"

"Und ich ben cooken mein supper mit eaten der sauerkraut mit wieners und pumpernickel."

"Ach! Sauerkraut mit wie—but, Schnibble! When did you——?"

"Meinself ben uppen-gestanden und mein pants ben uphooken mit ein snagger."

"Ach! Mr. Schnibble!"

"Und das adjusten?"

"Das adjusten? Why don't you call the company, Mr. Schnibble? Meinself ben just leaving der business!"

—Dave Morrah

Spiritual Lift

A sign in a church parking lot carries this message: "We forgive those who trespass against us, but they will be towed away just the same."

—Mrs. L.W. Mayer

Balancing Act

The new member of a circus high wire act was startled when the act's star performer called out as he walked the wire, "Take $500 from $50,000, and take another $500, and then add $16,000." He continued this throughout the performance.

Finally, at the end of the act, the newcomer asked the star why he recited these dollar amounts as he performed.

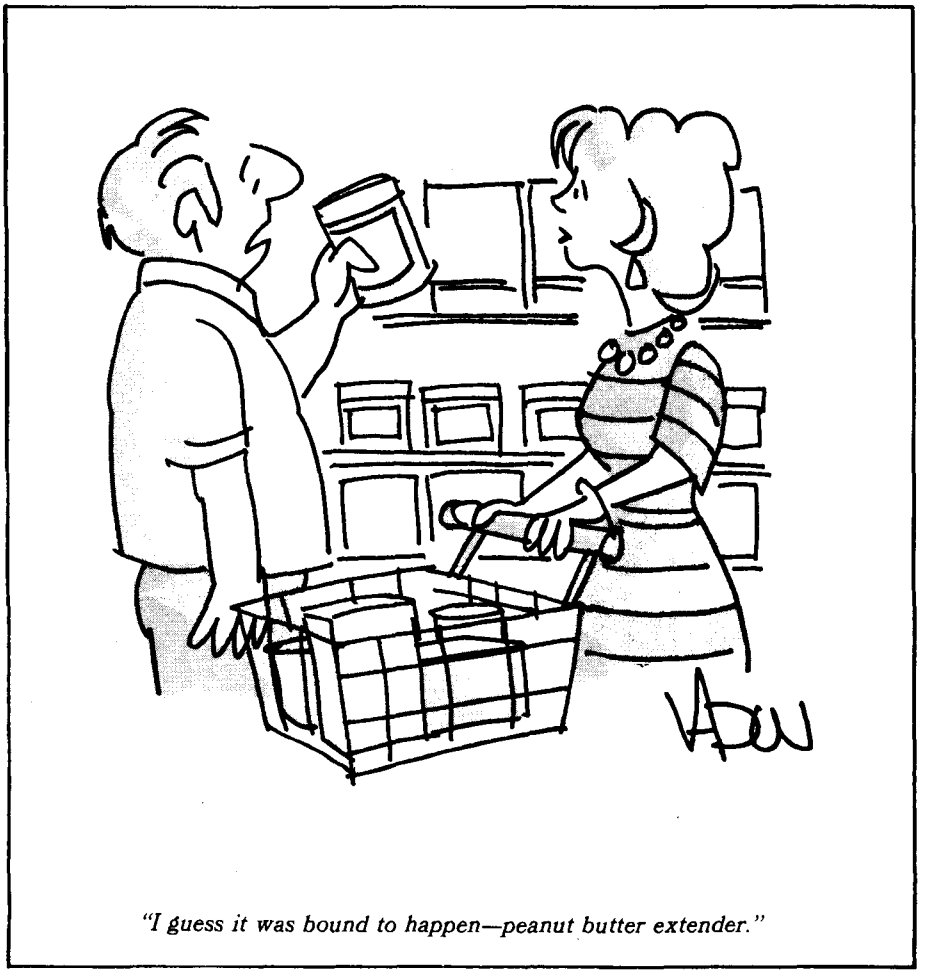
"Oh," replied the wire artist, "that's how I keep my balance."

—Claire Puneky

Steep Thinker

A Russian complained about the strangeness of Western customs. "Over here," he said, "you order hot tea, then put ice in it to make it cold, then put sugar in it to make it sweet, then put lemon in it to make it sour. Then you lift your glass, say, 'Here's to you,' and drink it yourself."

—Michael J. Mueller



"I guess it was bound to happen—peanut butter extender."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1100 WATERWAY BOULEVARD
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U.S.A.
CORY SERVAAS, EDITOR

A Time to Try Harder

It's one thing for the U.S. to be number two in industry. We remember the shock when we were first told that U.S. Steel was no longer the largest steel company in the world. Japan's Nippon is number one now.

But what disturbs us more is the revelation that breast cancer screening with harmless ultrasound is going on at a rapid pace in Japan with much disease being detected early, while there is no population screening for breast cancer in the U.S. Yet it is pandemic in our country. One out of 11 women will get it. Nelson Rockefeller's wife had it. So did Gerry Ford's and Birch Bayh's and so did Shirley Temple and that nice young mother who lived in your block.

It strikes all segments of society . . . upper socio-economic groups slightly more frequently than lower, but it strikes all females, black and white, old and young—Jewish slightly more than non-Jewish, nuns slightly more than prostitutes . . . but none are safe. Since we don't know what causes it, couldn't we try harder to prevent its ravages? Billions of dollars are funneled into charitable operations each year in this country. We urge those in charge of philanthropic projects to consider establishing or funding ultrasound centers with trained technicians to screen for the growing epidemic of breast cancer. Or perhaps private enterprise? If Schick centers can support smoking clinics in the shopping malls, can't some do-gooding, enterprising company establish ultrasound clinics in conjunction with beauty shops throughout the land? It's time to act!

Ultrasound scan: Breasts shown above are suspended in water with transducers below.

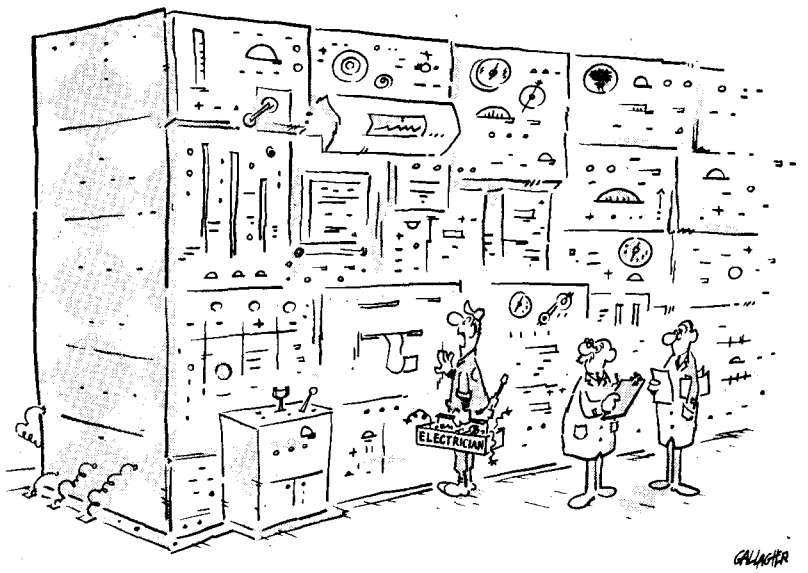
Bias By Any Name

Recently the Supreme Court ruled, six votes to three, that Congress was legally entitled to require those companies receiving federal contracts to allocate a fixed numerical percentage of funds—in this instance, 10 percent—to minority business.

This decision, bitterly denounced by organized labor, small business and other groups which cherish free choice and private enterprise, marks the first time that the use of quotas has been upheld by America's highest court. The *SatEvePost* deplores the ruling. Americans don't want to be part of a quota; they want to be part of America.

The use of quotas in employment, education and political endeavor—irrespective of merit—ignores the fact that America's greatness owes its origins to the talented, the enterprising and those who make of the work ethic a daily and continuing creed. It seeks to permanently substitute the crutch of dependency for the value of personal and racial pride.

Reverse discrimination merely replaces an old form of injustice with a new one; the victims have changed but not the harm. A good society can—and should—provide equality of opportunity for all its citizens. It cannot provide—nor should it try to guarantee—equality of results. What America needs is a government that is color-blind, not one blind to justice. What we need are equal rights for every American, not preferential treatment for some.



"Wha's a matter, kiddo?"

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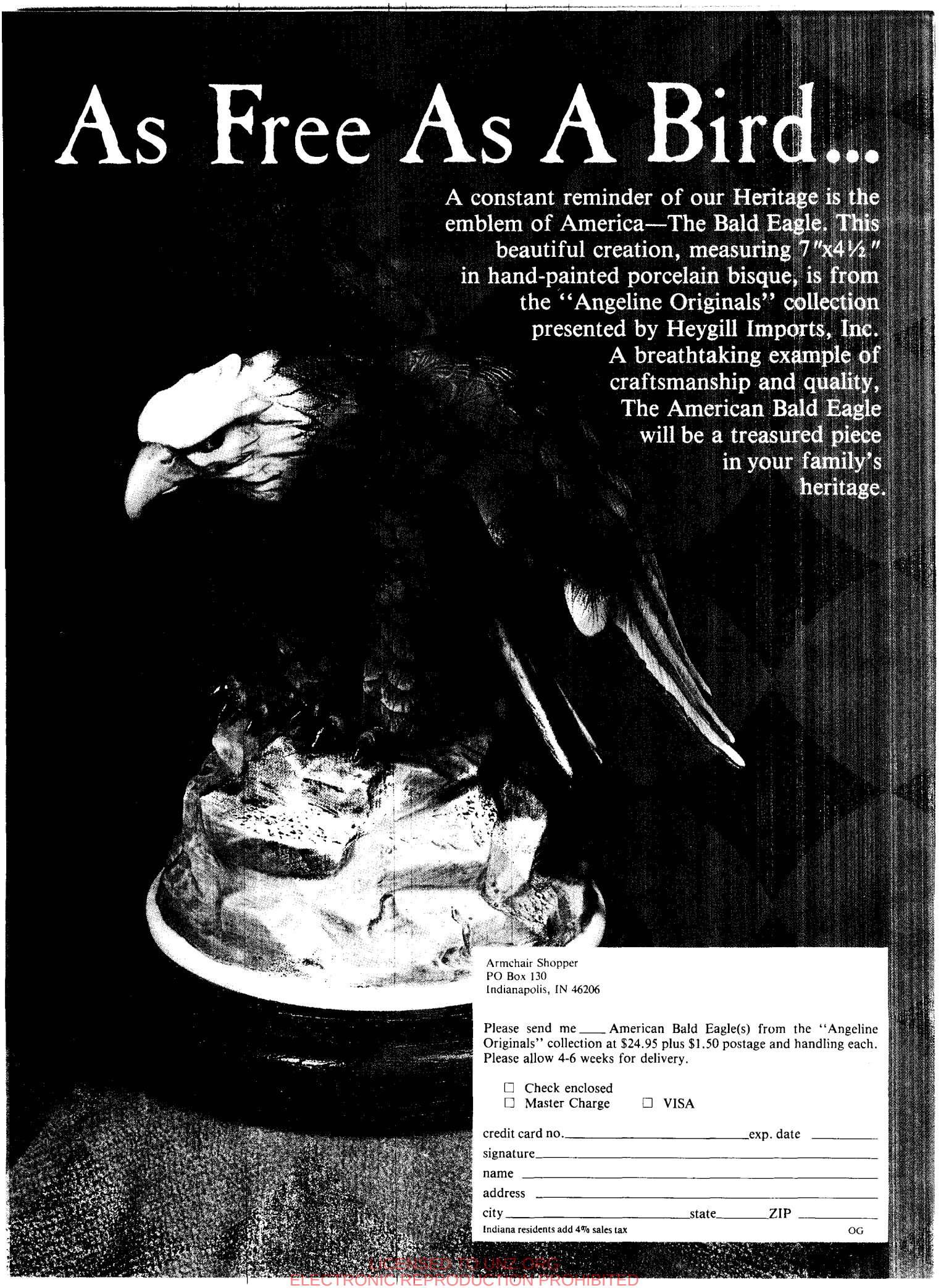

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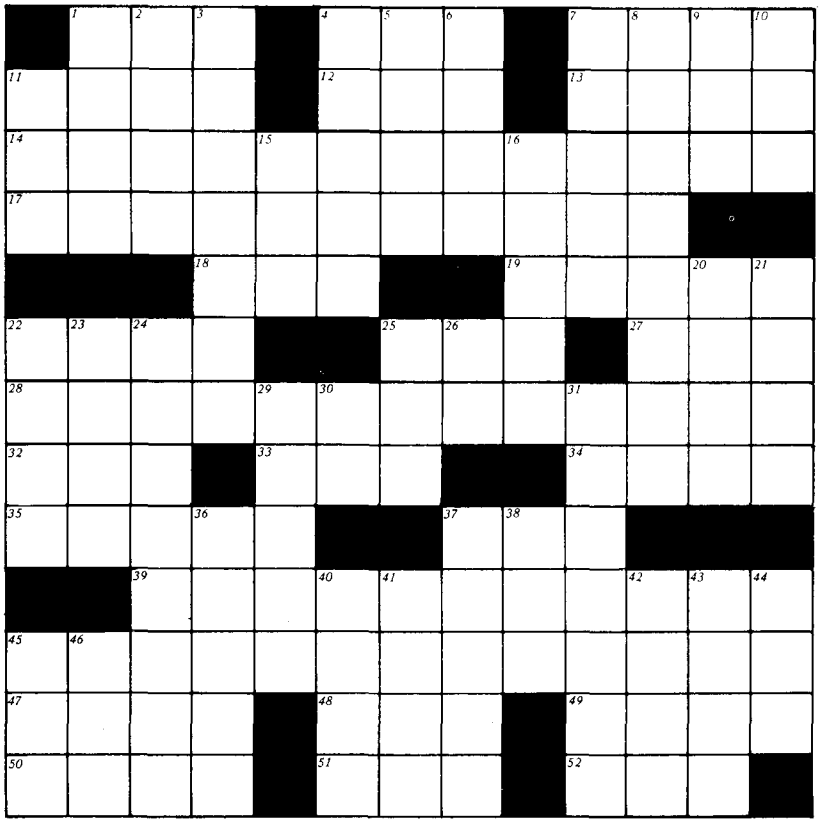
...for Franklin fanciers



Answers on page 118

ACROSS
1. Steal
4. Football scores (abbr.)
7. Demeanor
11. Canadian Prov. (abbr.)
12. Hurry
13. Aware (informal)
14. With 45 Across, a proverb
17. Author of 14 Across
18. Middle East country (abbr.)
19. Argentine leader: Juan or Eva
22. A sodium soap
25. Humbug intensifier
27. Altar vow
28. "He --- not safe," 17 Acr.
32. Over (poetic)
33. Child's game
34. Sea eagle
35. Violin maker
37. College degree (abbr.)
39. Real name of 17 Across
45. See 14 Across
47. Leeward
48. Opposite of WSW
49. College sports assn.
50. Russian news source
51. A Kennedy
52. Tennis unit

DOWN
1. Muse of history
2. Palindromic name
3. Describes 39 Across
4. Possessive pronoun
5. Platter
6. Clockmaker Thomas
7. Marianne or Gary
8. Blotter
9. French for summer
10. Digits (abbr.)
11. Mont Blanc, e.g.
15. Lawrencium symbol + s
16. Father of Moses' spy (Num. 13:9)
20. Supreme Norse god
21. Proboscis
22. Greek portico
23. Vocal attention getter
24. Jesus taught in these
25. With borrow or steal
26. Home energy (abbr.)
29. Insects bite or -----
30. Continent (abbr.)
31. Counts
36. "Far" prefixes
37. Bleated
38. Picnic pest
40. Worry
41. French name
42. Fine netlike fabric
43. Sumatran technique of fabric decoration
44. CIA counterpart
45. No loss when lost
46. Utmost hyperbole, as in --- borate

Lead Poison

continued from page 71

at a hospital for a week for poisoning that caused their urinary excretion of lead to soar up to 80 times the normal rate. The source of the lead was paint which became loosened from a set of cocktail glasses after several trips through the heat and detergent of the family dishwasher. They were lucky to escape unharmed. Not so lucky was a woman who was particularly fond of cooking hearty dishes in an earthenware casserole from Mexico. When improperly fired, the lead-based glaze of such pottery can leach out upon contact with acidic foods. By chance, the woman's husband brought home an FDA warning sheet about such pottery. She recognized her recent symptoms of headache and fatigue and took the casserole to be tested. Lead concentrations in the casserole were extremely high. Unfortunately, the woman was pregnant at the time, and since her blood lead levels were so high, it was decided the fetus had already been permanently damaged and that she should have an abortion.

In another case, an actress came down with strange symptoms. She began losing her acting ability. Her hair fell out and she ended up in a wheelchair. Seeking a cause for her ailments, she became suspicious of some bone meal from a health food store she had been consuming daily to increase her calcium intake. Her diagnosis was right. The analysis showed the bone meal contained a high level of lead. It had come from old horses who had been exposed to lead all their lives.

Benjamin Franklin would not be surprised that even at this late date lead still claims unwary victims. In 1786 he noted that the "mischievous effect from lead" had been known to scientists for at least 60 years. "You will observe," he wrote with irony, "how long a useful truth may be known to exist, before it is generally received and practised on."

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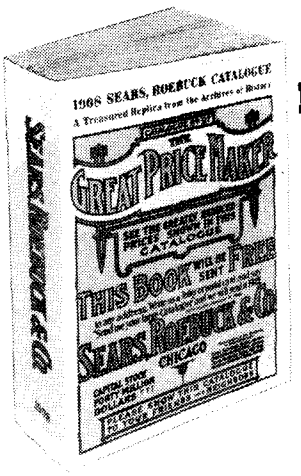

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Speaking Out

continued from page 38

were drawn, the areas selected seemed to carry some logical weight. The inclusion of Japan was particularly appropriate, in that this was the first time since World War II that Japan was asked to participate as an equal partner in a major world affairs group from its inception.

My point is that far from being a coterie of international conspirators with designs on covertly ruling the world, the Trilateral Commission is, in reality, a group of concerned citizens interested in fostering greater understanding and cooperation among international allies.

In one of the pamphlets of the World Affairs Council, I recently saw a statement that read: "In a democracy, agreement is not essential; participation is."

I wholeheartedly concur. And while I respect the rights of those who oppose groups such as the Trilateral Commission, I suspect their opposition, at least in the case of Trilateral, has been based primarily on lack of knowledge and understanding.

Mean and small-minded attacks and the absurdities of the extremists don't bother me much. By this time, I've become relatively thickskinned and quite able to fend for myself. But I regret that these misunderstandings have entered the political arena, and I do worry that misrepresenting the motives of good and dedicated people will only narrow instead of broaden participation.

In such an uncertain and turbulent world climate, our country—in shaping its role in the world—cannot afford to be sidetracked by foolish attacks on false issues. Rather, we must—all of us—work together to help frame a foreign policy that best reflects the courage and commitment that are the cornerstones of this great nation.

Treasure

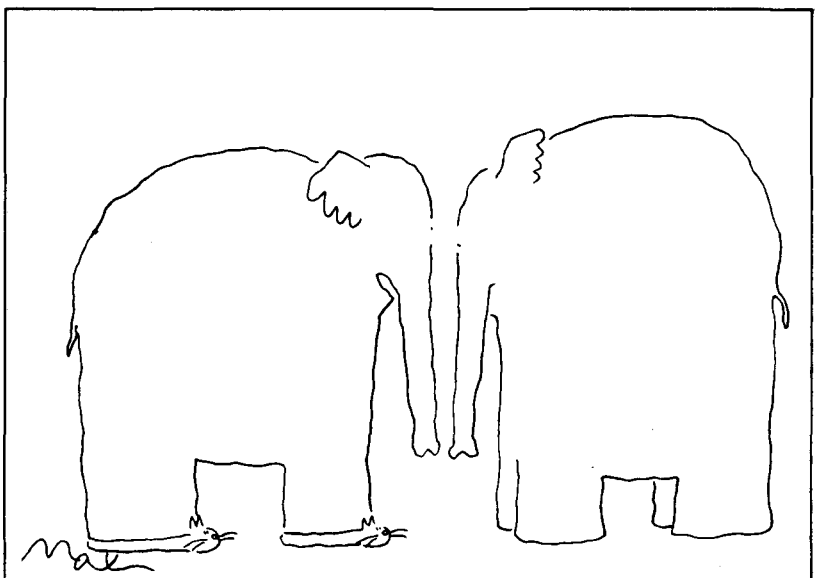
continued from page 61

threw it away."

Easly's glad he resisted the thought. What he had found, eight inches under the surface, was a 1776 pewter Continental dollar, with a collector value of about $2,500.

These are not isolated incidents. Anyone who learns to use a metal detector and who searches the right locations is certain to find lost coins and other valuables. Those who search frequently, over potentially good sites, can generally recover the cost of their detector in a reasonably short period. Any finds beyond that can truly be considered icing on the cake.

Many amateur detector users, however, are more recreation-minded than they are profit-motivated. To them their detector is an after-work, weekend or vacation companion to be used, more or less, for casual searching of nearby locations. On vacation, while Dad and the kids are fishing, Mom may hunt over the campgrounds, finding anything from Indian head pennies to today's clad dimes, depending on how long the location has been used. Or Dad may roam a dry creek bed, using his detector to search for gold nuggets.



"I'll admit that they do look silly, but they sure do keep the mice away!"

Many detector users never leave their home towns to search. Their treasure grounds are schoolyards, parks, fairgrounds, old home lawns, beaches and other local spots where people have gathered, lived or played over the years. Often the vacant lots of today's cities were once carnival grounds or other crowd-attracting spots and will frequently yield old coins and other valuables.

There is generally no problem with searching most public locations. Depending upon how long and how heavily these sites have been used, finds can range from a little to a lot and from very old to modern.

For instance, a park used since 1900 will contain new coins on or just under the surface and old, potentially valuable ones several inches in the ground. Beaches and swimming holes are great locations for finding rings, watches and coins. After heavy storms, detector users searching some Florida beaches have found Spanish coins and jewelry lost when treasure-laden ships capsized in the 1500s just off the coast.

A large number of detector users, however, shun the local searching areas in favor of traveling to sites with a greater potential for older finds. They talk to older residents and pore over old history books and maps, historical society files and other sources, seeking clues to where early settlers traveled, lived or gathered. Their greatest delight comes from pinpointing such locations and being privileged to run their detectors over ground that has not been previously searched. Finds at such locations, such as the George Washington inaugural button unearthed by a Maryland detector wielder, can be both rare and valuable.

Detectors, in recent years, have become popular with Civil War buffs, who research battlefield and campground locations and then scour them with their instruments. Finds range from bayonets and minie ball bullets to officers' sabers and uniform buttons. Any Civil War relic, if in good condition, brings premium prices from collectors.

Several manufacturers even sell units that can be used under water by divers to find lost relics, coins and other valuables. Standard detectors can also be used for shallow underwater searching, as long as the housing containing the electronic components is not submerged.

Many of these instruments can be set to reject some or all types of metallic trash, permitting the operator to go joyfully along, rejecting such items as nails, foil, bottle caps and pull tabs, while digging only the more electrically conductive pieces of gold, silver, copper and brass.

Choosing a detector is largely a matter of finding one that fits your budget, keeping in mind that "cheapies" gener-

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ally won't perform as well as the better-quality, more expensive models. Detectors should be bought from an authorized dealer or a factory and never from a discount store or general merchandise outlet, where salespeople generally know nothing about their operation or capabilities. If possible, it's best to try the detector before buying it to make certain you understand the machine and how it operates. Many dealers have units that can be rented cheaply by the day or longer.

The typical metal detector weighs about four to five pounds and can be swung back and forth for several hours without fatigue setting in. It operates with a slight, constant sound, which changes to a noticeable "whap" noise when the search coil passes over metal. Power is provided by penlight or nine-volt transistor batteries.

Using a detector is simple. The coil is held horizontally to the ground and as close as possible. The operator walks a straight line, moving the coil from side to side, allowing each pass to slightly overlap the previous one. Manufacturer's instruction manuals are easy to understand and follow, and no knowledge of electronics is necessary.

The type of metal detector purchased frequently depends on what it is to be used for. Casual searching, where items are not likely to be too deep, often requires only a simple, relatively inexpensive machine with discrimination capability. Searching for deeply buried items, such as Civil War relics, is best accomplished with one of the more expensive VLF (very low frequency) instruments. Since these models cancel out ground minerals, which to some degree affect other types, they are also excellent prospecting tools and are used by many treasure hunters to find nuggets, ore veins and gold-bearing black sand deposits, even under water.

Metal detectors range in price from about $50 to $400. A discriminating instrument that will give reasonably good depth and efficient operation can be had for $150 to $200. The ground mineral cancelling models, most of which also have discrimination capability, usually start at about $250.

Do detector users automatically have the right to search wherever they like? Certainly not—no more than they have the right to enter private property for any other reason. If, for instance, the remains of an old homestead is spotted on a rancher's property, permission to search is absolutely necessary. Detector users are deeply interested in preserving their public image and most are careful to observe the rights of others.

There are a few "no-no" public locations. National parks are usually off-limits to detector users, as are some state-owned parks and beaches. The site of any state or national historical monument is also *verboten.* It's best to check with authorities to determine whether the use of detectors is permitted at such locations.

Fortunately, there are many public places open to detector users, provided digging is done in a responsible manner and the area isn't left looking like it just hosted a gophers' convention. In locations where care is necessary, such as a park or schoolyard, a long-blade screwdriver is generally used to probe for coins. At locations where ground preservation isn't so important, a hunting knife can be used to remove a plug of dirt to retrieve the target. Sod is always carefully tamped back into place to leave little evidence of digging.

Anyone considering the purchase of a detector should first do some reading to learn what the hobby encompasses, which detectors should be used for which purposes, etc. There are many books available, but the best I've found is Charles Garrett's *Successful Coin Hunting* ($6.95).

There are also several magazines on the newsstands devoted to the treasure hunting hobby. They describe finds made by readers, give how-to tips and tell where finds may be made. Prospective detector owners might wish to read one or more before buying to get an overall view of the hobby. Typical titles are: *Western and Eastern Treasures, Treasure* and *Treasure Found.*

I suggest also writing to the following manufacturers for literature about their products and dealers in your area. These firms are well known for their quality products, for service and for advice to beginners. Some offer used instruments and time payments. Most accept credit cards.

Garrett Electronics, 2814 National Drive, Garland, TX 75041.

Compass Electronics, P. O. Box 336, Forest Grove, OR 97226.

White's Electronics, 1011 Pleasant Valley Road, Sweet Home, OR 97386.

Bounty Hunter, Inc., 1309 W. 21st St., Tempe, AZ 85282.

A. H. Electronics, 625 W. University Dr., Arlington Heights, IL 60004.

Many people who start using a detector turn into addicts, spending every spare moment at likely searching locations. But, regardless of personal schedules, those who are involved in this fascinating hobby find themselves spending much more time in the great outdoors, where the eager anticipation of searching is exceeded only by the thrill of what they find.

Her father gave her away when she was three years old.

He had to. Her mother is dead. He is incurably ill and can no longer give Angelina food and shelter.

For just $15 a month, you can help care for a child like Angelina.

Through our "adoption" program, you can help provide a child with medical attention, nourishing food, education, warm clothes and hope.

But please hurry. There are so many who need you. And somewhere, right now, a child is dying from starvation and neglect.

Write to: Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Incorporated, P.O. Box 5381, Dept. SP10X, Richmond, Va. 23220 USA

☐ I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐, girl ☐, in ☐Asia, ☐Latin America, ☐Middle East, ☐Africa, ☐USA, ☐Greatest Need.
☐ I will give $15 a month ($180 a year). Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐, the first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.
☐ I can't "adopt," but will help $ _____
☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If for a group, please specify.

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Church, Class, Club, School, Business, etc.

NAME _____

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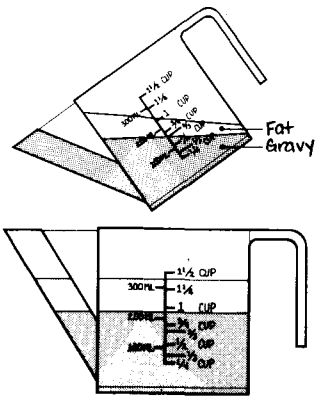
TOOLS FOR LIVING™

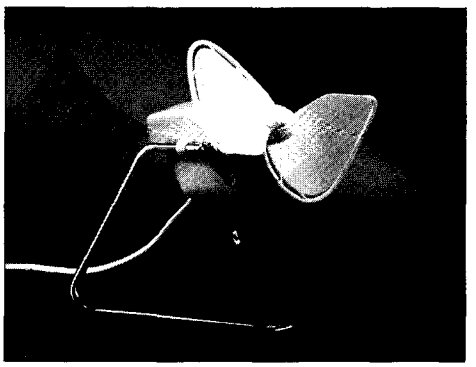
Tools for Living is an attempt to cut through the proliferation of products and bring unusually worthy values to your attention. Our items are not selected by an organized process. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for well-designed items of honest usefulness that do what they say they will do—and at reasonable cost. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it easier to shop that way. Some of these items can be found in local stores. Wherever you buy, we trust you will find the information here helpful. If you want to recommend a product based on your experience with it, write us at the address below.

SEPARATOR CUP



The bottom-spout design of this unusual cup provides a quick, effective, one-handed way to separate the fat from gravies, stocks, soups and sauces. It works for making clarified butter, too. Just pour in melted butter, wait a moment for the impurities to rise, and then pour off the clarified butter from the bottom up. The cup is made of tough clear Lexan (it is dishwasher safe) and is calibrated in milliliters and ounces for liquid measurements up to 1½ cups. This cup is a recent addition to the line of Hoan products, which are respected for their good design and quality of manufacture. This unusual new separator cup is **$8.00** ($1.50) #EVA188. For bigger jobs, a 3-cup version costs **$12.00** ($1.95) #EVA189.

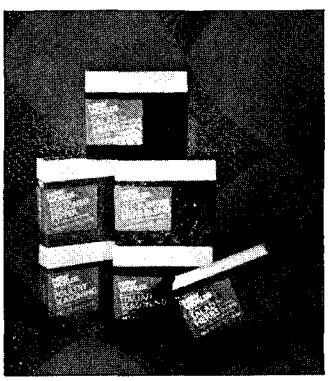
A FAN FOR ALL SEASONS



The important qualities of a household fan are safety, quietness, portability and force enough to get the air circulating. We've found a little powerhouse of a fan that is made in Canada and meets all these criteria admirably. The fan blade is made of pliable plastic. If you stick your finger in, the blade simply stops turning. So far as we can tell the possibility of injury, even for small children, is virtually nil. The fan has two speeds and although it is small (only about 8″ high) it moves a surprising volume of air. The operation is ultra-quiet, so your soothing breeze comes with no distracting mechanical rattles. Summer or winter, this is the best way we've seen to put air where you want it. The fans are **$35.95** ($3.00) #EVA158.

SALT & SUGAR FREE SEASONING

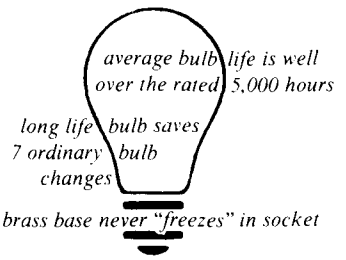
Blended seasonings will add zip and sophistication to just about anything you serve—dips, soups, salads, meats, fish, vegetables and even cheeses. That is why careful blends of herbs and spices are the secret weapons in any gourmet kitchen. But there is a problem with almost all the blended seasonings on the market today. They are made up largely of salt, sugar, or a combination of the two (for the expedient reason that salt and sugar are a lot cheaper than fresh herbs and spices). The commercial blends usually also include chemical preservatives and monosodium glutamate (the culprit that causes attacks of nausea and dizziness). It's hardly worth doing a favor to your palate if you are insulting your body with pollutants! But now it is possible to obtain fully natural seasoning blends free of salt, sugar and all chemicals. We've used these seasonings (put out by a company called New Worlds) and we found them outstanding: savory and aromatic, full of the essential oils that give herbs their characteristic flavors. These 4 oz. size seasonings will be a welcome accessory for any cook who specializes in gourmet or natural foods cooking—or who must cook for someone



on a salt-free or sugar-free diet. We can supply a selection of the 6 most popular New Worlds seasoning mixes to meet a variety of everyday cooking needs: Vinaigrette, creamy salad, Italian, poultry, seasoned pepper, all purpose herb blend, all for **$11.95** ($2.00) #EVA187.

LONG-LIVED LIGHT

You are probably used to paying $1.00 apiece for standard 100-watt lightbulbs. The surprising news we have is that you can save a substantial amount of money by spending $3.50 per lightbulb. Here's the arithmetic and some background information behind that claim. Standard lightbulbs have a rated lifetime of 750 hours. The comparable long life bulbs we have located from an industrial supplier, American Guaranteed Lighting, Inc., are rated at 5,000 hours, but continually last over 8,000 hours. Their long life bulbs last longer because the filaments are sturdier, the lamps burn cooler, and the filaments are far better supported than in ordinary bulbs. These features also mean greater light output per watt, so a 90-watt long life bulb gives essentially the same illumination as a standard 100-


average bulb life is well over the rated 5,000 hours
long life bulb saves 7 ordinary bulb changes
brass base never "freezes" in socket

watt bulb. So here is how the savings add up. First you save at least the cost of 7 regular bulbs over this bulb's 5,000-hour-plus lifetime: $7.00. Then you save 50 kilowatt hours of electricity (the 10-watt usage difference over the life of the bulb). Figuring electricity costs as a modest 5¢ per kilowatt-hour, that's an additional $2.50 saved. Now from the total $9.50 saving, subtract the $3.50 cost of the long life bulb. The *total net saving* is $6.00! We think these figures speak for themselves. You can also order the bulb in a 68 watt version that gives the same illumination as a standard 75 watt bulb. Here's how to order: six 90 watt—**$19.00** ($2.00) #EVA145, six 68 watt—**$19.00** ($2.00) #EVA146, or three each of 90 watt and 68 watt—**$19.00** ($2.00) #EVA147.

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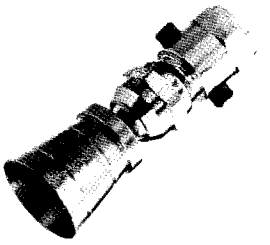
SAVINGS IN THE SHOWER

Most people don't think about the energy crisis in the shower, but the fact is that heating water is the second largest category of home energy use. One alternative is to take cold showers. A less Spartan solution is to install a ShowerSaver conservation showerhead. This showerhead reduces waterflow from the average of 6 or 8 gpm (gallons per minute) to about 2 gpm. Less water used, of course, means less *hot* water used. The U.S. Department of Energy calculates that this degree of shower reduction will save the average family of four (each taking a ten minute shower a day) up to $300 a year for electrically heated water or up to $160 a year for gas heated water. Not long ago, Hamilton Township, N.J., passed out 30,000 of these showerheads free to residents in an effort to cut down water use and sewage load. The result was dramatic: a 25% overall reduction in residential water use. When we at *Tools for Living* heard about the Hamilton Township experience, we thought many more people would want to know about the ShowerSaver—especially people concerned about water and energy usage. We can send you the ShowerSaver (which installs simply, just like an ordinary showerhead) in the



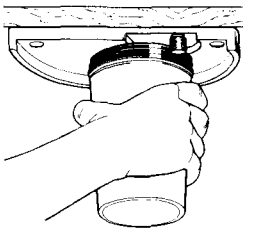
deluxe model for **$17.95** ($2.00) #EVA76/1. This deluxe model has a push-button valve for turning off the spray temporarily (while you are soaping, for instance) without losing the hot/cold mix. It's made of chrome-plated solid brass with no plastic parts to break or wear out. We think you'll find that this device will have a significant impact on your water and energy use. The manufacturer offers a money back guarantee. We can also supply flow-limiting aerators for use in kitchen and bathroom sinks for **$2.95** ($1.00) #EVA77/1. These aerators halve the water flow from a normal 4 gpm to 2 gpm and the manufacturer calculates that these aerators pay for themselves in about 55 minutes of hot water running time.

CHEAP FIRE INSURANCE

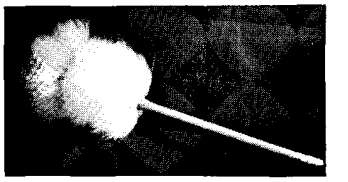
No one likes to anticipate emergencies. But it is undeniably better to be prepared than to be sorry. Fire is a good example. It is simple good sense to have a fire extinguisher in every kitchen, every motor vehicle, every boat. Probably you'll never need it. But if you do, you'll need it *right away!* Fire extinguishers are coded according to what sorts of fires they are effective against: (A) for combustible materials (paper, wood, fabric, some plastics); [B] for flammable liquids (gasoline, cooking oil, grease, paints); (C) for live electrical (short circuits or faulty wiring in motors, switches, home appliances). Different fires require different treatment: while water will work on a type (A) fire, it can actually *spread* a type [B] fire or cause a fatal shock in a type (C) fire. As believers in preparedness, we at *Tools for Living* have found a small inexpensive fire extinguisher that is rated effective against all three classes of fire. We think this is the best multi-purpose unit available for protecting home, apartment, car, boat or camper. It is a dry chemical type extinguisher (it sprays a 10-foot stream of non-toxic powder onto the fire, smothering it) that exceeds all the minimum ratings recommended by the federal government. A gauge on the extinguisher registers its degree of pressurization. The original charge will last for up to 6 years. The extinguisher comes with a bracket assembly for wall or vehicle mounting. At only **$23.00** ($3.95) #EVA159, this is a pretty inexpensive form of insurance.

ONE-HANDED MARVEL

There are innumerable jar-openers on the market but none as clever as this gadget, the Un-Skru, marketed independently by a Denver man. With this aid, even the most stubborn jar top can be opened using only one hand. No more straining or rapping the jar on a counter edge or running hot water on the lid until you eventually free it—or make an unscheduled change in the menu. For those with arthritis or other handicap this simple tool is a life-saver. The Un-Skru mounts unobtrusively under a shelf or cabinet and works on any lid from ⅜" to 3⅜". It installs simply (two screws) and is made to survive years of everyday use. We've had one for a year and it has never failed us (brute strength was never so successful). We can send the Un-Skru for **$6.50** ($1.00) #EVA85. We can say without reservation that every kitchen should have one.



DUST MAGNET



If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways*, we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. It evokes memories of all those movie scenes of starched maids humming happily to themselves as they dust endless feet of library shelves. On its own it actually *attracts* and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Its magnetic qualities also are perfect for gathering cobwebs from the tops of windows or from ceiling corners. When the duster is soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water, let it dry and fluff it out. We are happy to offer a 20" authentic lambswool duster imported from England for only **$8.00** ($1.95) #EVA163.

OUR SHIPPING POLICY AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service to insure prompt delivery. Prices show item price plus shipping and handling charges in ( ). If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us and we'll exchange it or refund your money.

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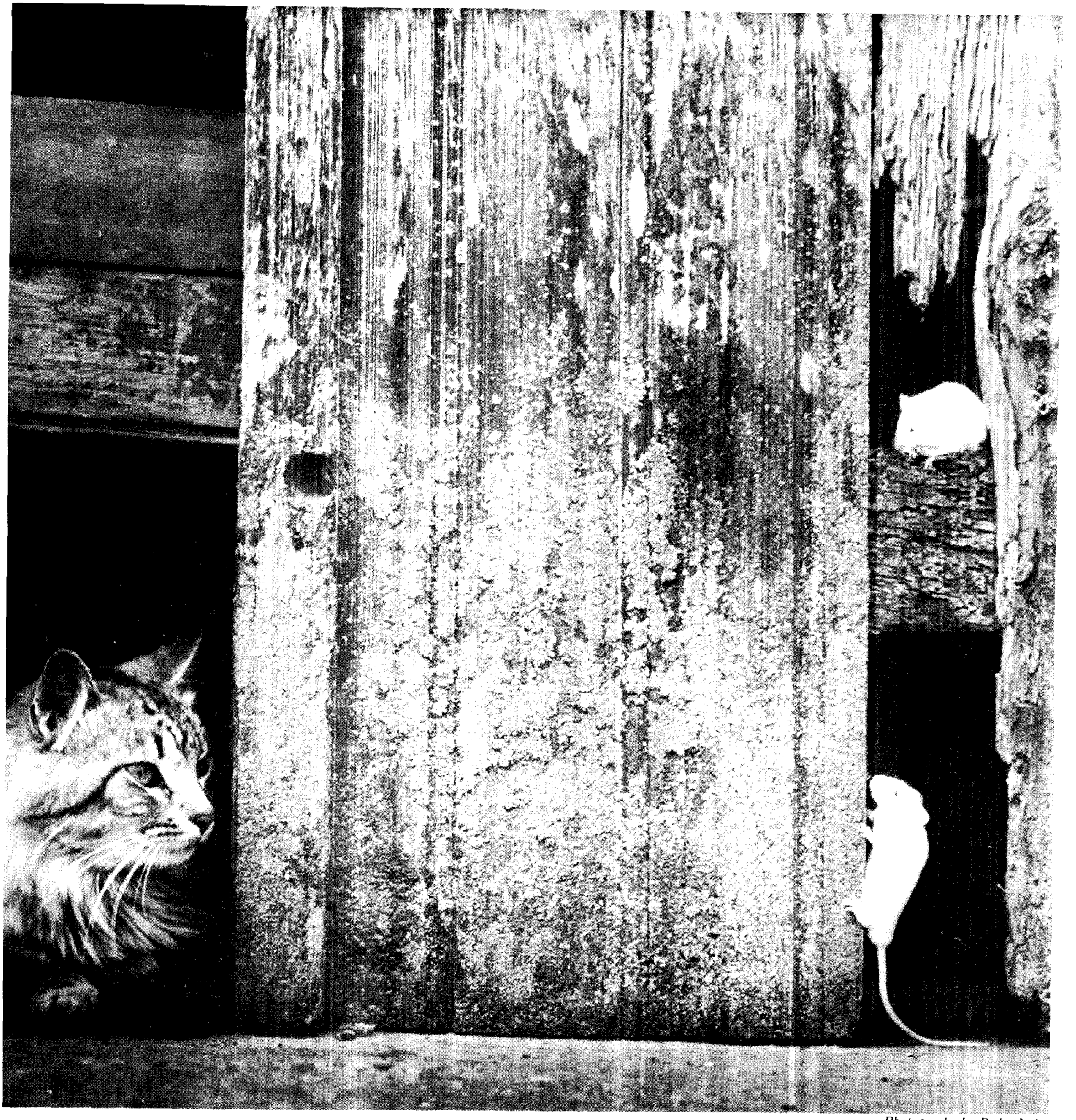

Photography by Pedro Luis

Can you name this photo?

...contest: $100 to the author of the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. $100 will also be awarded to the photographer, amateur or professional, whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. (Black and white photos are preferred. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.) Send entries to Photo Contest, SatEvePost Editorial Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by September 30, 1980.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Leila Kyser of Yacolt, Washington, for the winning entry in our July/August photo caption contest.

Who says it's confined just to those
From up north who are called Eskimos?
Instead of a kiss,
Enjoying the bliss
Of togetherness nose against nose!

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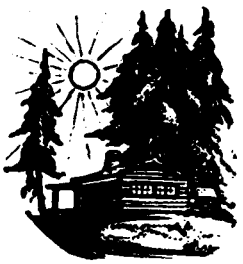
GUN CONFISCATION, MONETARY COLLAPSE, & AN AMERICAN DICTATOR NEXT!?

Your Physical and Financial Survival is at Stake!!!



"World at war, rampant inflation, deepening recession, stifling taxes, increasing unemployment, and civil turmoil . . . . The fall of Iran, Afghanistan, Nicaragua, Rhodesia, the Panama Canal and American diplomats held hostage—all during one administration—clearly America is headed for a disastrous political, social and economic period,"

—warns German Author Hans J. Schneider

Yes—You need to be prepared now more than ever before. The following manuals (covering physical, financial, wilderness survival) will help you and your family prepare for the coming bad times. YOUR LIFE COULD DEPEND ON IT!

WILDERNESS SURVIVAL

How would you like to master the art of wilderness survival? Be able to live in the woods with just the bare necessities? Hunt, fish and trap using the survival skills outlined in one book?

One of the best authoritative manuals on survival you will ever read, *The Official U.S. Air Force Survival Manual,* is a *must* for every emergency kit! You'll be buying the same Manual that has saved the lives of many USAF pilots under hostile and emergency conditions around the world. So you know it works!

COMPREHENSIVE. Proven superior over and over in the field of global survival, its chapters thoroughly cover: Survival in Areas Contaminated by Radiation • Survival on Land (Arctic, Subarctic, Desert, Tropics) • Survival at Sea • Survival on Sea Ice.

This essential book gives you all the information you need to survive in the wilderness if you get lost or during times of crises and forced evacuation.

You'll receive vital information on Shelter, Food and Water; Edibility Tests on Wild Plants; Clothing/Equipment; First Aid; Signaling; Orientation (by stars and sun); Fire Making; Survival Weapons, Hunting, Fishing, and Trapping . . . **and MUCH more.**

Well illustrated (*over* 350 detailed drawings, tables, and maps) and **easy to understand,** this book is a *must* for every man or woman who is concerned about the safety and survival of their family during the uncertain times ahead! **Only $7.95 postpaid.** Order several—**additional copies just $6.95 each ppd.**

PHYSICAL and FINANCIAL SURVIVAL

Timely and Profitable Help for Troubled Americans **picks up where the** *USAF Survival Manual* **leaves off. In it Survival Expert Hans J. Schneider reveals his proven plan for YOUR freedom and survival in the midst of economic and civil turmoil.**

FIRST-HAND ADVICE. No one could be better qualified to write this book than Mr. Schneider. He survived a total economic crash and 2 dictatorships, including 5 years under Communism. His father, a former industrialist, lost $10 million overnight and was imprisoned. This was a time when thousands of a *disarmed* populace were ruthlessly murdered. Hans and his family had to search the forests for food in order to survive. This *practical, first-hand knowledge* will help you in similar times ahead.

BLEAK FUTURE. America is already in hot water, but the future looks much, much worse—runaway inflation, price controls, black markets, and eventually "a **MAJOR** depression that will make the 1930s look like a Sunday School picnic." After reading Mr. Schneider's book, you will also know:

* Why a dictator could rise to power in America (resulting in gun confiscation)
* Why the world is bracing for WAR
* Why famines and a collapse of the dollar are ahead
* Why big cities will be centers of bloodshed, food shortages, and massive unemployment

Hans Schneider adds this chilling warning: **"Any one of these events could spell disaster to unprepared Americans, physically and financially."**

SURVIVAL RETREATS. In his book. Hans has outlined what he has done . . . and what you can do to prepare for—**even profit from**—these times. Hans, his lovely wife, and their five children live in unspoiled wilderness next to a spring-fed stream, teeming with trout. They produce most of their own food and enjoy a *wonderful* family life. Is this your dream? By following his helpful advice, you too can wisely select the *right* place to live and set it up for survival.

His 288-page book also covers:

- What essential provisions to store, and how some can be used for barter
- How to educate your children at home legally—and avoid the bad influence of public schools!
- Simple inflation/depression-proof investments with a 30-100% yearly increase
- Jobs least vulnerable to unemployment
- Foreign lands—A wise move?
- 2 ways to hide valuables during chaotic times!
- 5 different ways to produce your own electricity without gasoline!

. . . and MUCH more.

You will also read about alternate lifestyles, weaponry, and defense tactics; turning a yacht into a "survival retreat"; 6 simple, inexpensive ways to preserve your own food (one using just a needle and string! page 47); **and what is even more important for your physical survival than merely storing food** (see pages 214 and 248-249)!

. . . And that's just the beginning. Mr. Schneider's book is literally a "goldmine" of valuable "how-to" information. But don't take our word for it, read what others are saying:

* *"Timely* . . . a good prescription for those of us who no longer expect any help from the failing institutions of this world and recognize that we must work out our own salvation —physical, mental and spiritual."—John R. Andrews, M.D., Ellijay, GA.
* "His book is exceptional not only because it is timely and practical, but because it is based on actual personal experience— it is not a lot of idealistic theorizing or useless philosophy." R. A. Johnson, Survival Editor for *Inflation Survival Letter.*

You can order *Timely and Profitable Help for Troubled Americans* (288 pages) for **just $9.95 postpaid**—certainly one of the best investments you will ever make. And his advice *can profit you* no matter where you live *or* what the economic conditions may be!

GLOBAL SURVIVAL

Mr. Schneider is also the author of another book. His latest, *Flying to be Free* (256 pages), is his personal never-before-told story of his boyhood passion for flying in his communist-occupied homeland, the years he spent on dangerous aviation missions through **war-torn** Europe and the near-fatal accounts of his travels under survival conditions in almost *100* countries. It is beautifully illustrated with over *110* photos/drawings and a full-color cover. In a special chapter, Hans even tells you how you can save substantially on trips abroad using the same methods he did!

SPECIAL OFFER & FREE BONUS. All three books provide you with *over 700 pages* of vital, informative reading. To help you and your family prepare, we have created **a special 20% discount offer—get all three books** *(USAF Survival, Timely . . . , and Flying . . .)* **in one "Survival Package" for just $23—$6 off!**

When you take advantage of this special offer, we will send you *Masters of Legalized Confusion and Their Puppets* by Hans J. Schneider as a *FREE BONUS.* This book (55,000 copies in print) is an undisputed eye-opener written without compromise. All these volumes will make fine additions to your library.

To order, just clip the coupon and send with a check or money order. Or simply "charge it" to your Master Charge or VISA. Prompt shipment guaranteed!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. You may read these books for 15 days. If not pleased, you may return them in undamaged condition for a full and prompt refund. In either case, the *free bonus* is yours to keep. You can't lose!

BUT ACT NOW. Remember, only those who are adequately prepared will survive the bad times now facing America . . . and the world.

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Putt-Putt

continued from page 29

on an old idea. Miniature golf, he believes, came to the United States from Scotland and England in the early 1920s. It developed, he asserts, when caddies in the "long golf" links in those countries sought ways to relieve their boredom while waiting for somebody to hire them to carry their bags and clubs. "They dug holes in the ground and built funny little hazards around them and putted from one hole to another," he says. It was the rough equivalent of an early version of our putting greens.

Don Clayton wasn't trying to revive miniature golf as the 1920s knew it. That thought never entered his mind. He was introducing a new and compelling dimension into an old idea—the element of skill in putting and the particular pleasures that come from cultivating that skill ("instead of simply providing a few moments of entertainment"). The way he worked it out, one didn't have to be a golfer to play Putt-Putt. One didn't have to be much of a putter. But everybody could have a lot of fun just by matching skills—however primitive—as long as luck did not become the prime element within the game. He took the "pinball machine" effect from miniature golf and substituted a competition of putting-made-easy. It seemed to match the new spirit in America: a readiness to compete in all kinds of activity and have fun doing it.

In time, he found that he was devoting a great deal of attention to writing other people on how to set up Putt-Putts and sending them blueprints of his whole designs. This was time and attention he could devote to his own business. He finally asked himself, "Why am I doing this for free?" The answer: He didn't know. So he began charging those who wrote to him: He provided plans and blueprints and permission to use his legally protected trademark for $250.

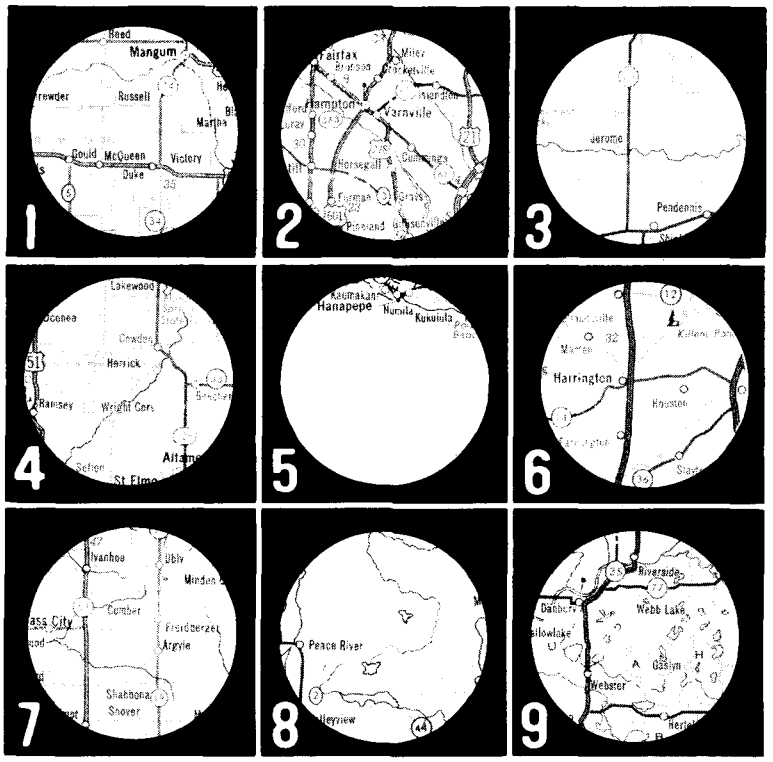
Suddenly he found himself in an entirely different business. But he didn't know it. He was, in effect, franchising people to build Putt-Putts. At first, he got an initial fee but no continuing income from their efforts. And continuing income is the secret of prosperity in selling franchises. But Clayton didn't really know that much about franchising. It was still less than the wild investment craze that it became a few years later. (Says Clayton: "Holiday Inns had just started and McDonald's Restaurants weren't really deep into it by that time.") He was just doing what came naturally. "Why, you could have written to me and for $250 I would have given you the rights to build Putt-Putts in"—he groped for a city whose splendor was appropriate to the concept—"Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania!"

In any case, this system more than quintupled the number of Putt-Putts that were in existence or were abuilding by the end of the third season. "There were 44 in all," he says. He owned some, he owned half of others, and he'd franchised the rest. He was making a good living from Putt-Putt, but he was still operating the insurance agency. Only now *it* was a sideline.

And that was just the start.

For in time, Don Clayton felt he could sell out of the insurance agency and spend all of his time with the Putt-Putt. That did not mean the work or the opportunity lessened. He worked out a scheme to sell—as a spin-off of the original idea—all the equipment that a Putt-Putt golf course might need, from golf clubs to light standards to shirt patches. He worked out a number of promotions that gave Putt-Putt a certain celebrity; they involved everything from local tournaments to a "Pro Putting Tour"—offering, at the peak, some $300,000 in prizes—to syndicated television shows about Putt-Putt competition. He even took time off—when he discovered he had a serious heart ailment—to relax and then to build ("for $220,000") his own Putt-Putt in Hialeah, Florida. It was still fun for him; he kept the Hialeah Putt-Putt open 24 hours a day—he said he got groups of 50 or 60 players coming in at 4:00 in the morning: "We see people come out all night to play Putt-Putt as if there's no tomorrow," he says. "Or, if there is, these people want to meet it with a putter in their hands."

Now he's back in charge in Fayetteville again. He's running his own Putt-Putt and the whole Putt-Putt organization as chairman of the board—and, of course, as founder. It's still his baby. It's still his idea. It has involved a lot of hard and joy-filled work. For he considers that he's been repaid many, many times over by Putt-Putt. It gave him the satisfaction of finding his own way with his own idea. It gave him money. It gave him a particular kind of freedom. Most of all, it gave him the insight and the opportunity to put away the tears. So that he could find laughter in his life.



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 118)

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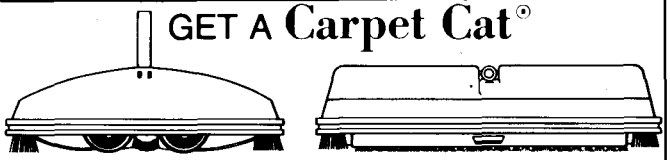

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Pick up unexpected messes in seconds.

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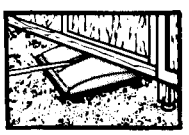
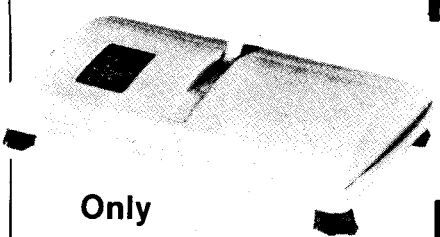


Reach hard-to-get-at-places.

THE CARPET CAT:



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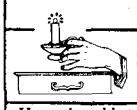

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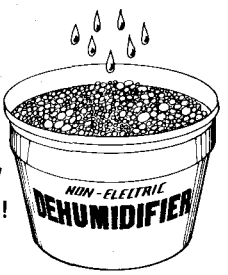

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For clothes closets

For bathrooms

For basements

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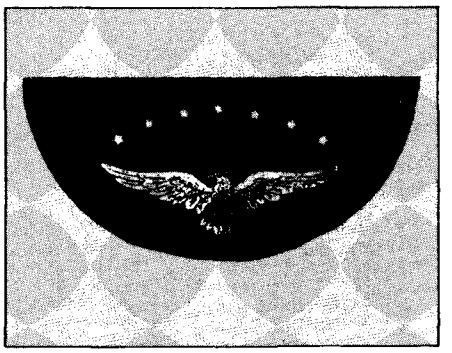

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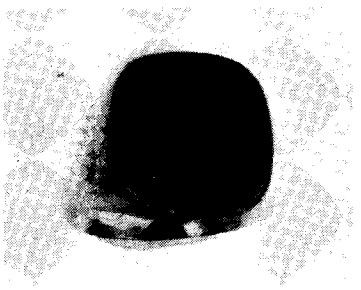

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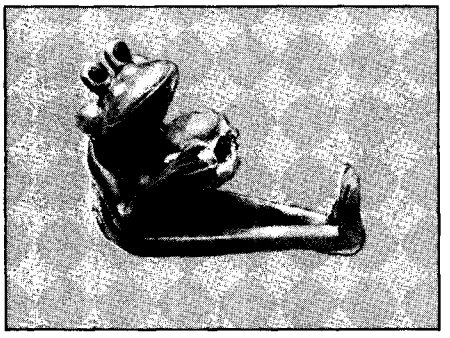

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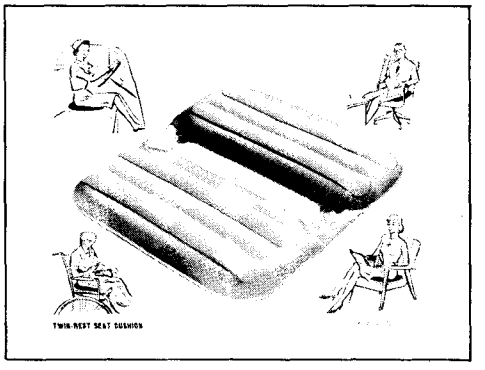

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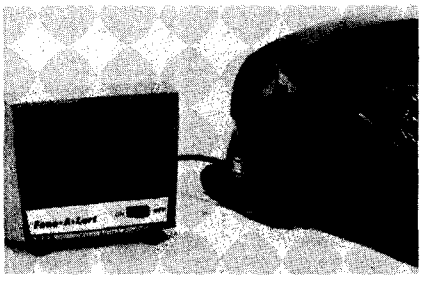

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TALL OR BIG MEN

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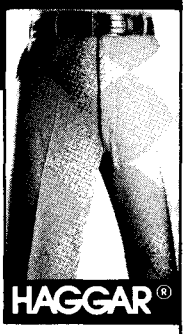

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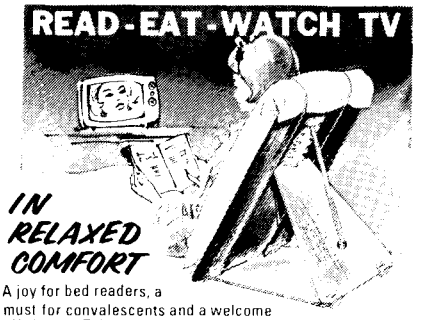

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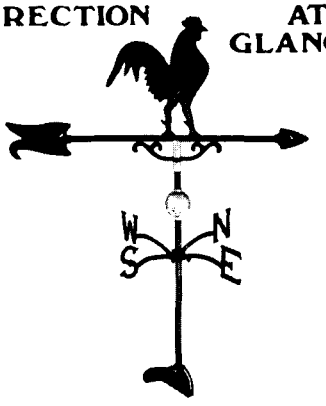

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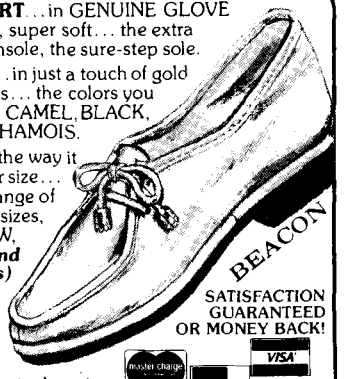

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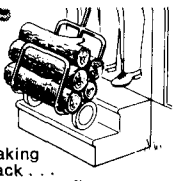

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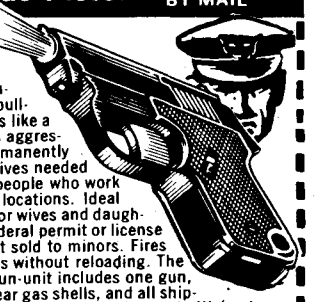

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Nancy Thurmond

continued from page 59

Strom—but I don't have any plans. I know the commitment of time and person. Once you have that deadline facing you, you have to press ahead no matter who has the chicken pox."

One commitment at a time, please, and right now the junior Thurmonds have first rights to Nancy's energies. Not that she's complaining. When it comes to parenting, she tackles it with the dedication of Mrs. Walton, the wit of Erma Bombeck and the occasional flourish of Cecil B. De Mille. For one of Strom Jr.'s birthday celebrations she borrowed buses and treated 100 of his schoolmates and soccer pals to a "Day in Space" at the Smithsonian. When Nancy Jr. turned nine, Nancy Sr. played hostess to a gathering of half-pint carpenters at a make-your-own-doll-furniture party.

Headquarters for all activity is a large, comfortable house, located in a cul-de-sac in McLean, Virginia. Nancy says the neighborhood is a "second Sesame Street," with a happy blend of races and nationalities which the family finds "very good and very healthy." If there is a drawback to suburban life, it's the distance between home and soccer field, home and piano teacher, home and violin lessons. Only recently Nancy decided to cut down on the children's outside obligations, not because she objected to car pool duties, but because she thought Nancy Jr., Strom Jr., Julie and Paul needed "a little running time."

"You have to reach a balance. Our children spend a lot of time interacting with each other. They really like to play together and I need to let them do that. We've overscheduled them at times, and I can see what it does. Nancy Jr. just likes to stay at home. She's at the age where Mommy and she have a great rapport. I hope it lasts. She's got a wonderful phrase—'I'm a very homelikey person.' "

The two Nancys share a common interest in music, especially the piano. Nancy Sr. took lessons for 12 years and, as winner of the talent competition in the Miss America pageant, was given a full scholarship to a music conservatory. She turned it down because piano was a "hobby and not something I wanted to give my life to." But that was *her* decision and she's adamant that her children should make their own choices. As far as the Miss America pageant goes, she claims nothing but good memories, in spite of cries from the feminist camp that the contest exploits women as window dressing.

Continued on following page

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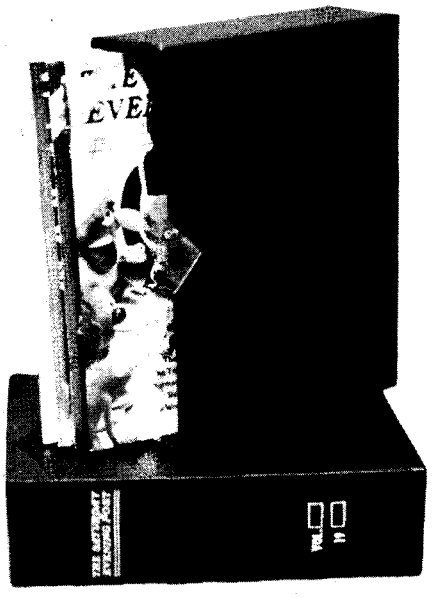

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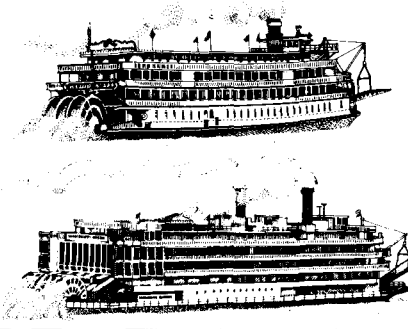

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"Certainly they have the swimsuit competition, but my reason for going into it was to further my talent. You wouldn't believe how hard I worked at practicing. The whole idea of the contest is for a young woman to improve herself, and from that standpoint it's a very wholesome endeavor. But I would never push our little girls into the pageant. I feel it has to be something the person involved wants to do. So many times it's not the yen of the young lady, but the wish of her mother. Mothers can get carried away and live their lives through their little girls. They try to fulfill their own dreams by seeing their daughters do well. That would be the only negative feeling I have toward the contest; but then I was involved when it wasn't a big, materialistic thing. We did mostly charity work—ride in parades, be the guest of honor at fire prevention week and appear at the York County Grape Festival. It's become quite a big business now. Whether that's wrong or right I don't know, but I guess I'm more of the philosophy that you don't have to be paid for every good deed you do."

Although she says she has no regrets that she didn't take the music scholarship or complete her law degree, Nancy sometimes engages in the mental game of "What if. . ."

"No, I wouldn't say I have had second thoughts, although you often wonder, well, what if I had finished law school, what would I be doing today? What if I had gone on and studied music? What if I had not married someone in public life and had just lived a very normal day-to-day existence? Sometimes I feel that a Small Town, USA, upbringing for children is wonderful because they are so free. In a metropolitan area you have to be careful. . .there are so many outside influences. Too often youngsters aren't allowed just to be kids. You don't see little girls playing with paper dolls much anymore or little boys racing cars in the backyard."

Small Town, USA, may be the eventual destination for the Thurmonds, since the senator has announced he will retire in 1984. Before heading back to South Carolina, the family probably will spend an extra year or two in Washington to enable the children to "really see the Smithsonian from top to bottom and devote all the time we want to the educational opportunities here." Law school is another option for Nancy, although she groans at the thought of starting over. Strom has voiced his support for such a back-to-school effort and Nancy admits it bothers her that her pursuit of a law degree is the only project she ever started but never finished. Such plans are in the future, however, and right now the Thurmonds are content to enjoy their last few years in the fishbowl.

"This is a wonderful opportunity for Strom to have the best Senate term of his entire career. Of course you realize that senators always have an election hanging over them. Every decision they make has political repercussions; it's not necessarily what is best for the country, but what is best considering the political climate back home. That happens to be the way our system works, and it's still preferable to any system in the world. Strom's a very independent person and he's always put the interests of the country first, yet there's always been that political heat—people who don't agree with him who might say, 'Gee, I can't vote for you again.' "

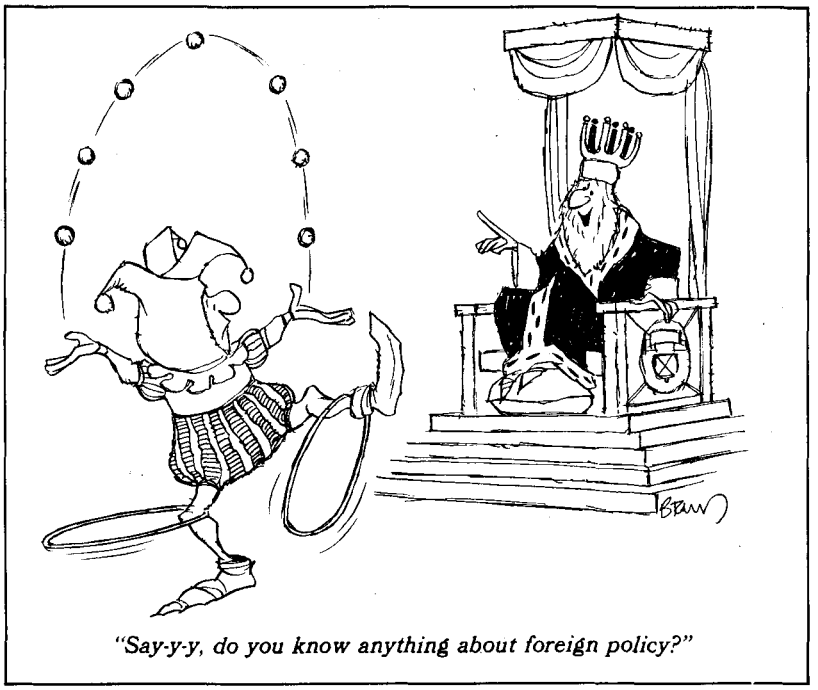
So now the heat is off and Nancy can put reelection worries on the back burner permanently. She assures frequent inquisitors she has no political aspirations of her own and claims that the fact she's been married to a senator for 12 years doesn't quality her for the job. Besides, she has a lifetime commitment to her children.

"I just cannot foresee the day when I'd ever be interested in running for office. My whole personality is one that I don't like to create waves. I don't like to have anybody displeased with what I'm doing. You have to be tough in politics; you have to be willing to take stands on issues that don't sit well with 50 or 60 percent of your constituents; you have people continually shooting at you, fairly and unfairly. There's a lot of garbage that's thrown at people in public life, so you have to develop a very thick-skinned attitude. I'm not that way. I want to be congenial and happy. I don't want to be creating the controversial issues. I don't like to *be* an issue either."

She's aware that skeptics, jaded by tales of discontented wives and empty political marriages, may find the lack of controversy in her life unbelievable. She offers no excuses.

"I guess in a way I've had a Pollyanna life, in that I haven't had any hard knocks. I've had a successful marriage which the experts said wasn't possible. According to the gossip, our marriage was going to crumble immediately, yet we've outlasted many of our friends. The Lord's blessed us with healthy children, and you can't ask for more than that. I guess I cling to the traditional values that many, many Americans wish we'd return to. If I had to say there is one thing that I'd like to contribute in my own small way, it's to encourage people to strengthen the family unit while they're strengthening their career opportunities and whatever other talents they hope to see fulfilled. That doesn't mean you have to be home 24 hours a day. It means when you *are* home you give your children quality time and listen to what they're trying to relate to you. We live in a very fast-paced world now, and their messages sometimes come in fast-emitted sentences. Unless you're really tuned into your children, you miss what they're saying."

And that's good advice from one who obviously relishes her dual roles as Mrs. Strom Thurmond and Supermom. Is Nancy Thurmond too good to be true? In some people's eyes, maybe so. But you don't hear the senator complaining. Or Nancy Jr. Or little Strom. Or Julie. Or Paul. And aren't they the ones who really count? ★



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FOOD

SAY "CHEESE"

For the photographer, "cheese" creates a cheerful fake. But the smile produced by good cheese recipes is true blue.

The theory that cheese is best used as a word to disguise your true feelings when having to pose with the ne'er-do-well about to marry your only daughter has been shot full of holes. Cheese is actually a highly nutritious and palatable food, containing in concentrated form almost all the protein and usually most of the fat, as well as essential minerals, vitamins and other nutrients, of milk. It's an old wives' tale that cheese "digests everything but itself."

According to unimpeachable sources, cheese was used as a food more than 4,000 years ago. It could be found on the menu throughout Biblical times. Even David was thought to have fortified himself with cheese before taking on Goliath. The art of cheesemaking came to Europe via travelers from Asia and was introduced to England by the Romans. Later, it came to the New World with the Pilgrims.

Until 1851, when the first cheese factory in the United States was built, cheesemaking had been just another little chore for the average farm housewife. The process merely involved curdling the milk, stirring and heating the curd, draining off the whey and then collecting or pressing the curd. Desirable flavor and texture were obtained by curing, or holding the cheese for a specified time at a specific temperature and humidity.

Although Americans eat less cheese per capita than people in many countries, every one of us capita in the U.S. puts away 14 pounds a year, for a grand total of 2 billion pounds. This is still a "whey-al" of a lot of curds and about double the consumption of 20 years ago.

But just so you won't be charging out to buy cheese before getting to our recipes, let us add a word of caution: Ripened by bacteria, mold, surface microorganisms or not, cheese should be eaten in moderation. The reason being summed up by perhaps the worst of all four-letter words: S-A-L-T! Not only cured with salt (Swiss is actually dipped in brine!), cheese also contains varying amounts of salt in its final form.

As you browse among the cheese recipes—and we *do* hope that your appetite for cheese has been only moderately curbed—keep in mind that, regardless of salt, cheese is an excellent source of high-quality protein and contains the amino acids required for a proper diet and in almost the exact proportions needed. There is almost no waste, it is easily digested and will supply necessary calcium and several vitamins. In addition, milk foods which have been acted upon by a starter are low in lactose. Anyone having lactose intolerance may eat these foods with relative immunity.

A final note of optimism: Some cheeses are slow to spoil. A cheese found in Siberia in 1948 was 2,000 years old—and still edible. Could have been limburger, of course . . . with limburger, it's *so* hard to tell.

Stuffed Edam

Pile the satiny-smooth filling into the bright red wax cheese shell.

1 (about 30 ounces) whole Edam cheese, room temperature
¼ cup butter or margarine, room temperature
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ cup chopped pimiento-stuffed olives
⅛ teaspoon hot pepper sauce
2 teaspoons instant minced onion
2½ teaspoons dry white wine
1 teaspoon caraway seeds or ½ teaspoon dillweed or celery seeds
Assorted crackers

Cut off top of cheese. Scoop out inside, leaving a ¼-inch wall of cheese inside wax shell. Shred scooped-out cheese onto waxed paper. In a blender or food processor, combine with remaining ingredients except crackers. Process until smooth. Pack cheese mixture lightly into shell. Serve immediately or refrigerate until 30 minutes before serving. To serve, place filled shell on a large platter or tray; surround with crackers. Makes about 1½ cups.

Cheddary Onions

(4 servings)

Use leftover chopped onion centers in other baked dishes.

4 large mild white onions
Water
1½ cups shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
¼ pound fresh mushrooms, chopped
1 cup soft bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon dried oregano leaves, crumbled
¼ teaspoon dried thyme leaves, crumbled
Pepper to taste
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons snipped fresh parsley
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons dry sherry or milk
Pepper to taste
¼ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese (¾ ounce)

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2 tablespoons snipped fresh parsley
½ teaspoon paprika
Lightly butter a 9" x 9" baking dish; set aside. Place unpeeled onions and water to cover in a 5-quart pot or Dutch oven. Bring to a boil and cook 20 minutes. Drain and set aside to cool. Peel cooled onions, cutting off roots and stems. Push out center of each onion, leaving a ½-inch shell; reserve centers. Preheat oven to 375 degrees F. (190 degrees C.). Place onions in prepared baking dish. Finely chop reserved onion centers. Combine 1 cup chopped onions, Cheddar cheese, mushrooms, bread crumbs, oregano, thyme and pepper. Spoon onion stuffing into onion shells. Cover and bake 1 hour in preheated oven until onions are tender when pierced with a fork. Melt butter or margarine in a small saucepan over medium-low heat. Stir in flour until mixture is smooth and bubbly. Add 2 tablespoons parsley, milk and sherry or milk. Cook and stir until sauce bubbles and thickens. Season with pepper. Combine Parmesan cheese, 2 tablespoons parsley and paprika in a small bowl. Remove onions from oven and cover with sauce. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese mixture. Serve immediately.

How to make stuffed Edam? There's nothing to it. Scoop the cheese from the center of the cheese ball, leaving a ¼" shell of cheese. Then process the filling ingredients until smooth.

Gently stuff the shiny red globe with satiny cheese filling. Place the filled ball on a tray or cheese board, garnish and surround with dipping foods such as crackers or raw vegetables.

Chicken Monterey
(8 servings)

Pull the bones from the chicken breasts or cut them with a knife.
4 chicken breasts
¼ cup butter or margarine, room temperature
½ teaspoon dried oregano leaves, crumbled
1 tablespoon snipped fresh parsley
½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
½ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese (1½ ounces)
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon dried oregano leaves, crumbled
¼ pound Monterey Jack cheese
5 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
1 orange, thinly sliced
Carefully cut bones from chicken breasts and remove skin. Cut breasts in half lengthwise. Place each chicken breast half between 2 pieces of waxed paper. Pound with a meat mallet until about ¼ inch thick; set aside. Combine ¼ cup butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon oregano and parsley in a small bowl; set aside. In a pie plate, stir together bread crumbs, Parmesan cheese, garlic powder, pepper and 1 teaspoon oregano; set aside. Spread herb-butter mixture evenly over pounded chicken breasts. Cut Monterey Jack cheese into eight 1½" x ½" strips. Place 1 cheese strip on each pounded chicken piece. Roll chicken around cheese, tucking ends under. Dip chicken rolls in 5 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Carefully roll in bread crumb mixure. Place seam sides down ½ inch apart in an ungreased 13" x 9" baking dish. Cover and refrigerate 4 hours or overnight. Preheat oven to 400 degrees F. (205 degrees C.). Remove chicken rolls from refrigerator. Bake uncovered about 20 minutes in preheated oven until juices no longer run pink when chicken is pierced with a fork. Place chicken rolls on a hot platter.

Dieter's Delight
(4 servings)

This fondue is a treat for diabetic, low-calorie and low-fat dieters—and for nondieters, too.
2 cups shredded low-fat American cheese (8 ounces)
½ cup low-fat milk or skim milk
1 tablespoon snipped fresh parsley
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 small garlic clove, minced
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon dried dillweed, crushed
¼ teaspoon celery seeds
1 cup broccoli flowerets
3 tablespoons water
1 cup zucchini slices, ¼" thick
1 cup carrot slices, ¼" thick
1 cup small fresh raw mushroom caps
Combine cheese, milk, parsley, onion, garlic, dry mustard, Worcestershire sauce, dillweed and celery seeds in a medium saucepan. Stir constantly over medium heat until cheese melts. Pour into a fondue pot or chafing dish. Keep warm over a low flame.

Place broccoli flowerets and water in a saucepan. Cover. Simmer over medium heat until crisp-tender. Drain. Place broccoli, flowerets, zucchini and carrot slices and mushroom caps in serving dishes. Using forks, dip vegetables into fondue.

Editor's note: If you haven't yet trained your diners to enjoy food more without salt, you may need to add a little to some of the above recipes. We took it out, hoping your diners have sophisticated palates.

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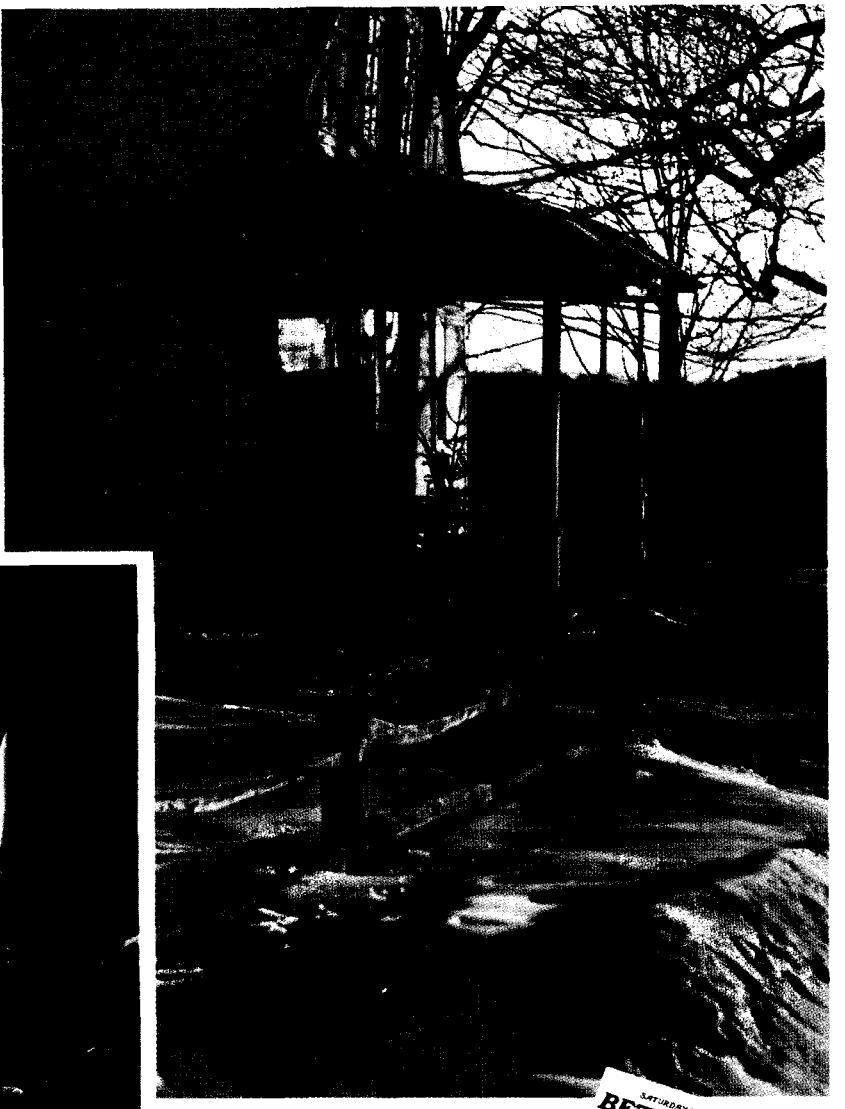

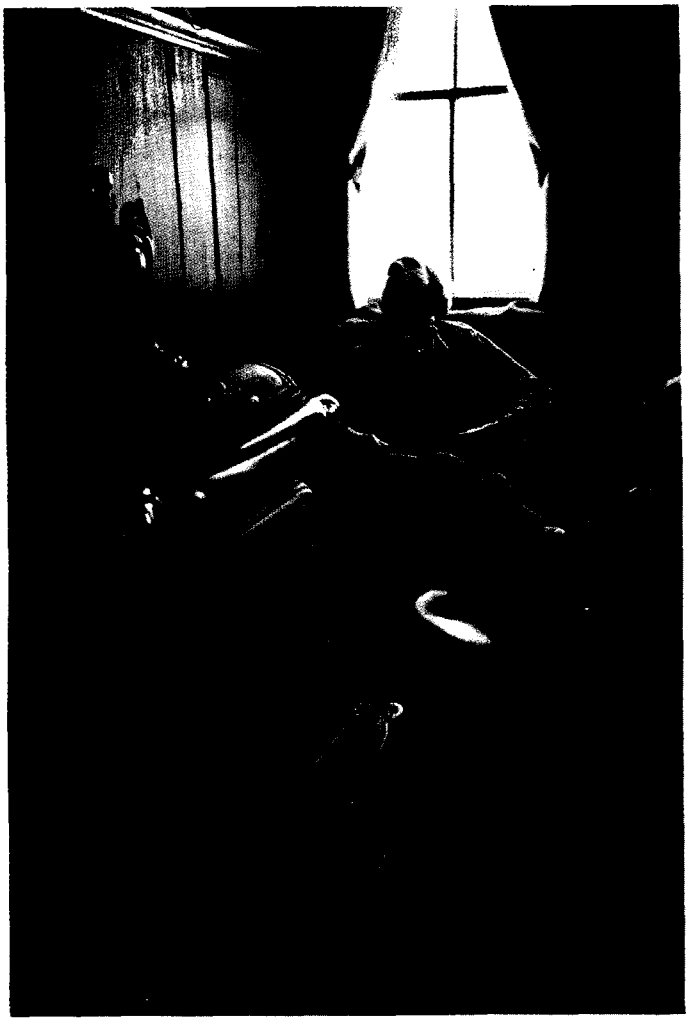

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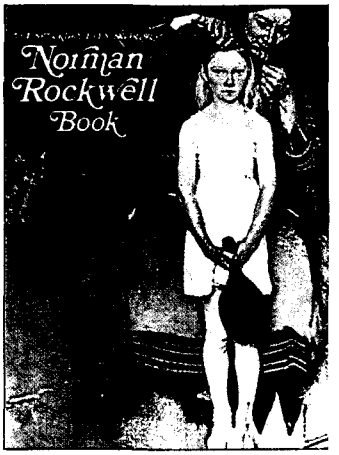

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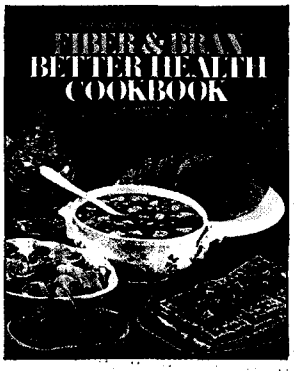

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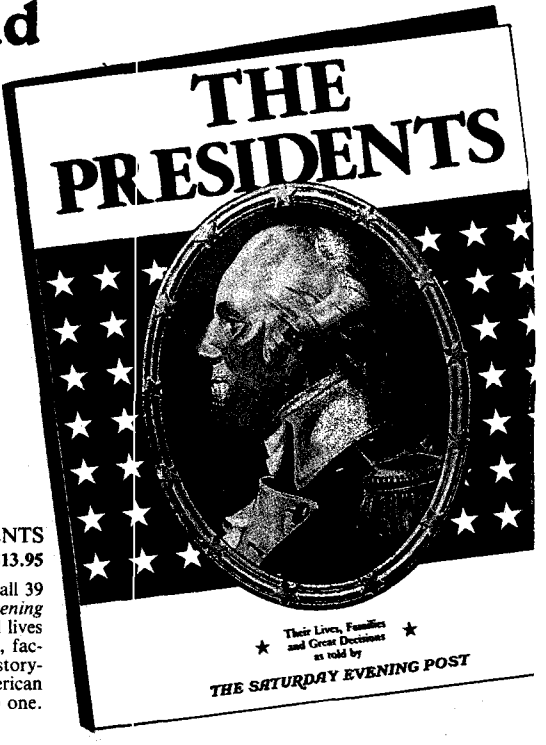

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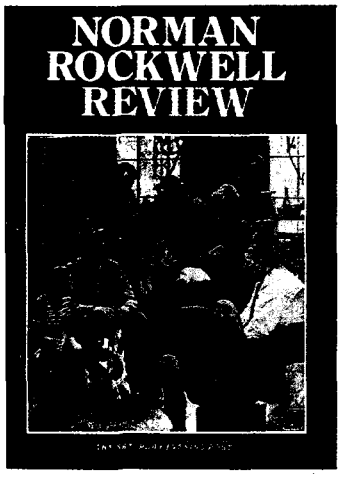

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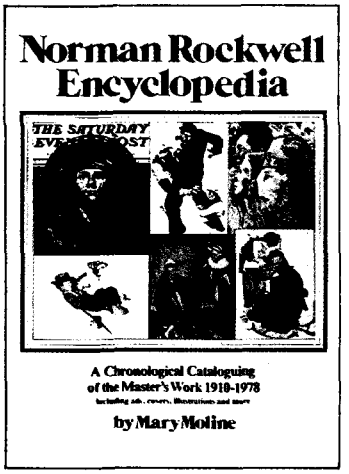

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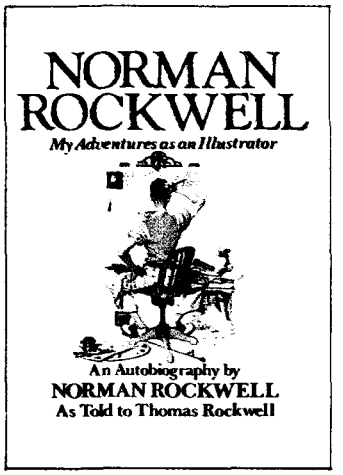

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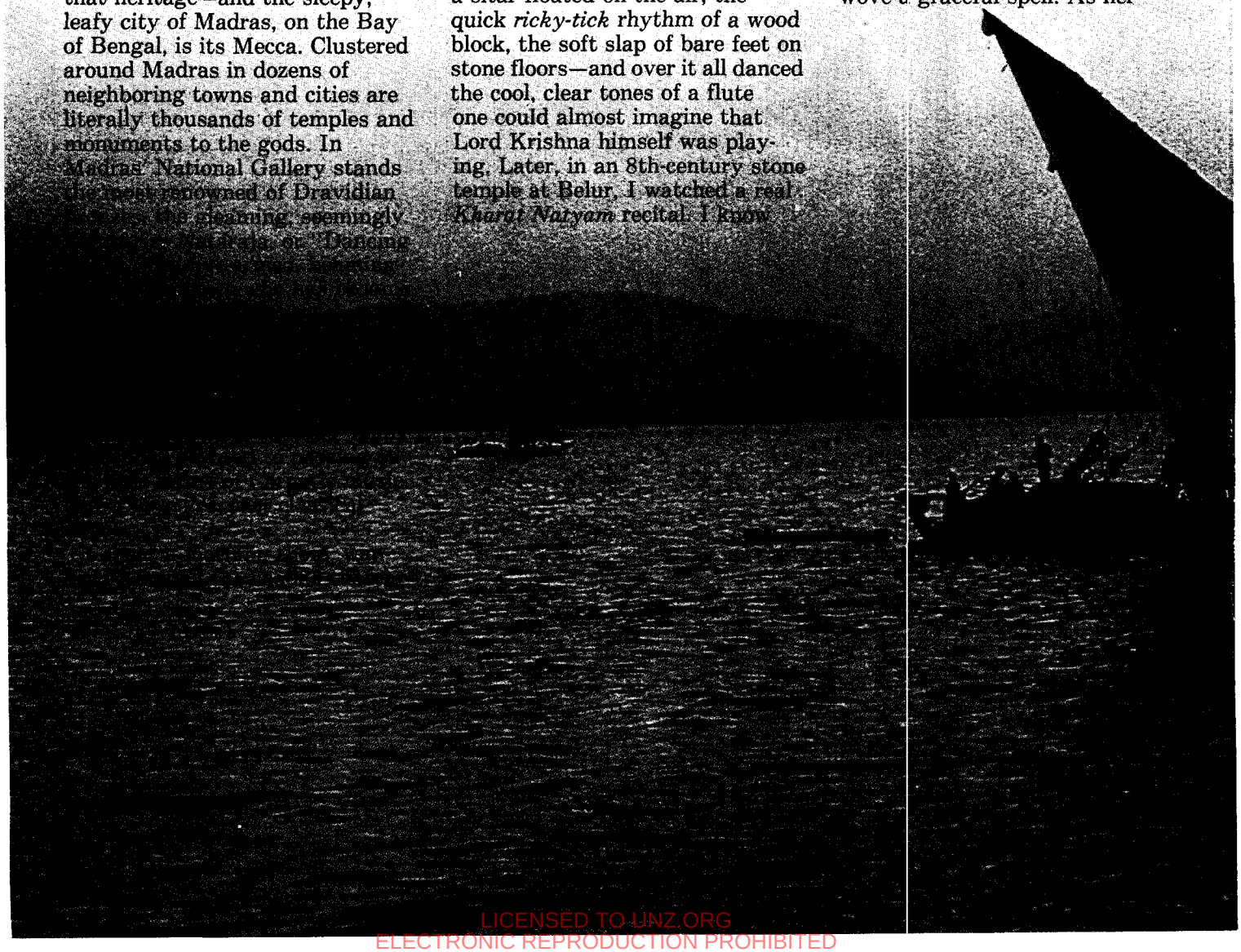
ver since Britain's super soldier of fortune, Robert Clive, pulled his troops out of Madras and sent them north to capture Calcutta in 1757, southern India has gone largely ignored by visiting foreigners. For a time, Bombay did serve as the East India Company's south coast anchor, but the rest of the region remained, for the most part, undiscovered, undeveloped and as mysterious as an Indian rope trick. Lately, however, the Indians themselves have discovered that the south's balmy, palmy beaches and cool, craggy mountains, its abundant antiquities and exotic array of products constitute a potential gold mine for 20th-century tourism and have launched a determined effort to open up the fabulous area at last.

Southern India, of course, is ancient Hindu India at its purest; its arts and architecture celebrate that heritage—and the sleepy, leafy city of Madras, on the Bay of Bengal, is its Mecca. Clustered around Madras in dozens of neighboring towns and cities are literally thousands of temples and monuments to the gods. In Madras' National Gallery stands the most renowned of Dravidian [illegible] gleaming, seemingly [illegible] Parvati, or "Dancing

The days of steamer trunks and ceiling fans, romantic as they may seem, are on their way out, as resort hotels and modern facilities greet travelers with southern hospitality—Indian style.

Photography by Kanwal Prakash Singh

roofed classrooms, peeking in on youngsters, ages 8 to 17, going determinedly through their musical paces. The soft twang of a sitar floated on the air, the quick *ricky-tick* rhythm of a wood block, the soft slap of bare feet on stone floors—and over it all danced the cool, clear tones of a flute one could almost imagine that Lord Krishna himself was playing. Later, in an 8th-century stone temple at Belur, I watched a real *Kharat Natyam* recital. I know almost nothing about the form; I'm not wild about Western ballet. But in the flickering light of the temple torches, the dancer wove a graceful spell. As her



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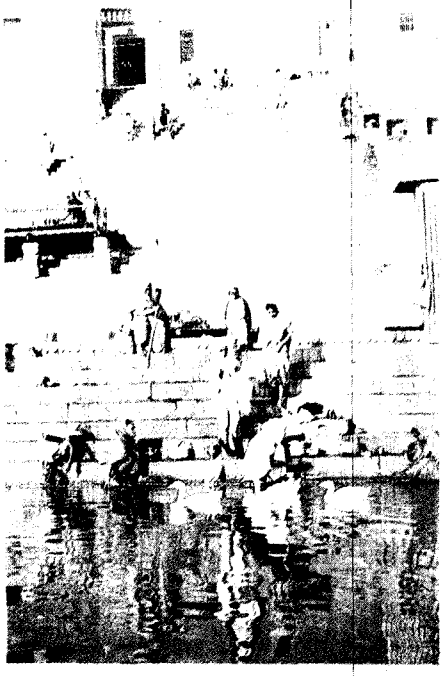
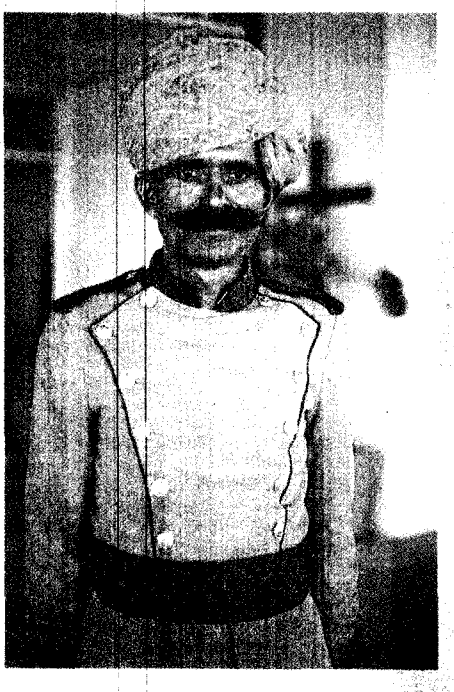
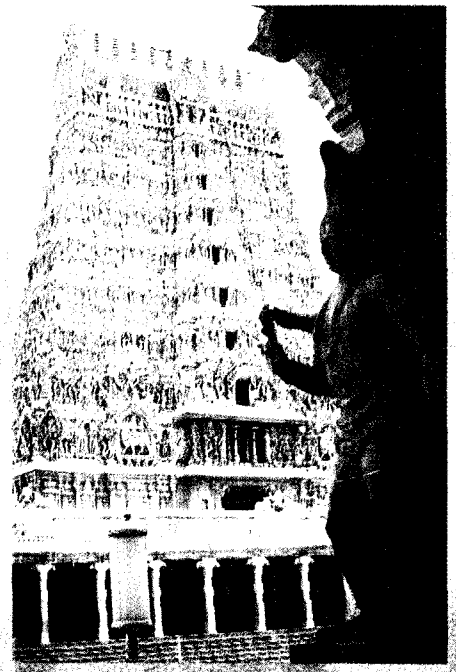


For many Hindus, a daily sojourn at the local water supply is a time-honored custom; for others, it remains a sacred rite.



At once stoic and hospitable, the turban-clad hotel doorman reflects India's unrivaled blending of the timeless and the new.



On the Minakst temple in Maduri, one of India's premier shrines, thousands of pastel-painted figures create a palatial effect.

fingers flew and her belled anklets chimed and wisps of incense smoke curled into the air, I was all but convinced I'd been carried back to some earlier incarnation [illegible]

Mysore is for magnificence—a quality in which the late maharajah there rather cornered the market. At the center of the city, surrounded by legions of snake charmers waiting to pose for pictures, stands the maharajah's main palace, a vast, domey, colonnaded Hindu-Muslim edifice festooned with precious glass, gold, silver, marble and ivory gewgaws—probably the largest and certainly the most opulent palace in India. It is, however, just one of a half dozen palaces in Mysore, including the maharajah's *summer* palace, [illegible] by clip up Chamundi Hill, overlooking the city, and a gleaming white edifice he built for his sister called the Lalitha Mahal—barely a cottage as those things go, I suppose, but about the size of the Capitol.

Nonetheless, [illegible] spent two nights there. The place was recently converted into a 22-room hotel. [illegible] such a [illegible] Bengali [illegible] en [illegible] rs and a [illegible] white [illegible] to mind [illegible] hal ven [illegible] seeing [illegible] ed a [illegible] mplete [illegible] four- [illegible] ichly [illegible]

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with a chrome-plated shower device that gave one the feeling of bathing in an Italian espresso machine.

While the maharajahs built their palaces, the maharanis draped themselves in precious silks—and nowhere in India are there finer silks than those found in the south. In Bangalore, I saw the whole sericulture process—from silkworms feeding on chopped mulberry leaves to the final spinning, dying and weaving of the gossamer threads of silkworm cocoons. Then, at a retail outlet adjoining the factory, I bought half a dozen pieces by the yard, at prices that ran about one-seventh what they would have been in New York (and there's no duty on them). And when I got home and tossed them out on a table, colors shimmering and splashing, an adoring wife and daughter greeted me like a returning Marco Polo (which I rather fancied I was).

But unremitting Hinduism, oriental splendor and the bustle and babble of exotic marketplaces can be wearying. And southern India, it turns out, has remedies for this problem, too. The first are the hill stations—those typically English resorts strung out through the hills where the British repaired to escape the steamy lowland summers. The town of Ootacamund—"Snooty Ooty," as it is called—is the acknowledged "Queen of the Hill Stations," where, except for its bracing 7,600-foot altitude and an occasional saffron robe, one really could believe one was back in England.

Ooty's well-to-do still golf on rolling grassy downs reminiscent of Devon, hunt chukar, deer and pheasant in the wooded highlands and ride, appropriately attired, to hounds (though they must substitute jackal for the traditional fox). And at Ooty's old Savoy Hotel, white-uniformed Indian bearers still kindle guest room fireplaces at sundown and whitewash the stone hearths clean again next day.

It rained one night I was there, a chill, biting rain. But a fire was crackling in the fireplace; jazz tunes—"Time After Time," "Too Marvelous for Words"—spilled from the tinny shortwave radio. And with a good bottle of Scotch before us, an English journalist friend and I settled back for the kind of evening of fellowship and war stories that John Masters might have woven into *Night Runners of Bengal.*

The other remedy, when India is too much with you but you can't bear to leave, is Goa—one of the most naturally beautiful areas in the world—1,400 square miles of glistening Arabian Sea beaches, lazy rivers meandering through groves of coconut palms, mangoes and pineapples, and mossy yellow-stucco towns drenched in bougainvillea and jasmine.

And just across the river from Pangim, the capital, stands the Fort Aguada Beach Resort Hotel—without question the finest beach resort in all India and, for my money, one of the finest in the world. The hotel is a sprawling stone structure built atop a promontory around a restored old Portuguese fort and terraced with patios, walkways, lawns and airy breezeways. From it, a broad white beach backed by a forest of palms

Bright-colored clothes and polished brass—color rich enough to dazzle the eyes of a maharajah—converge at the communal reservoir. Nowhere in India are there finer silken garments than those found in the south.

Bustling with 5 million Indian inhabitants, Bombay presents a predominantly British facade to the world: Ornate buildings from a bygone era, prim black taxicabs and double-decker buses line its busy thoroughfares.

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runs off as far as the eye can see. One evening, a traveling friend and I sat on his patio watching a swiftening breeze sally off the surf as the setting sun lit the sails of an Arabian dhow reaching for the river mouth. My friend, sipping a gin and tonic, marveled softly, "It makes Hawaii look like a slum."

If Fort Aguada is the new Goa, the old lies just up the beach in the little town of Calangute. I got a taste of that—and the sharpest surprise south India had in store for me—next day, thanks to a young Goan I met named Francisco, who lived at the hotel. We set out on his Kawasaki, Francisco and I, down a palmy country lane, piglets and chickens scurrying, graceful women padding past balancing bright brass water vessels on their heads. We passed through the market—open-front stalls piled high with mangoes, papayas, bananas and fresh vegetables—and pulled up at a down-at-the-heels, thatch-roofed beach-front bar named Dinky's. On the broad open-air veranda we ordered Bloody Marys, and as Calangute unfolded, a self-satisfied sense of seeing the Goa that tourists never know began stealing over me.

In a sense it really was that. But just because tourists never see a place doesn't mean the West hasn't been there—or that it will hold still for a visitor's preconceived stereotypes. Without warning, one of Francisco's young pals bounded up, wearing flowery bikini bathing trunks and a gold earring, leaned over our table and burst into a booming, flawless imitation of Dean Martin singing "Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime." Then, snapping his fingers to some imaginary band, he danced away. "He always does that," Francisco explained solicitously. "He loves American music." I must have looked stunned, for he grinned and added quickly in equally flawless American English, "Don't try to understand it, man. It's India—mysterious India."

"I can dig it," I said somewhat uncertainly. "I think." We finished our drinks and left. I promised that when I got home I'd send off some tapes—Linda Ronstadt and the Eagles—to Francisco and his pal, out there in mysterious India.

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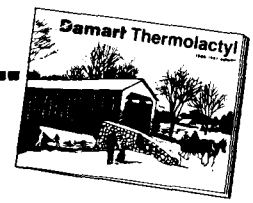

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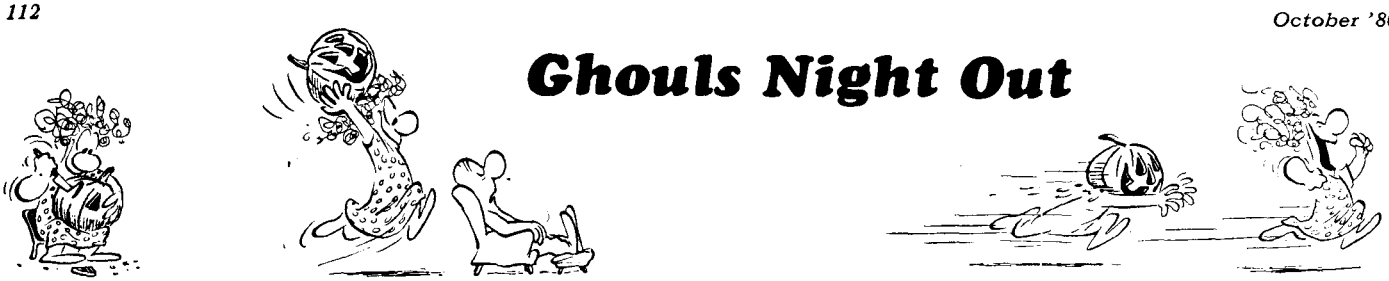
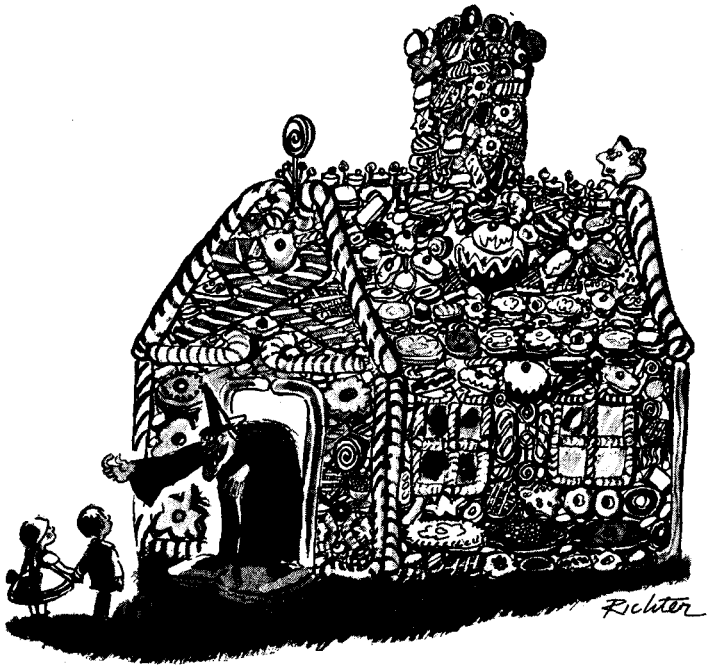
Ghouls Night Out



"Salem was socked in, so I had to land in Pawtucket."

"Wouldn't feed a dog what they gave us."



"Oh, stop worrying about cavities."

"I changed my mind. . .I want him to have a happy face!"

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Jeeves

continued from page 57

for this reception, and we naturally want to know——"

Old Chiswick gave Bicky the keen double-o, then he turned to the water-supply chappie. He was frightfully calm.

"I can assure you that I know nothing of this," he said quite politely. "I should be grateful if you would explain."

"Well, we arranged with Mr. Bickersteth that 87 citizens of Birdsburg should have the privilege of meeting and shaking hands with you for a financial consideration mutually arranged, and what my friend Simms here means—and I'm with him—is that we have only Mr. Bickersteth's word for it—and he is a stranger to us—that you are the Duke of Chiswick at all."

Old Chiswick gulped.

"Allow me to assure you, sir," he said in a rummy kind of voice, "that I am the Duke of Chiswick."

"Then that's all right," said the chappie heartily. "That was all we wanted to know. Let the thing go on."

"I am sorry to say," said old Chiswick, "that it cannot go on. I am feeling a little tired. I fear I must ask to be excused."

"But there are 77 of the boys waiting round the corner at this moment, duke, to be introduced to you."

"I fear I must disappoint them."

"But in that case the deal would have to be off."

"That is a matter for you and my nephew to discuss."

The chappie seemed troubled.

"You really won't meet the rest of them?"

"No!"

"Well, then, I guess we'll be going."

They went out, and there was a pretty solid silence. Then old Chiswick turned to Bicky:

"Well?"

Bicky didn't seem to have anything to say.

"Was it true what that man said?"

"Yes, uncle."

"What do you mean by playing this trick?"

Bicky seemed pretty well knocked out, so I put in a word:

"I think you'd better explain the whole thing, Bicky, old top."

Bicky's Adam's apple jumped about a bit; then he started:

"You see, you had cut off my allowance, uncle, and I wanted a bit of money to start a chicken farm. I mean to say it's an absolute cert if you once get a bit of capital. You buy a hen, and it lays an egg every day of the week, and you sell the eggs, say, seven for a quarter.

"Keep of hen costs nothing. Profit practically——"

"What is all this nonsense about hens? You led me to suppose you were a substantial businessman."

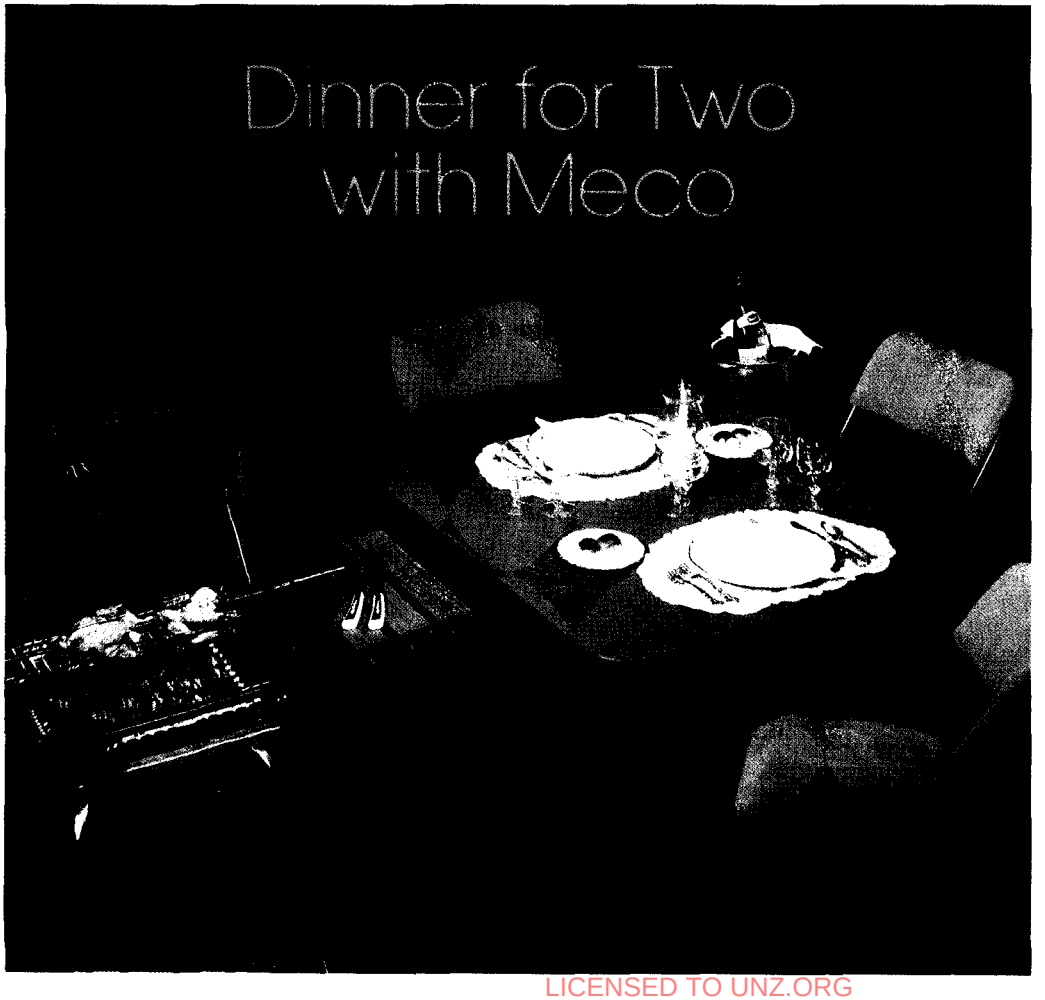
"Old Bicky rather exaggerated, sir," I said, helping the chappie out. "The fact is, the poor old lad is absolutely dependent on that remittance of yours, and when you cut it off, don't you know, he was pretty solidly in the soup and had to think of some way of closing in on a bit of the ready pretty quick. That's why we thought of this handshaking scheme."

Old Chiswick foamed at the mouth.

"So you have lied to me! You have deliberately deceived me as to your financial status!"

"Poor old Bicky didn't want to go to that ranch," I explained. "He doesn't like cows and horses, but he rather thinks he would be hot stuff among the hens. All he wants is a bit of capital. Don't you think it would be rather a wheeze if you were to——"

"After what has happened? After this—this deceit and foolery? Not a



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penny!"

"But——"

"Not a penny!"

There was a respectful cough in the background.

"If I might make a suggestion, sir?"

Jeeves was standing on the horizon, looking devilish brainy.

"Go ahead, Jeeves!" I said.

"I would merely suggest, sir, that if Mr. Bickersteth is in need of a little ready money, and is at a loss to obtain it elsewhere, he might secure the sum he requires by describing the occurrences of this afternoon for the Sunday issue of one of the more spirited and enterprising newspapers."

Bicky turned to old Chiswick with a gleaming eye.

"Jeeves is right! I'll do it. The *Chronicle* would jump at it. They eat that sort of stuff."

Old Chiswick gave a kind of moaning howl.

"I absolutely forbid you, Francis, to do this thing!"

"That's all very well," said Bicky, wonderfully braced, "but if I can't get the money any other way——"

"Wait! Er—wait, my boy! You are so impetuous! We might arrange something."

"I won't go to that bally ranch."

"No, no! No, no, my boy! I would not suggest it. I would not for a moment suggest it. I—I think——" He seemed to have a bit of a struggle with himself. "I—I think that, on the whole, it would be best if you returned with me to En-

Dentist

continued from page 12

CAPS OFF TO VENEERING

by Ted Kreiter

"I've never put them on and had anybody not think they are the greatest thing going," says dentist Jerry McLaughlin. Dr. McLaughlin has been laminating incisors at his dental office in Rocky Point, New York, ever since the new process of bonding a thin plastic veneer to teeth with epoxy and ultraviolet light was developed about 2½ years ago.

In the field of tooth beautification, you might say capping is the Rolls-Royce and lamination is the mid-sized Chevy or Ford. Both look good, but porcelain caps are built to last forever, whereas veneering will eventually wear out, maybe sooner rather than later. "No one knows for sure how long a veneer will last," says Dr. McLaughlin, "because we have been applying them for such a short time. My own personal guess is that, if it lasts less than two years, probably there was a fault in the application technique, and if it lasts more than 10 years, I'd be flabbergasted!"

The limited life span of a lamination may actually be expedient, however. "Veneers, unlike caps, are easily reversible," says Dr. McLaughlin, and bonding is such a hot area in dental material that there is a lot of research going on. If we put on one of these and five years from now it pops off or wears out, by then we may be able to replace it with something much better that may in fact be permanent."

Dr. McLaughlin charges $60 a tooth for a veneer job that takes a half hour to 45 minutes to perform. That's a steal compared to the $267 he requires for a porcelain cap with a gold crown. "Actually, the average fee for veneering is probably about $75," he says, "but I charge less just because I enjoy doing it." Some dentists ask as much as $100 a tooth, McLaughlin says, but they may be taking advantage of a new procedure which really isn't all that expensive to perform.

Presently veneers are a handy backup for those who want the Rolls-Royce treatment but can't afford it. People who want all six front teeth capped may start with one capping and five veneers and then come in once a year to replace the veneers with caps, thus spreading out the cost over six years. "If they did only a cap a year, without the veneer, they'd have one good-looking tooth right there in the middle of all the snaggly ones," Dr. McLaughlin says.

Veneering is also the first and only cosmetic treatment that dentists can apply safely to children with broken or discolored teeth. "You can't do caps on children because the pulp inside the tooth is large and you run the risk of nicking a nerve," he says. "So, for a child, this is a real godsend."

Lamination does have its disadvantages, however. It doesn't work on bottom teeth which, when clenched, strike top incisors in such a way that their veneer is sheared off. "Unless you've got a broken tooth or some major problem, it's strictly for upper teeth," says Dr. McLaughlin. Also, the veneer adds 1/10 to 2/10 millimeters to the surface of a tooth and may only increase the awkwardness on one that is already protruded. On the other hand, if a tooth is rotated or out of place, you can cheat a little with veneer and line up the fronts of the teeth even though the backs are still off," he says.

"I've never heard of this process doing any damage. That's the nice thing about it," says Dr. McLaughlin. "The worse thing that could possibly happen is that you are right back where you started. You really don't take any risks."

ALL SMILES IN HOLLYWOOD

by George Hutchinson

Teeth power takes on real meaning among aspiring actors and actresses in Los Angeles, where a mouthful of magnificent chompers may cause a prospective producer to do a double take. That's why Hollywood's would-be beautiful people seek out the chair of Dr. Mardy Doyle, one of L.A.'s foremost dentists, whose patients include Natalie Wood, Joyce DeWitt, Misty Rowe and Gene Roddenberry.

Dr. Doyle used to do a big business in conventional caps, but since lamination has arrived, the major part of his practice, he says, is applying veneers.

"For cosmetic reasons, there is nothing comparable to veneering if it can be used," says Dr. Doyle. "It is the only thing we do in dentistry where we do not destroy the tooth structure.

"One of the first ones I performed was on a young lady, the daughter of another patient," he continues. "She had the tetracycline stain, so we did all of her top front teeth. Her mother came back in six months and told how it had changed her whole life. She was now going to study to be an actress, and for the first time in her life she had friends.

"We have other young people in their 30s," he says, "who have never smiled all their lives until this is done. Many of them would have liked to have had something done in the past but could not face the drill, and I don't blame them. It is really traumatic to have your teeth ground down and capped. On the other hand, veneering is the only non-traumatic thing that dentistry can do to help mankind."

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gland. I—I might—in fact, I think I see my way to doing—to—I might be able to utilize your services in some secretarial position."

"I shouldn't mind that."

"I should not be able to offer you a salary, but, as you know, in English political life the unpaid secretary is a recognized figure——"

"The only figure I'll recognize," said Bicky firmly, "is 500 quid a year, paid quarterly."

"My dear boy!"

"Absolutely!"

"But your recompense, my dear Francis, would consist in the unrivaled opportunities you would have, as my secretary, to gain experience, to accustom yourself to the intricacies of political life, to—in fact, you would be in an exceedingly advantageous position."

"Five hundred a year!" said Bicky, rolling it round his tongue. "Why, that would be nothing to what I could make if I started a chicken farm. It stands to reason. Suppose you have a dozen hens. Each of the hens has a dozen chickens. After a bit the chickens grow up and have a dozen chickens each themselves, and then they all start laying eggs! There's a fortune in it. You can get anything you like for eggs in America. Chappies keep them on ice for years and years, and don't sell them till they fetch about a dollar a whirl. You don't think I'm going to chuck a future like this for anything under 500 o' goblins a year—what?"

A look of anguish passed over old Chiswick's face, then he seemed to be resigned to it. "Very well, my boy," he said.

"What ho!" said Bicky. "All right, then."

"Jeeves," I said. Bicky had taken the old boy off to dinner to celebrate, and we were alone. "Jeeves, this has been one of your best efforts."

"Thank you, sir."

"It beats me how you do it."

"Yes, sir."

"The only trouble is you haven't got much out of it—what!"

"I fancy Mr. Bickersteth intends—I judge from his remarks—to signify his appreciation of anything I have been fortunate enough to do to assist him, at some later date when he is in a more favorable position to do so."

"It isn't enough. Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

It was a wrench, but I felt it was the only possible thing to be done.

"Bring my shaving things."

A gleam of hope shone in the chappie's eye, mixed with doubt.

"You mean, sir?"

"And shave off my mustache."

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Amtrack

continued from page 22

speech. He had said it so many times that we all had it memorized. Albany. The train was beginning to slow down. Doesn't something awful happen to you if you are caught in the ladies' room when the train pulls into a station? I didn't wait to find out.

When I returned to my seat, I calculated that there were four more hours to go. The train buzzed with the conversation of newly made acquaintances. I was halfway through another chapter when a loud crack startled me from my sentence. Had the derailment actually occurred? I looked up.

Gramps was in a state of upset and anger. "Somebody threw a rock at my window."

"They did?" Several passengers stood up to see for themselves. Barbara suggested that a rock had dislodged near the rail on impact. Gramps was not satisfied.

"Humph," he said. "All I know is that it is a miracle that the window isn't broken and I'm not hurt." Everyone in the surrounding rows chattered about the event. Gramps expanded his theme to include "rotten youth" and the "decline of America."

Such excitement is always easier to handle on a full stomach, so I swayed my way up to the food bar. When I reached the food bar, I noticed that my idea had not been novel. The sizable line was moving slowly. I exchanged an "Oh, God" look with a nice-looking business type at the top of the line. From the I-don't-know-what-I-am-doing-on-a-train look on his face, I decided that he, too, had been unable to get plane reservations.

When it was his turn to be served, he ordered a roast beef sandwich. They were all out. Ham and cheese. No cheese. "Whatever you have, then," the businessman said wearily. He got egg salad. Paying the steward, he edged his way out of the food bar with the limp article in a brown cardboard carton.

It was then that I noticed that a man in line was watching me carefully. I think that he had chosen me to pull him out of the wreckage. From the way he was watching me, I would be happy if that was all he wanted.

I named him Frank. There was something about his gray-flecked beard (neatly trimmed), plaid pants and cashmere sweater that made me think he was an architect. To my surprise and horror, he walked over to me and asked if I would join him in the parlor car. Was that the same as the club car? The word "parlor" made me nervous. I thanked him but declined. He momentarily argued with my decision, and then gave up and walked the length of the car to return to his seat. When he reached the door, Harold, our irritable ticket collector, stopped him, growling, "You can't go in there, you have to have a reservation."

"I should know," returned Frank, waving his pink slip. "I have one."

He huffed through the door and disappeared.

"Since no one got on in Amsterdam," came the familiar voice over the P.A., "I can spare you the rest of that awful little speech." The train was unified momentarily in laughter.

"Whatcha want?" the steward groused as he shifted weight from one foot to another.

"What are you offering?" I asked cheerfully.

"Egg salad sandwich."

"I thought you had ham."

"All out." He was gazing around the room, his eyes darting in rhythm with his gum chewing.

I purchased my egg salad and returned to my seat.

In the midst of a bite, I sensed that someone was standing next to me. I ignored it and continued to eat my sandwich. But from the trousers I could tell that it was Frank. I thought of saying, "Please, Frank, go away," when I was struck by the possibility that he might not be a Frank at all. He might introduce himself and then I would find out that he was a Bob and he sold life insurance.

He leaned down and whispered close to my ear, "You really ought to join me in the parlor car. The reservation restriction has been lifted and now it's free."

Apparently Frank had missed the point of my original refusal. This time I spelled it out more clearly.

He walked away in quiet disgust.

I threw away my half-eaten egg salad and retrieved my tired copy of *The Rise and Fall*. I did not lift my eyes once until I reached Rochester.

As the train pulled into the Rochester station, I had to concede that my friend was right. No one is into training. America is riding the trains because of the energy crisis and inflation. Our hearts are still in the air.

Someone should remind Amtrak that flight attendants are cheerful, airports are clean, that rubber roast beef is better

Cont. on following page

You be the Judge

It was a bright, crisp, very dry October afternoon that brought many home owners out to rake and burn leaves. A sudden gusting wind blew burning leaves high into the air over to a nearby farm, setting fire to dried brush which quickly engulfed a barn.

The farmer sued his immediate neighbor, whose actions he'd observed. The neighbor argued that the fire could have been caused by burning leaves from other yards and the wind was an unanticipated and intervening force that relieved him from liability.

You be the judge.

The farmer won. Other causes of a loss do not relieve a defendant from the wrong his negligence inflicted. The risk of winds and dry weather aiding a fire should have been anticipated.

(Based on a 1923 Pennsylvania Supreme Court case.)

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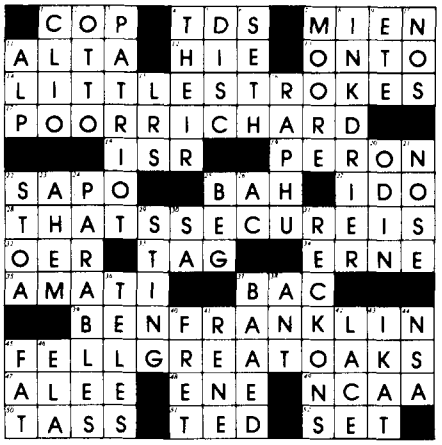

A Guide for Office Workers

Bookkeeper: A girl who still has the last book you lent her.

Spell: Gazing fixedly at the wall for more than five minutes.

Company file: A place to keep your galoshes.

Filing stool: Someone who tells the boss you're not filing things.

Folder: Anyone who folds up at about three o'clock.

Sponge: To eat other people's candy every day.

Ribbon: A bright decoration for a typewriter.

Calculator: A person who is trying to think how to get your job.

Payroll card: A guy who yuks it up when he hands you your salary.

Salary: Enough money to cover transportation and lunches for a week.

Punch out: To fight your way off the elevator.

—*John Bailey*

than no roast beef at all and . . . if you are worried about who will pull you out of the wreckage, you can consider your options from the safety of your seat belts.

Yes, someone should tell Amtrak that taking to the rails can be a difficult adjustment. America needs to be retrained. Amtrak could make substantial mileage with the public by telling it straight: "Amtrak is into Honesty"—think of the positive impact that would have.

Failing that, concerned consumers could lobby for protection. A public groundswell could insure that there is a sign posted near the gate to every track: *Warning: It has been determined that riding the train can be hazardous to your disposition. Discard airplane or motoring mentalities at this point.*

Tension

continued from page 65

were doing at least 35 miles an hour when we caromed off the birdbath at the end of the garden and leveled my dear wife's newly planted French lilac. I stayed with it, toning up the old ticker all the way across the backyard and over the two dwarf pear trees. But when my shin caught the sawhorse behind the shed and my knee took down the woodpile, I decided to let the tiller tackle the grape arbor alone. Too much of a good thing might be worse than none at all.

Right about here that young 40-year-old in the back row will be thinking, Sure, that's all well and good for you, but *my* wife doesn't have gypsy blood in her crankcase, *we* don't live on a hill, *we* don't have bowling-ball clay for topsoil and, woe is me, *I* am doomed to an early grave.

Not necessarily. Statistics prove that just the normal tension of a married man's environment gives him many years' advantage over the poor unharassed bachelor. True, such things as Rototillers can provide the big booster shot, but the accumulative effect of daily married life will also keep a man's heart right up there in his mouth, its most healthful location in the body.

Take the seemingly minor incident of my own dear wife joining me for a siesta one day this summer direct from painting the shed. Planning to add a second coat when she woke up, she hadn't bothered to remove samples of the first coat from her hands before tucking in. So when I woke up, without my glasses, and saw this "thing" with its horrible red and white tentacles wriggling on the pillow, my heart was bolstered to the point of grabbing up the book I'd been reading and getting in three lusty whacks before she rose up screaming.

"It's all right!" I screamed back. "I think I've killed it!"

"So do I," she moaned, sticking her "tentacles" under her arm and rocking back and forth.

I was quick to point out that she was lucky I'd been reading a paperback and not the *Complete Works of Charles Dickens*, but even then the ensuing tension held me nicely into the next day.

While I am willing to admit that were it not for my dear wife she would likely be a widow by now (you may need a little extra time to think about that), the lady called Luck is equally dependable when it comes to keeping a man's throbber throbbing. I refer to the chance blessings of such things as wasps infesting your attic, bats inhabiting your chimney or maybe a woodchuck chucking on the timbers beneath your house.

The chance blessing I am most familiar with is the woodchuck beneath the house.

We have a full ten acres of woods for this animal to chuck in. But, as luck would have it, he chose instead to do it on the supporting lumber directly beneath our bedroom. And if racket denotes progress, he should be coming up through the floor any day now. If it should occur during our siesta (I may refer the question to Ann Landers), would it be proper for the man to precede his wife through the bedroom ceiling?

It was only after several days of gnawing that I learned to which species of vermin I would owe these additional years of life. But we could set our clocks by it. Promptly at 1 p.m. the chomping would begin. At around 2:30, depending on how many times I would leave my typewriter or my wife her crochet hook to go in and tap, gingerly, on the floor, it would end. Then one day I happened to be standing at the window gathering nouns when this animal came squeezing out from under the shed, surveyed the scene from tippytoe on his hind legs and headed for the house. The time: 12:59. The mystery was a mystery no longer.

Son Michael, living away from home and owning more guns than he can shoot at one time, insisted on lending me one of his pistols, or revolvers, or whatever—I don't know the first thing about guns, much less the second. This particular weapon held several bullets in a gadget which he showed me how to insert, a cocking formula which he demonstrated, twice, and a "safety"

Continued on page 120

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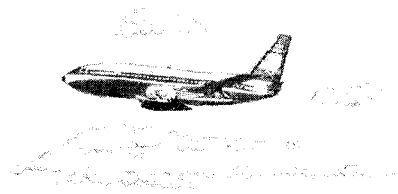

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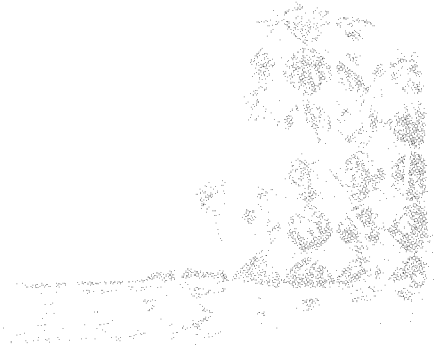

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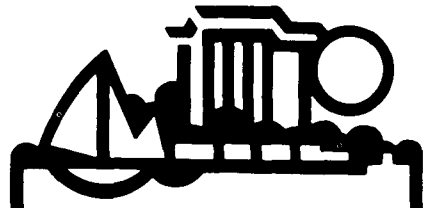

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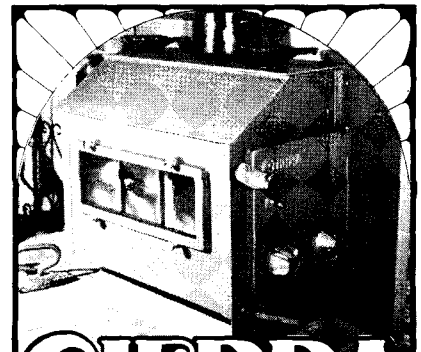

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gizmo which he explained at some length. I put the box containing the gun on the dresser. Ever so carefully. And there I was sure it would stay.

But the very next day I was to catch Mr. Woodchuck flatfooted on his regular commune from shed to house. My heart leaped within me.

Streaking into the bedroom, I unboxed the pistol, revolver, or whatever, dashed into the kitchen to have wife refresh my memory on the cocking procedure, slipped out the front door, sneaked up to the corner of the house and came charging back into the kitchen to get straightened out on releasing the safety.

By the time I returned to the corner of the house, my prey, having smelled, or heard, a rat, was hightailing it for the safety of the shed. Drawing a careful bead and shutting my eyes, I scored a clean hit on the fuel oil tank. Low down. Filled only the previous week, at 91.2 cents per gallon.

Trying to keep a finger stuck in the hole while snapping off another round, I believe it's called, I missed everything but the right front tire on our '72 Skylark, parked for the first time that day beside the shed to protect it from the afternoon sun. The explosion of the tire prompted the woodchuck to reverse its field and head back for the house. This in turn prompted me to remove most of my finger from the hole in the tank and make for the side door. To my recollection, it's the first time I had ever gone through a screen door without opening it.

"What was all the rush?" asked my dear wife, trying to work the remains of the door back over my ears.

"I needed a clothespin for the fuel oil tank," I explained, without bothering to explain.

Even for a married man there will be times, of course, when all is well and he'll find himself just sitting around in the quiet listening to his heart pitter-patting his life away. I ran into such a stretch for a couple of hours right after the woodchuck episode.

A clothespin plugged the hole in the fuel oil tank. The spare tire had been mounted on the right front. The gun lay safely nestled in its box on the dresser. The woodchuck had departed for less disturbing climes. We had decided to go the easy route and convert the garden into a clay tennis court. And most of the screen segments had been removed from my forehead. Thankfully, however, my wise and wonderful wife had anticipated this possible threat to my well-being and bought two Nubian goats, trying to conceal her sentimentality behind the flimsy explanation that they would keep the poison ivy off the back fence.

The fact that they still have half the flower bed, a little of the grape arbor and about an hour's work left on the bark of the two new dwarf pear trees to go before reaching their intended target is beside the point. The point is, wonderful little wife has just rushed in to announce that the little rascals have pulled my pants off the line where they were drying after I'd tried watering the lawn with a hose the chipmunks had chewed into, and they are headed for the woods, dragging my pants behind them. My car keys are—or were—in one of the pockets.

I can feel the old pump picking up that life-prolonging tempo already. ★

The Perfect Squelch

The American visitor to Moscow was being told all about workers in the United States by a propaganda-fed Russian who had never seen this country. "We know your workers are hungry and poorly clothed," the Russian said. "We know the police run them down on horseback and club them. But what we can't understand is why they don't rebel against their harsh capitalistic bosses."

The American tried to give him a less biased picture of the American worker, but the Russian was obviously unimpressed. "Nonsense!" the Russian snorted. "We know your workers are anxious to revolt. We just wonder when the revolution will come."

"Maybe," the American said, "when they take all the workers' automobiles and television sets away from them."

—Henrietta Howard

Tom Landry

continued from page 63

"But I believe in being in control. To be effective, it's your concentration that allows you to perform at your best. The reason I don't do a song and dance during games is that I'm concentrating so intensely. That's how you can get two or three plays ahead of the team itself. That's how you win."

Part of Landry's complexity evolves from his demeanor; one of sport's most soft-spoken fixtures, he seems miscast among football's warring and vociferous souls. "As long as I've known him," says his wife, "Tom has been modest, too *real* to deceive other people or toot his own horn" —traits born, one supposes, during Landry's childhood in Mission, Texas. "Even then, I thought that you stoically accepted defeat and strove to achieve," Landry remembers. "I guess that's where I grew determined that one did one's best. After all, those days of the 1930s, back in the Depression, they were too hard for anything less."

Hard, indeed. On Texas farmlands, ravaged for generations, the topsoil crumbled and hillsides eroded. Further north and west, out on the Great Plains and prairies, winds and drought withered the wheatlands and buried farms in unending currents of sand. "The difference between those days and now is enormous," says Landry. "And I think the two eras produced different kinds of players, too. For years, this generation of player was hard for me to understand. I had to learn their prior-

Continued on page 124

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For example, take The Post.

We're talking about two kinds of *values*. One is the kind represented by Norman Rockwell's *After the Prom*, shown above. It's an old-fashioned feeling of reliance on a magazine . . . knowing that if something is in *The Saturday Evening Post*, it's good for your whole family, regardless of age. This value means you can show our center spread to your children.

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire."
—Samuel Johnson

Occult Blood

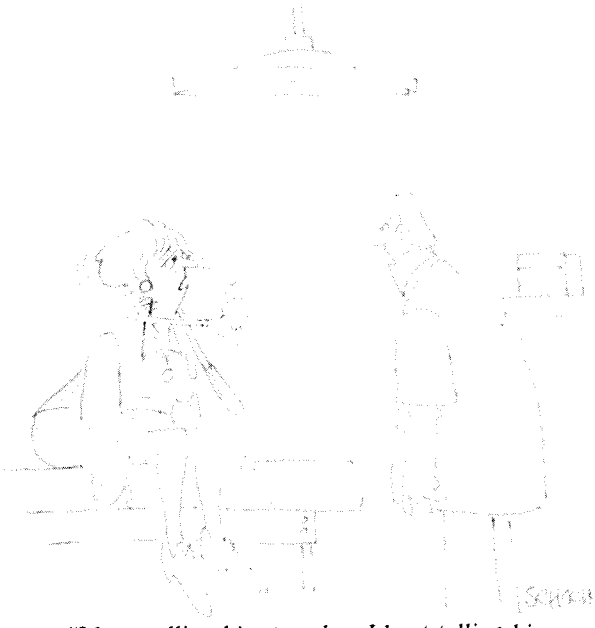
Lucky for you that you don't have to search for it with a magnifying glass. The importance of hidden blood, of course, is that in your stool it can be the first indication that a silent malignancy is lurking far up in the colon. Oh, the joy of chemistry! Microscopic cells can be easily detected in your stool specimen with chemically treated paper and a drop of hydrogen peroxide and denatured alcohol. If blood is present in the stool, the specimen will turn a blue or a blue-green color. It would be helpful to have these chemicals in every child's chemistry set, for they could save many a beloved grandparent from dying with colon cancer. Until such time, however, you can, through the generosity of the Marion County Cancer Society, Inc. in Indianapolis, have them done for you by mail at no cost. Enclose a self-addressed, business-sized envelope with 15¢ postage for each kit requested. Order from:

Hemoccult
The Little Red Door
1801 N. Meridian
Indianapolis, IN 46202

The kit will contain a return envelope in which to mail the slides with stool specimens taken on three consecutive days. Most doctors recommend that the three tests should be performed yearly by everyone over 40 and more often by persons with symptoms, a change in bowel habits, or whose family members have had bowel cancer.

Hidden blood in the stool can be caused by a lot of things, including cancer of the colon.

Hemoccult tests are proving so efficient in picking up early bowel cancer that many doctors are depending on them for their symptom-free patients, in lieu of the once-favored sigmoidoscopy. The change in frequency of prescribing sigmoidoscopy for symptom-free patients has come about because there seems to be an increasing incidence of cancers in the right colon far out of reach of the sigmoidoscope—formerly cancers were more prevalent in the area of the rectum and lower colon—in fact, physicians were taught that 70 to 80 percent of colon cancers could be seen with sigmoidoscopy and that 50 percent of them were in reach of the finger. Not so today.



"I kept telling him to relax. I kept telling him he was too tense. I kept telling him . . ."

What's Bugging You May Be Giardiasis

As if we didn't have enough medical threats, now along comes a microscopic parasite called *Giardia lamblia* that can make us sick while visiting some of America's most pleasant places. Vail and Aspen, Colorado, have both had outbreaks, for example. So has Washington, New Hampshire, and 5,000 cases were reported in Rome, New York. *Giardia* is now the most common parasite pest in the U.S., America's answer to Montezuma's Revenge.

For a long time this intestinal flagellate was considered a harmless commensal organism, according to pathologist Dr. James W. Smith of Indiana University School of Medicine, but in recent years it has been recognized as a true parasite which can cause intestinal disease in persons drinking contaminated water.

Acute infections from *Giardia* cause a quick onset of watery diarrhea, loss of appetite, nausea and vomiting, which may be accompanied by weakness, chills and low-grade fever.

Giardia is found wherever raw sewage contaminates the local water supply. Campers have contracted it by drinking from untreated mountain streams in Utah

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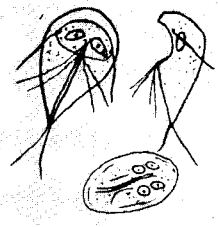
and Colorado. It may also flourish in areas where water treatment is present but inadequate. Chlorination alone may not kill *Giardia* cysts as it does other enteric bacteria. Only proper sedimentation and filtration can remove them from surface water.



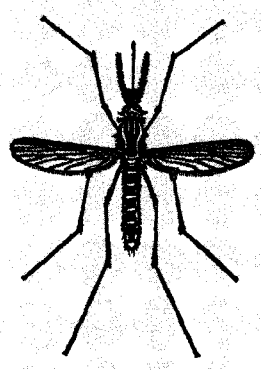
***Giardia lamblia* are wee beasties that cause havoc for travelers.**

Giardiasis is also spread by fecal-oral contamination, which probably accounts for its high incidence in day-care clinics and among homosexuals.

To avoid this pest, people traveling in endemic areas should boil drinking water for 10 minutes or purify it with iodine compounds, says Dr. Smith. They should also avoid eating uncooked and unpeeled fruits, which may be contaminated with infected water.

Malaria Incidence on Rise

After worrying about our son in Tehran, Iran, for more than a year, we rejoiced to know he had escaped and was heading home via the Far East. Our relief was short-lived. There came a plaintive call from Hong Kong, where he was sick in bed in a hotel room with a bad case of malaria. The phone number he gave me was a wrong number, and no amount of tracking by the Chinese telephone operator could locate his hotel. More long nights of worry until he called again two weeks later. He had literally been too weak to get out of bed to a phone. He's usually health-conscious and careful, but a quick stop in the Himalayas, he believes, was his undoing.



The Anopheles mosquito harbors malaria in its digestive tract, then passes it on to humans.

If you're taking even a quick trip around the world, better consult your doctor for prophylactic drugs.

Malaria is thought of as an exotic disease by most Americans, yet recent reports from the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta show that cases of this mosquito-transmitted disease have skyrocketed in the U.S. this year. As of July 18, 949 new cases were reported in the U.S., compared to 323 at the same time last year and only 253 cases for the entire period 1975-1979.

Malaria is on the increase here for two reasons: More Americans than ever are traveling to malaria-infested areas of the world such as Africa, India and South America, and more refugees from such areas are being admitted to this country.

Obviously, the vision of a malaria-free world, as we now have a smallpox-free one, is fading fast. Leaders of the World Health Organization believe malaria's comeback has resulted from overconfidence bred by the apparent success of antimalaria drives around the world in the 1950s and 1960s. Since that time, mosquitoes have become increasingly resistant to DDT and have become an increasing danger to indigenous people and visiting travelers.

The truth is, malaria probably cannot be stamped out completely because, unlike smallpox, it may be carried in some people without symptoms and therefore escape detection. It may also be carried by monkeys or other animals upon which malaria-type mosquitoes feed.

If you plan to travel to a malarial area, you can protect yourself from most strains of malaria by taking the prophylactic drug chloroquine. Some forms of *P. falciparum* mosquito are resistant to chloroquine, but the army has found another drug, quinoline-methanol, effective against these resistant strains.

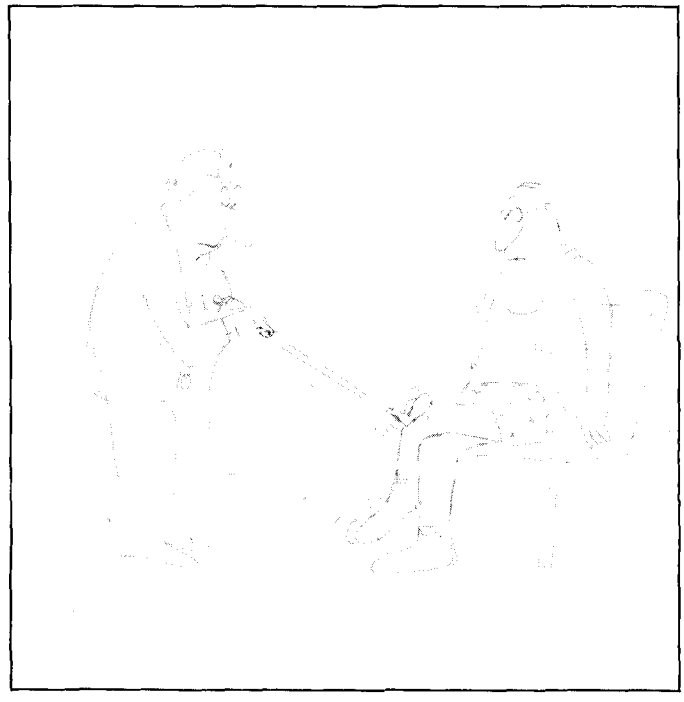
Menopause

We're told that in some Chinese provinces, the arrival of menopause is looked forward to and occasions a celebration. These women seem to be less bothered by any menopause-related physical and psychological problems than are their Western counterparts.

Farmers Have High Cancer Risk

A high incidence of cancer among Midwestern farmers seems to be an occupational hazard, according to a University of Iowa research team.

As reported by the *International Medical Tribune Syndicate*, Iowa farmers' death rates were 78 percent higher for prostate cancer, 200 percent higher for multiple myeloma, 77 percent higher for leukemia, 60 per-



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cent higher for stomach cancer and 58 percent higher for lymphatic cancer than for people in other occupations.

"Cancer is basically considered an urban disease because of smoking habits and industrial exposure, yet we are finding that 'healthy' farm life has its cancer risks," says Dr. Leon Burmeister of the University of Iowa research team.

The team's study of 20,000 death certificates revealed the startlingly high cancer risk to farmers. The findings will be used to trace possible causes of cancer to farmers' life styles and work habits, Dr. Burmeister says.

Farmers' death rates from cancer are lower than those for nonfarmers only because of the disproportionately high incidence of smoking-related cancers among nonfarmers.

Dr. Burmeister believes that the reason for the lower incidence is that fewer farmers smoke.

"Smoking is inconvenient and hazardous for farmers due to the constant presence of animals, chemicals and flammable materials such as hay," he says.

As a result, farmers had lower death rates for cancer of the lung, mouth and esophagus.

"If you eliminate the smoking-related cancers from the comparison, the cancer death rate would be much higher among Iowa farmers than nonfarmers," Dr. Burmeister says.

Possible causes being considered for the high rates of cancer among farmers include animal viruses, farm chemicals, equipment use and dust from hay and stored corn.

Multiple myeloma—a type of bone marrow cancer—has been associated with poultry farming. Thirty years ago—when it is believed exposure would have had to occur for today's cancer to develop—Iowa had the highest chicken production in the nation.

High leukemia and stomach cancer rates occur in dairy farming communities. Researchers are exploring the possibility that there may be a link between these diseases and a virus that causes lymph cancer in cattle.

Farmers' high lip and skin cancer rates are most likely caused by the long hours they spend in the sun. ✱

Tom Landry

continued from page 120

ities were different, these players today; for them, to succeed *wasn't* everything."

The son of an auto mechanic, Landry was early engulfed by the game of fellow Texans Kyle Rote and Sammy Baugh. As a student, he belonged to the National Honor Society. While in college, he played on the teams at the University of Texas that won the 1948 Sugar Bowl and 1949 Orange Bowl. After graduating, Landry traveled to New York for a decade-long stint with the NFL Giants. There he won renown as an all-pro defense halfback, the inventor of the famous 4-3 defense (four linemen and three linebackers) and acknowledged leader of a defensive squad which featured such names as Sam Huff, Andy Robustelli, Dick Modzelewski and Jim Katcavage.

Following the 1959 season, Landry's sixth as a Giant assistant coach, he was chosen as the first—and thus far, only—head coach of the fledgling Cowboys. "We knew we were going to be outmanned," is how Landry recalls his initial Cowboy team. "We knew that to attract fans, we had to entertain. We had to scratch and scrape just to stay alive." None of which helped, unfortunately, in 1960. Landry saw his team plummet to 11 losses in 12 regular-season games, their only solace a stunning 31-31 tie with—who else?—the Giants on December 4 at Yankee Stadium.

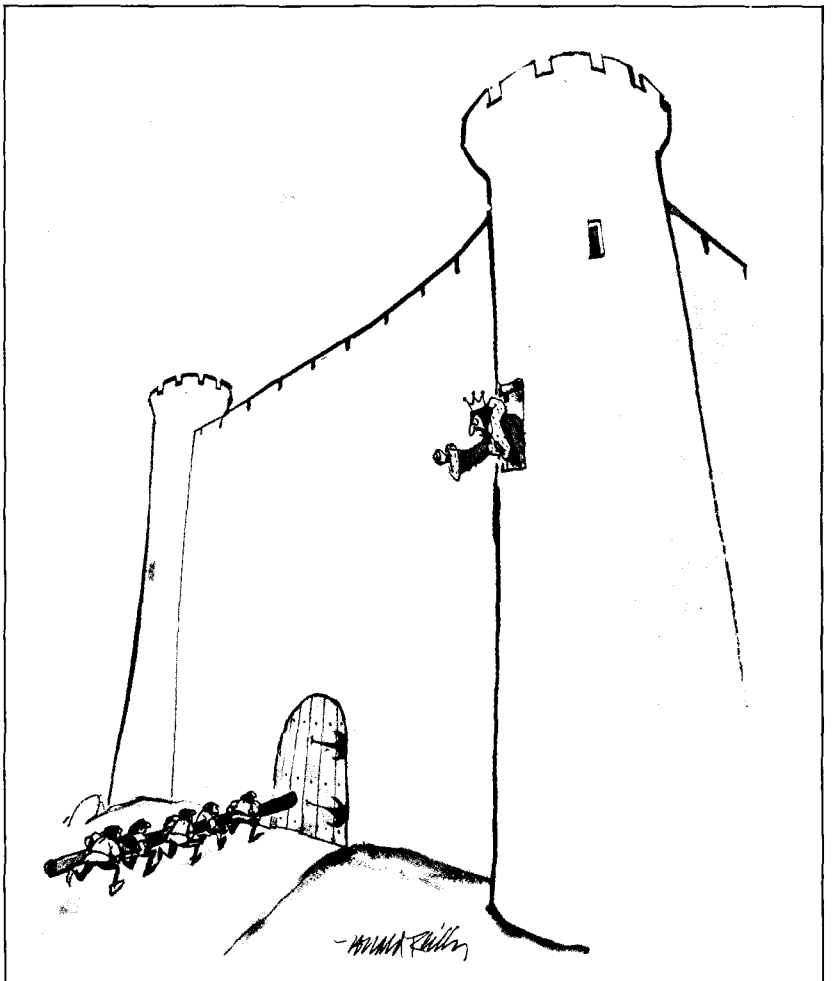
As the years unfolded, the Cowboys improved. "How could we do anything else?" Landry, understandably, asks. "A lot of people didn't respect us in the early years," says Landry, "but by the mid-'60s we began a level of performance that I don't think pro football—for consistency and continuity—has seen before or since."

During the last 15 years Dallas has won 154 games and lost 58, captured two Super Bowls, narrowly losing three more, and gained fame for offensive acrobatics and its vaunted "Doomsday Defense." "We always wanted to be imaginative," states Landry. "I've never believed the game depends only on personnel. I think strategy counts, trying to outflank the other coach. That means we've made mistakes—daring teams do—but it means we aren't boring, either. And that accounts—I believe—for the kind of impact the Cowboys have had."

Impact?

- The Cowboys have been involved in three of the four highest-rated sporting events in television history.
- The Cowboys hold the TV ratings record for a Super Bowl, a division play-off encounter and a conference championship game.
- In 1979 the Cowboys established the

Continued on page 128



"When *will you people learn to process your grievances through channels?*"

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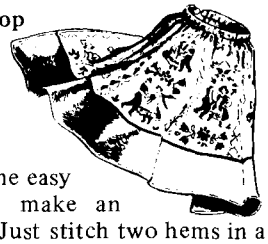

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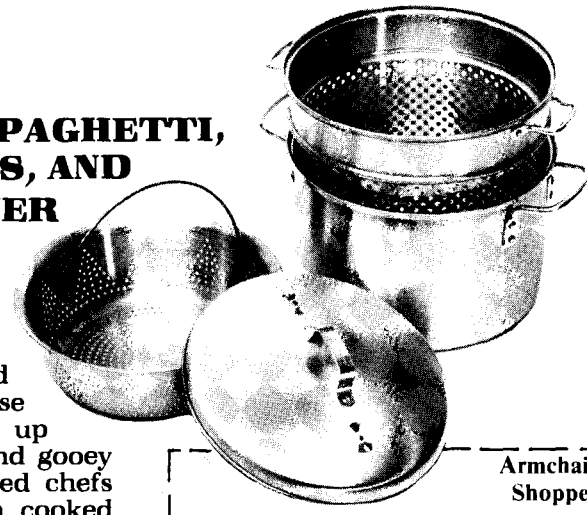

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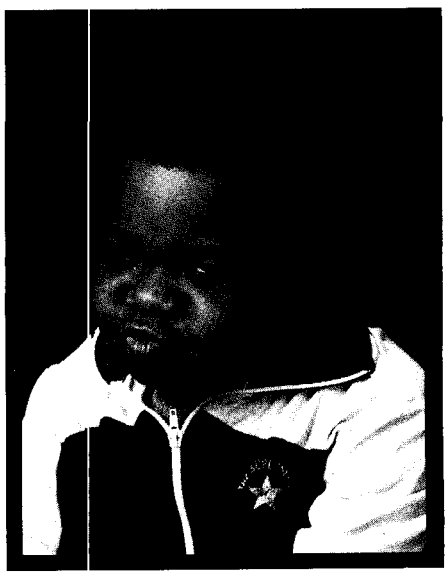
POST PEOPLE

Carol Burnett, who has known the problem of drug abuse in her own home, is on a crusade. "Stop making it such a virtue to be high and cool," she appeals to her peers among film and TV stars. "If you do it, don't parade it in interviews. Don't lie about it, just don't say it," she urges. The intensity of commitment and campaign fervor of this beloved comedienne and serious actress is the more understandable in light of her belief that the entertainment industry must accept responsibility for 90 percent of school-age children having tried or become hooked on drugs.

Charlie Brown's introduction to the American public came in 1947 in a feature called *Li'l Folks*. Out of it, on October 2, three years later, was to come *Peanuts*, and of the four characters, Charlie Brown would become the star. The association of cartoonist Charles Schulz and Charlie would then become the great success story of our time. In congratulating Charlie on his birthday, the *Post* is proud to have given a boost to his illustrious creator by publishing 15 Schulz cartoons early in his career—a career that includes 15 years of the Emmy Award-winning TV show with Charlie Brown and Snoopy. . .more than 10,000 comic strips. . .more than 50,000 sketches. . .by one man with no assistants. *Good grief!*

Lucille Ball had gone under the anesthetic believing the baby would be named Susan. She came out of it only to learn that husband Desi Arnaz had named the baby Lucie—thinking the spelling would help the mailman keep the names separate. But this is no longer a problem. While starring in *They're Playing Our Song*, Lucie Arnaz met a member of the cast of *Chapter Two*, Laurence Luckinbill. At one of the wettest weddings on record—with mother Lucy having broken into tears each time ex-husband Desi was called on to serenade the guests—Lucie became Lucie Luckinbill. Their baby is expected in November or December. "Lewsie," "Loosie" and "Lieusie" are still available, just in case.



Although Gary Coleman's estimated $30,000 a week for his role in "Diff'rent Strokes" goes "right past my face into the bank," this 12-year-old self-made millionaire has still managed to assemble $9,000 worth of miniature trains, his favorite hobby. This is because his weekly allowance is not hard and fast but "more kind of slow and easy." Now making his second movie, *Scout's Honor*, the 4-foot, 50½-pound ("or 23 kilos") "heavy" has no dreams of one day owning such luxuries as an island and a yacht. "I don't need no island or yacht," says Gary Coleman. "I don't even swim. I'm just a dull person."

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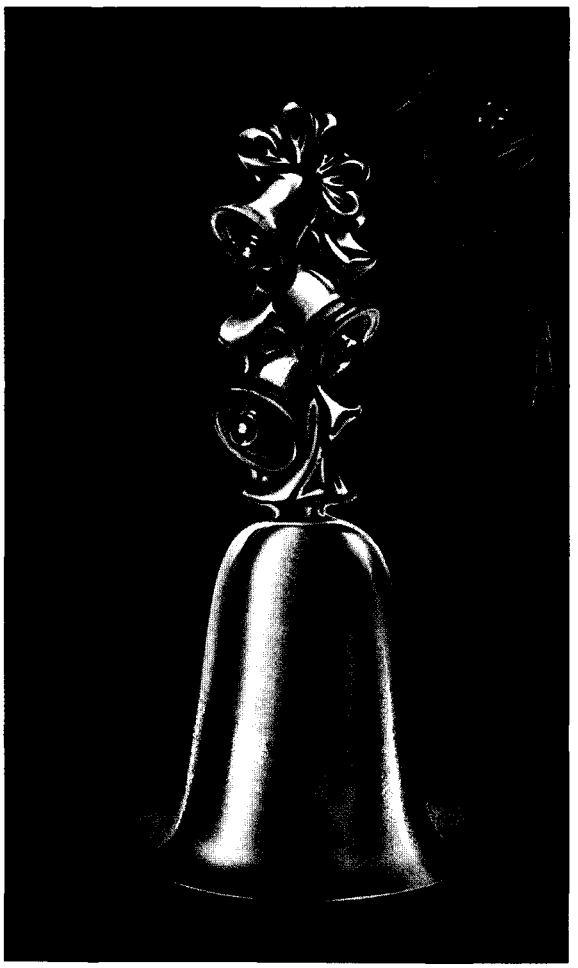

Approximate height of Bell: 4-1/8"

The first annual New England Collectors Society Christmas Bell will be issued in a strictly limited edition available at original issue price only until December 25, 1980. Each solid metal bell will be lavishly electroplated with silver. A delicately sculpted handle portraying one of the most memorable songs of Christmas – "Silver Bells" adorns this bell. All future annual editions will depict a different time-honored "Song of Christmas."

The New England Collectors Society will offer this important first edition bell only through advanced reservation with no bells available in stores.

Consider this unique and beautiful bell as an extraordinary collector's item for yourself, and also as a memorable Christmas gift for others. It could well be the start of a most interesting and rewarding holiday tradition.

The Pleasantville Plan, Ltd. Dept. SEP-12
62 Eastview Avenue
Pleasantville, NY 10570

Please enter my order for the First Annual Christmas Bell. I have enclosed my remittance as follows:

_____ Bell(s) @ $14.95 each . . . . . $_____

Shipping and handling @ $1.50 per Bell . . $_____

Total amount enclosed* . . . . . $_____

*New York residents add $0.75 per Bell for sales tax.

Guaranteed shipment for Christmas delivery on all orders received by November 15, 1980.

Your name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please check if you wish to have any Bell shipped to a different address and indicate specific instructions on a separate sheet of paper. Also include any message for a gift card which we will provide if requested.

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highest Monday night and Thanksgiving Day television ratings in network annals, breaking their previous marks.

• Dallas holds the ratings record for contests on Sunday afternoon, Sunday and Thursday evenings, Saturday afternoon and night.

• This year, as last, the Cowboys will have the largest radio network of any team in sports (225 stations); the second largest weekly sports publication in the nation, *Dallas Cowboy Weekly*; and the most noted supporting cast of any franchise in America, the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders.

"Those things have happened because we've won," claims Landry, "and in those wins there are a lot of memories to keep."

While these memories lingered, there were also others, and they, too, remained undimmed. "Dallas may be synonymous with the word 'victory' now," Landry reminisces, "but there was a time when virtually the opposite was true."

Landry would never win the big one, critics chortled; when one thought of choking, they added, the name "Dallas" came to mind.

Scorned and menaced by his opponents, Landry declined to respond in kind. He gave out no jibes, no angry threats to injure or insult or maim. When he talked of human respect, he meant it. When any of the Cowboys' torturous defeats occurred, Landry refused to alibi or excuse away mistakes or point out that in losing, Dallas had dared as greatly as it bowed. Albeit belatedly, this country saw in Landry that phrase now almost extinct—*gentleman*—and its accompanying traits. Grace and courtesy, inbred civility and self-deprecatory wit—all of these qualities he possessed.

Bruised and battered, often beaten but never disgraced, back from the football dead came Landry's Cowboys, winging their way into the cultural consciousness of America. Dallas routed Miami, 24-3, eight years ago in Super Bowl VI, almost upset favored Pittsburgh in Super Bowl X and smashed Denver the next year in Super Bowl XI. They staged near-miraculous rallies in a number of decisive contests: downing Minnesota in the last 24 seconds of their 1975 title collision; edging Washington, 24-23, in the last 28 seconds on Thanksgiving Day, 1974; and storming from behind to nip the Redskins, 35-34, in a 1979 showdown voted the decade's "most memorable regular-season game."

For Tom Landry, triumph and tragedy both altered and shaped him. Physically, he was much the same—the fine features, the potent build, the incisive gaze still always present. But the private became more public, and the "new Landry," the real Landry, emerged for all to see. Now, as a decade and two earlier, Landry led by example, with restraint, by the manner of his life. What America had not known before—and what surfaced as the comeback of Landry unfolded—was his arching human spirit, oft-abused yet free, in the haunting echoes of the athlete, in the myriad memories of the man.

He must leave Texas this evening, Landry presently explained. A speaking appearance, one of about 50 such annual engagements, awaited him several hundred miles away. He enjoyed these functions, the Dallas coach insisted—"not the speechmaking, necessarily"—but the chance to mix elbows with denizens of countless small towns and cities. These people were his natural allies; at heart, he would always be a small-town boy. His idiom was their idiom, his culture their culture, and they, perhaps above all others, understood him.

Who, I wondered, would ever fully penetrate this gifted and inscrutable man? Leader of "America's Team." Member of numerous "Best-dressed Men" lists. Devoted father, born-again Christian, defender of old-time civility and old-style mores. Pioneer, innovator, perhaps the greatest strategist of our time.

"When the challenges of the present aren't greater than the year before," Landry said, "that's when I'll know it's time to quit." Embarking on his 21st season as coach of the Cowboys, a year in which he would seek to reassert certainty instead of doubt, that scenario seemed at once distant and improbable. "I can't wait to see if we can overcome our troubles," he said. "I don't think there's any question that this year will test us as never before."

Lawyers

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found, and we proceed from there."

Paul Fink

Paul Fink, a solo practitioner in Brooklyn and a graduate of Brooklyn Law School, said he was sorry that I had taken the subway so far just to find out I didn't have a case. "Do you remember stepping on a stone, or falling over anything in particular?" I had to answer no, I had been daydreaming.

"To sue the city you have to file a claim within 90 days, and that's unalterable. You have no one to sue. No, you don't have a case." His "no" was unalterable.

Robert Cantor

Robert Cantor's office is on the second story of a building just west of Broadway on 72nd Street. "Cantor & Kramer" and the phone number are written across the window to be visible to pedestrians.

"You're too late for the city," Cantor said, "and you're unable to prove that there was any liability. I'm sorry about your injury—it's a tough break—but you don't have a case."

"Would I have a case if I could say that someone was liable?" I asked.

"Yes, if you say that honestly. Otherwise, it's just not the kind of thing I'd get involved in. I'm sorry. You have no case. You're one of thousands who slip on the sidewalk and fall. I'm sorry."

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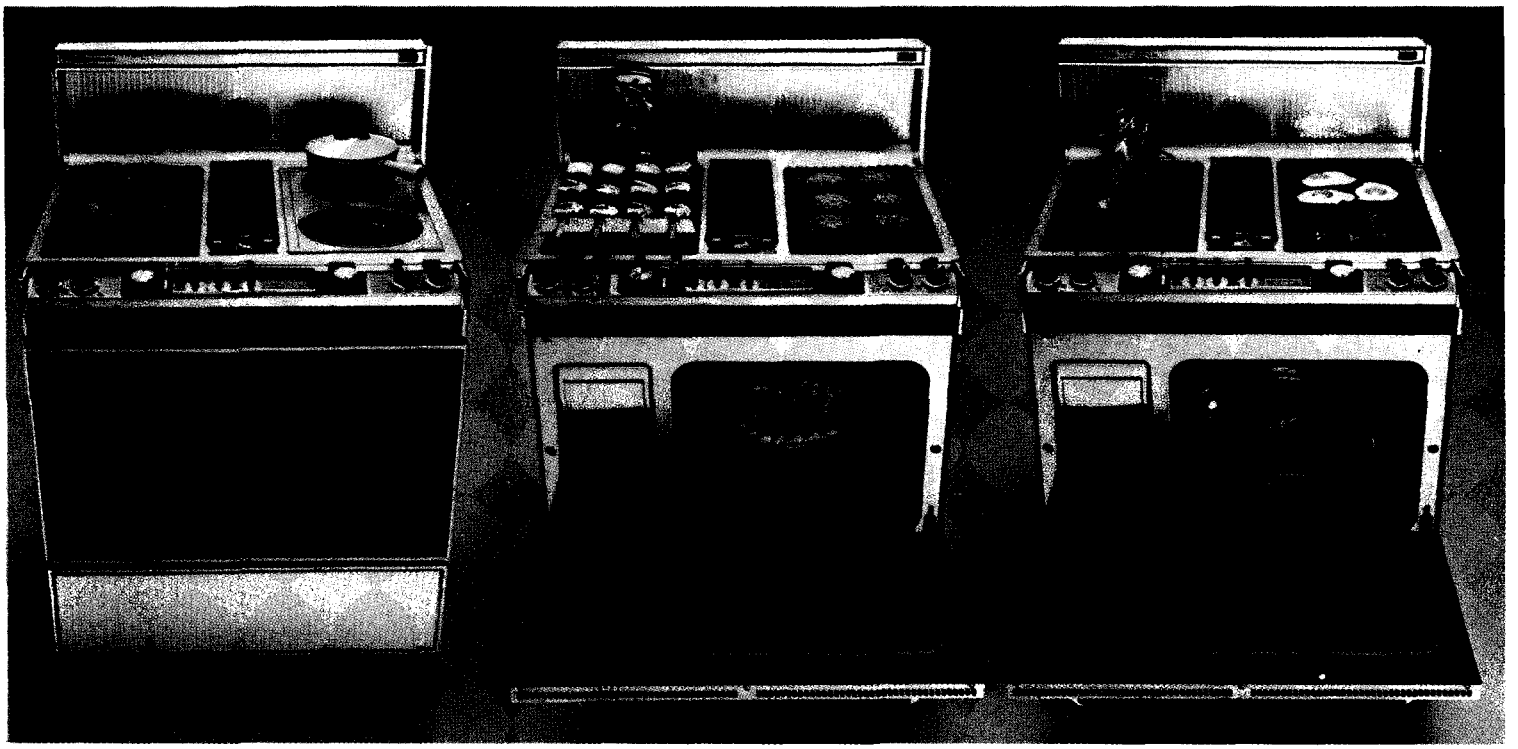
NO OTHER RANGE HAS AS MUCH RANGE.

No matter how accomplished a cook you are, there is one inescapable fact you must face. If your range has its limitations, you too will have limitations.

There is, however, one way to avoid such a fate: buy a Jenn-Air.

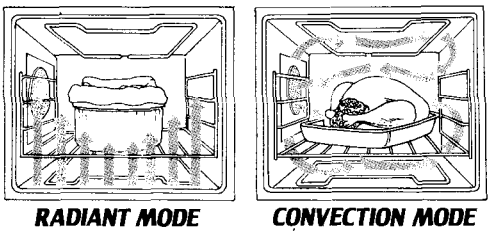
The engineers at Jenn-Air have designed such an incredibly versatile cooking system that the culinary possibilities are almost endless.



For instance, with our cooktop grill you can have all the tasty advantages of outdoor grilling, indoors. (Jenn-Air invented the surface ventilation system that vents smoke and odors direct to the outside, without the need of an overhead hood.)

With the Jenn-Air Dual Use Oven, you can convert from a regular, radiant oven to a convection cooker at the twist of a dial. In this mode hot, circulating air cooks the most tender and juicy meats you've ever tasted.

And up to 50% faster. (If you wish, we also offer a separate microwave oven.) To allow your imagination even freer reign, we've created a mind boggling array of accessories. Like a griddle, a rotisserie, a shish-kebab and a french frier/cooker.



RADIANT MODE CONVECTION MODE

Last, but not least, we offer all of the above in three distinct forms that will conform to almost any kitchen. Free-Standing, Drop-In and Built-In.

If we've been able to whet your appetite, we suggest you call your local Jenn-Air dealer and arrange a more thorough and satisfying demonstration. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages. Or write to Jenn-Air, 3035 Shadeland Ave., Indianapolis, Ind, 46226.

®JENN-AIR. THE FINEST COOKING SYSTEM EVER CREATED.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ULTRA: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine,
ULTRA 100's: 6 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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